Collier's

TEN CENTS

MAY 18, 1946

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MESSAGE TO AMERICANS

BY THE EARL OF HALIFAX

PAGE 15

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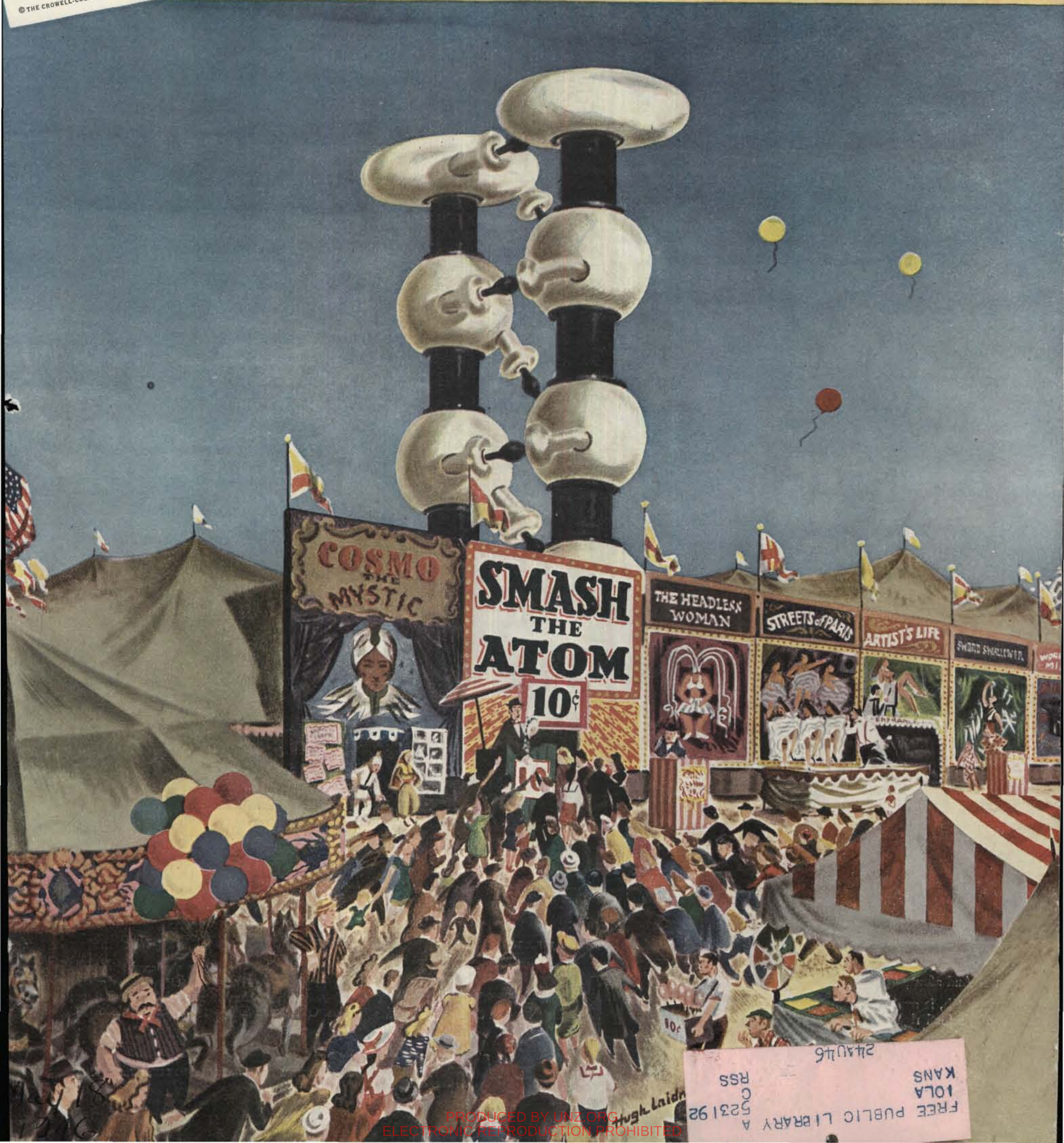
COSMO THE MYSTIC
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10¢
THE HEADLESS WOMAN
STREETS of PARIS
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SWORD SWALLOWER
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Hugh Laidman

May 18 1946

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US: And after you get it home—

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US: And when your baby has finished eating...?

YOU: I re-seal the jar and pop what's left into the refrigerator in the self-same jar. Saves using extra dishes—and saves waste, too.

US: Do you mean there's not one bit of waste?

YOU: Not a *smidgin*. I buy all the family's fruits and vegetables in glass... It's so thrifty to see *exactly* what you're getting...

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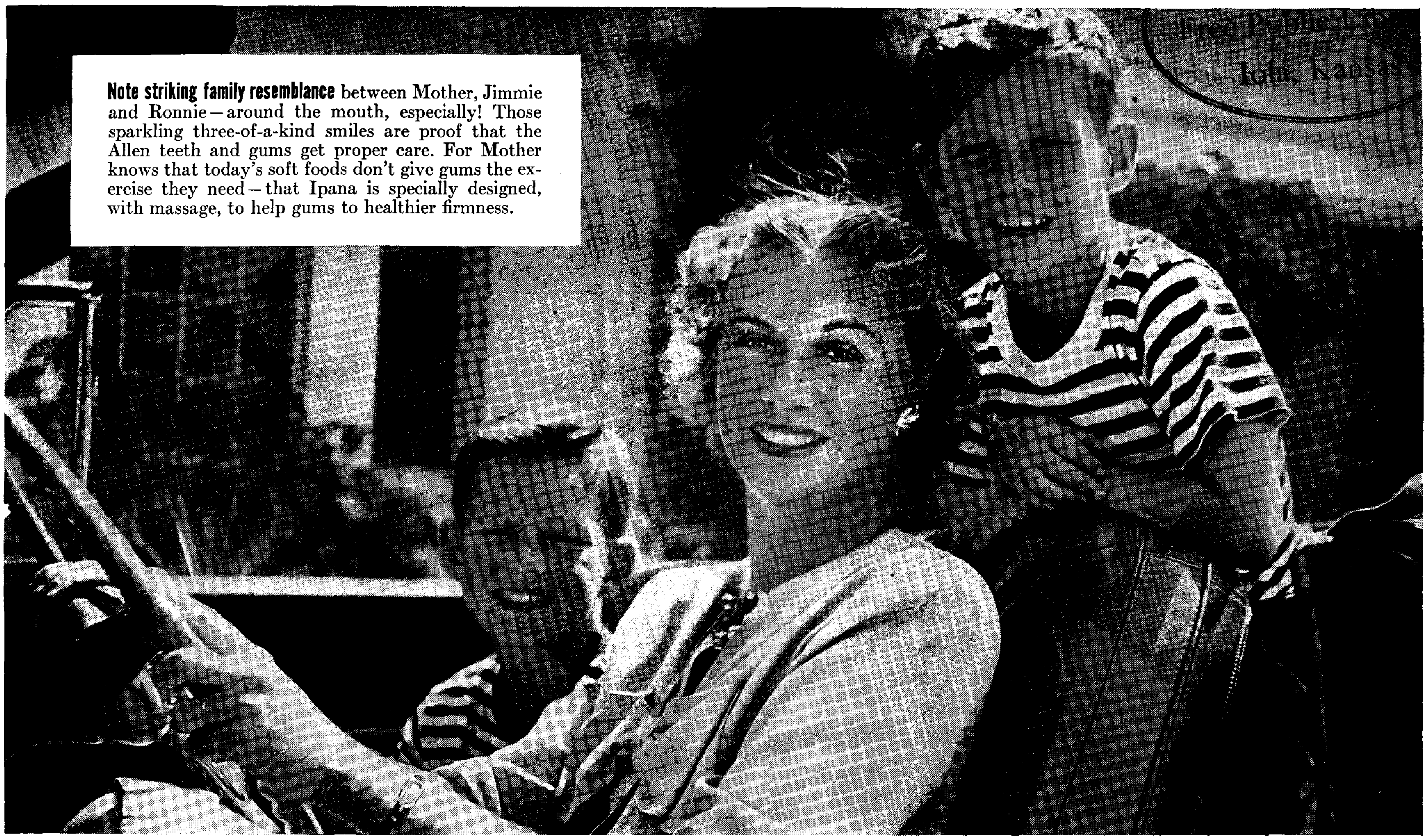

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Iola, Kansas

Note striking family resemblance between Mother, Jimmie and Ronnie—around the mouth, especially! Those sparkling three-of-a-kind smiles are proof that the Allen teeth and gums get proper care. For Mother knows that today's soft foods don't give gums the exercise they need—that Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

How a Model Mother became a Star Model

Her sparkling smile made camera fan Genevieve Allen a camera star

"ALL I wanted, really, was to learn photography, my husband's hobby," insists lovely Mrs. Charles Allen of Beverly Hills.

"But photographers told me that a smile like mine belonged in *front* of the camera. So I became a glamour gal—*me*, with Jimmie 8 years old and Ronnie 4!"

Now, Genevieve Allen knows what every successful model knows—the importance of a sparkling smile. So she's making sure her young sons guard their future smiles, too, by following her own dental routine: *Regular brushing followed by gum massage with extra Ipana Tooth Paste.*

Mrs. Allen's dental care *must* be a good one—it's based on the very same theme that thousands of dentists and schools are teaching today—a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Product of Bristol-Myers

Start Today with
Ipana and Massage

A fight in the family as Mother referees, to be followed by the other half of nightly workout—on teeth and gums with Ipana. For neglected gums often herald their warning with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist*. He may suggest, as so many do, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

This way to a handsome smile. Trust a "model" mother to safeguard the future smile of her son. She sees to it that after Ronnie brushes his teeth vigorously, he massages a little extra clean-tasting Ipana on his gums to speed up needed circulation and help keep gums from becoming soft and tender.

If parents went to school today, they'd learn what so many children already know—the value of gum massage. For proper care of teeth and gums is taught in thousands of classrooms. A nationwide survey shows 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage and prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice *for their own use!*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Last month, we said "The Green Years" was a wonderful motion picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

We said it with a lot of enthusiasm.

★ ★ ★ ★

We used such words as "magnificent" about the M-G-M picturization of A. J. Cronin's brilliant new book. (Mr. Cronin, you will remember, also authored "The Citadel" and "The Keys of the Kingdom".)

★ ★ ★ ★

We roared applause for Charles Coburn's fine characterization. We raved about Tom Drake's winning performance. We glowed over lovely young Beverly Tyler's beautifully acted role.

★ ★ ★ ★

And, if we were the crowing kind, this month we'd be saying: "We told you so!"

★ ★ ★ ★

Because our claims have been confirmed by the most show-wise audiences you could possibly get together anywhere.

★ ★ ★ ★

Kate Smith says "The Green Years" is a wonderful motion picture. Frank Sinatra says so. Judy Garland says so. Louella Parsons says so.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Jack Benny says so. Jimmy Durante says so. Greer Garson says so. Eddie Cantor says so. Hedda Hopper says so. Ed Sullivan says so.

★ ★ ★ ★

And June Allyson says so. Gregory Peck says so. Rudy Vallee says so. Dinah Shore says so. Louis Sobol says so. But why go on? The names would fill the column. Everyone says so!

★ ★ ★ ★

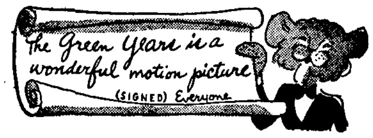
And we must reserve a line or two for congratulations to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon.

★ ★ ★ ★

And we must felicitate that perfectly chosen supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Richard Haydn, Selena Royle and Jessica Tandy. And those fine screenplay writers, Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien.

★ ★ ★ ★

They all contributed so much toward making "The Green Years" what it is:


The Green Years is a wonderful motion picture
(SIGNED) Everyone

Next month, we'll tell you all about "Easy To Wed". If we may go into our role of oracle again, it's great—and we're telling you so. How could it miss with Van Johnson (singing and dancing!), lovely Esther Williams, gorgeous Lucille Ball, and uproarious Keenan Wynn? Technicolor, too. Mmmmm!

—Leo

Collier's
FOR MAY 18, 1946

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IFOR THOMAS *Studio*
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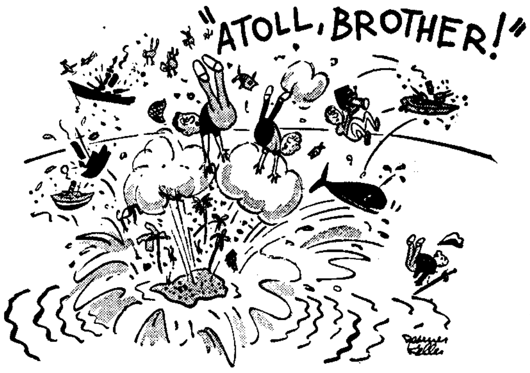
any week

THE political situation in Washington, reports Colonel Horace A. Blisham, C.S.A., retired, is not the confused one described confusedly by the experts. "Perfectly clear, perfectly clear," writes the colonel underlining every other word. "Each side is afraid it might win in 1948 and is doing everything possible to avert such party disaster."

SO THAT you may know what sort of people wander into this office, one of our associates has just told us that in his opinion the proposed atom-bomb tests in the Pacific will be the Bikini of the end.


"ATOLL, BROTHER!"

AND before we could begin with our mail another dropped in to say that he'd attended a session of the U.N. and that it reminded him of the time his Uncle Eben was building the back porch. For corner posts Uncle Eben had bought four six-by-sixes. And that was no mean achievement either, lumber being scarce. After a great deal of measuring and remeasuring, checking and rechecking, Uncle Eben started sawing. Done with the sawing he raised the corner posts, swore long and horribly, and said: "Just as I figgered, by damn: a foot too short."

NOT long ago Mr. Ed Hiergeman of Palo Alto, California, having a bit of time on his hands, dropped in at a meeting of The Dawn of Youth Committee. Mr. Hiergeman reports that he has not yet found out what it was all about. A very small and elderly lady interrupted one of the speakers with: "What are our Constitutional rights?" Whereat half the audience began crying: "Fascist, Fascist. Throw out the Fascist." But suddenly, says Mr. Hiergeman, two delegates produced clarinets and the chairman sat down at the piano and the meeting broke up in a dance, the small and elderly lady jitterbugging madly with a Marine corporal.

AND Mr. T. George Malcomb of Albuquerque, New Mexico, has written to the Federal Communications Commission. He complains that a radio announcer, plugging a new breakfast cereal, interrupted a program to say: "Ladies, kiddies, folks, we then explode these expertly chosen jewels of nature and they come to you in a blaze of gorgeous golden goodness." Then he says: "This seems to me to be highly incredible."

A LADY who wants her name withheld lest she be accused of being an isolationist wants to know "whether after we have made China, Greece and other lamentable places fit to live in, U.N. and UNRRA will go into Kentucky and do a little *(Continued on page 46)*

Vol. 117, No. 20. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice-President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Copyright, 1946, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

There's a great day ahead for motorists! But it won't come until new cars and tires are plentiful, highways are repaired and made safe through modern engineering...and until all those whose driving experience was limited during the war years renew their skill.

Right now, cars average more than 8 years of age, many with parts and tires badly worn. The older your car gets, the more often it should be checked mechanically and the more cautiously you should drive. If you aren't sure your car is safe, protect yourself and others by *keeping it off the road!*

You can help reduce the traffic accident toll which has been rising steadily since the war's end. For a check list of vital parts you should have inspected regularly, and for driving suggestions on how you can help reduce traffic accidents, send for Metropolitan's pamphlet. Just ask for Booklet 66-C.

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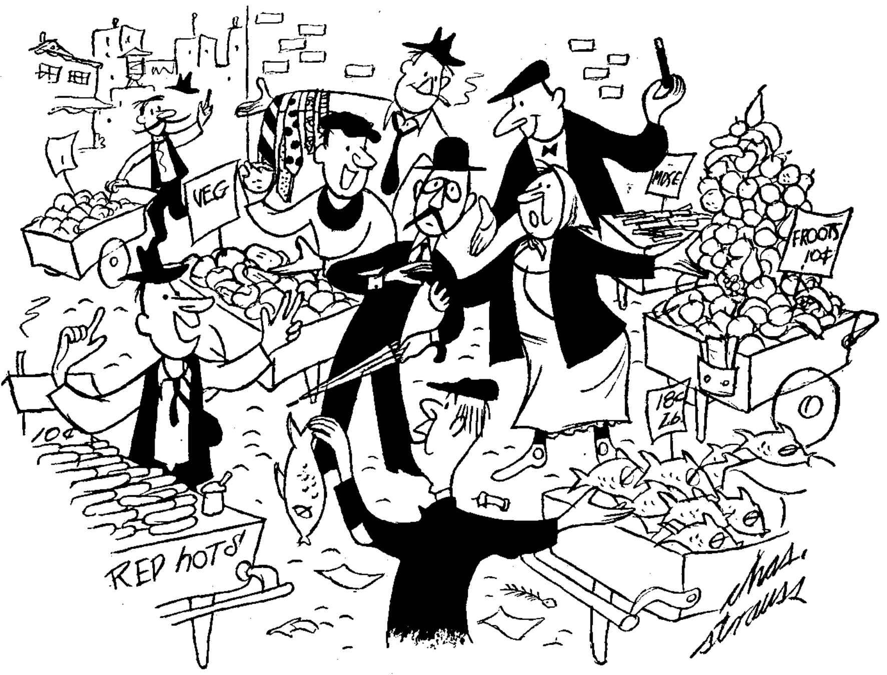

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Up to 1936 in New York City, more than $15,000,000 worth of foodstuffs and other commodities were sold annually from 7,500 carts and wagons in 55 outdoor pushcart markets. Because these curbside peddlers congested traffic, littered the streets and ruined neighborhood stores by their low prices, the city has since moved virtually all of them into eight new enclosed municipal markets, each of which occupies several square blocks.

Among the oldest publications in the United States are the local almanacs the contents of which appeal chiefly to farmers. For example, Gruber's Hagerstown Almanac is now in its 149th year, The Old Farmer's Almanac in its 154th, Daboll's New England Almanac in its 174th and Foulsham's Almanack in its 250th year.

The only baseball clubs that have played continuously in the National League since it was founded in 1876 are the Boston Braves and the Chicago Cubs, while the only clubs that have played in the American League since it was founded in 1900 are the Chicago White Sox, the Cleveland Indians and the Detroit Tigers.

During the summer of 1946, Coney Island, oldest of America's some 500 amusement parks, will probably entertain 45,000,000 visitors and do a gross business of $50,000,000. Occupying an area of 325 acres, one quarter of which is bathing beach, it will have more than 500 concessions, including merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries and freak shows. Coney Island was the first park to have a Ferris wheel; it was also the birthplace of the roller coaster, the scenic railroad and the hot dog.

A new device for typewriters, a ruled and numbered plastic band attached around the end of the roller, indicates as a letter is written the number of lines of space remaining on the paper.

The temperature of the moon ranges from as high as 209 degrees Fahrenheit in full sunlight to as low as 144 degrees below zero during its total eclipse.—*By Paula Brown, New York City.*

Although the Incas of Peru developed one of the world's great civilizations and maintained their empire until the middle of the 16th century, these people knew nothing of the wheel, employed no money and had no written language, passing on their history to successive generations by word of mouth. Virtually all existing knowledge of the Incas was obtained in this way and recorded in books by their Spanish conquerors.

Nazi Germany kept its citizens under complete surveillance through an incredibly complex system of records and identification papers. Among the scores of various records was a thorough and up-to-the-minute register kept by each police station of every person in its precinct, including his activities and whereabouts which were obtained, for example, by requiring hotels and hospitals to make detailed reports of their incoming and outgoing guests and patients. Among the numerous papers each individual was required to carry was a Certificate of Conduct which showed whether he had a police record.

New York is the only city in this country that has bomb carriers, or trailer-trucks equipped with a cage of woven steel cable in which suspected bombs and infernal machines may be safely transported by the police department to some isolated area for detonation.

Probably the most dangerous acrobatic performance staged today is the rope-sliding act that climaxes the 15-day New Year's celebration held in Lhasa, Tibet. Protected by a breastplate and using only their arms to balance themselves, two men attempt to slide on their stomachs down a leather rope, a mile in length, stretched from the Dalai Lama's palace on the hill to the plain below.

Of the 241 radio programs broadcast today over the four national networks, 134 originate in New York, 71 in Los Angeles, 24 in Chicago and the remaining 12 in other cities.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

Evelyn and her Magic Violin.
Soloist of the Hour of Charm.
Radio's first lady of the violin,
Sunday nights over NBC.

Now hear this new G-E Electronic Radio
in the magic of natural color tone

Natural color tone—oversize Dynapower speaker with G-E "Alnico-5"—two and a half times more powerful than any magnetic material used in loud speakers before. AC-DC. Model 101.

Never before could anyone make such radios as these magnificent new sets by General Electric. Natural color tone, in its full glory, is but one of the exclusive new General Electric features made possible by warborn electronics.

Razor sharp tuning, larger extra-powerful speakers, long-lived dependable performance—in cabinets of exquisite beauty—the things you have waited for these many years. General Electric brings them to you.

Beauty of Cabinet—Beauty of Tone

Hear them at your General Electric dealer's. Compare—with any radio you've ever known. You'll thrill to tone so rich and sweet—so life-like—that you'll say "But this is magic." And it is. Electronic magic. You'll listen to records played by the amazing new G-E Electronic Reproducer. And even in the most familiar recording you'll find new beauty—glowing harmonies—delicate shadings—no previous phonograph could bring out.

Better Quality—Better Performance

Your radio dealer knows the hidden parts in the sets he is selling. He knows why these General Electrics are today's best radio value. Check the evidence of your own critical ear by asking him what he thinks. He'll probably say "General Electric radios naturally perform better because they are both better designed and better made."

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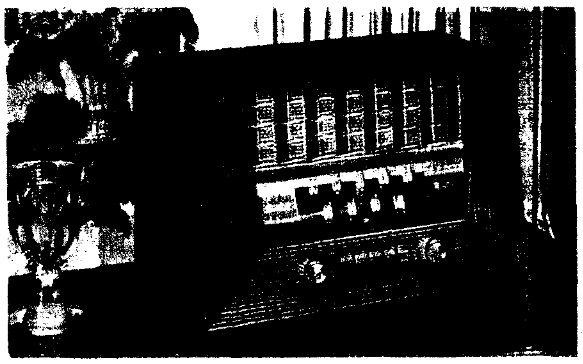
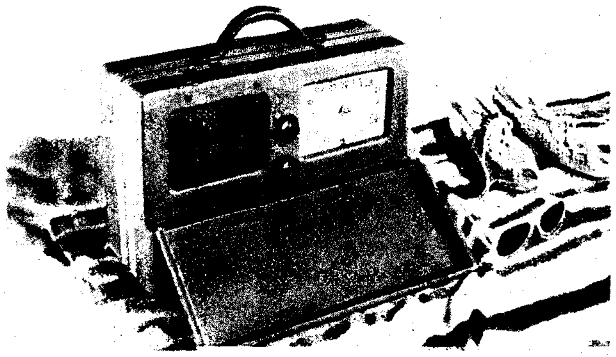
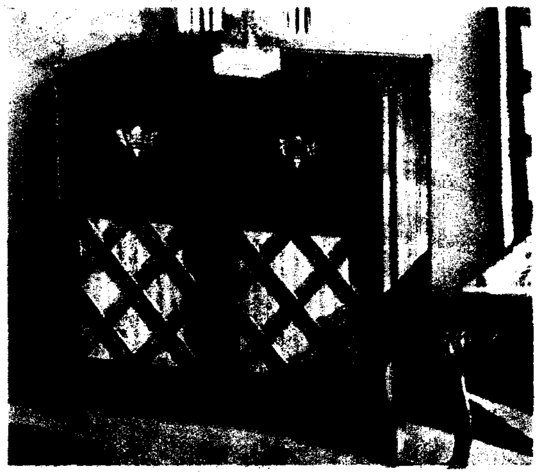
RADIOS



Exquisite two-toned walnut cabinet to harmonize with your finest furniture. Natural color tone. Electric push button tuning. Tone control. Dynapower speaker with G-E Alnico-5. AC-DC. Model 321.



Rich toned portable. Plays on either AC-DC or battery. Batteries good for approximately 250 hours of playing. Looks like fine luggage in simulated tan saddle leather or gray airplane cloth.



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Miles of vacation driving ahead. Enjoy them more by SIMONIZING now! Then your car always sparkles like new. The beauty is safe, too, from scorching sun...ever-present scratchy grit and corrosive airborne chemicals. They can't dull and destroy the finish. SIMONIZ also saves you many a car washing. Dust and dirt wipe off with a dry cloth and your car is as bright as ever. Get SIMONIZ and Simoniz Kleener—the sooner, the better!

If the finish of your car is exceptionally dull, use Simoniz *paste* Kleener first before applying Simoniz. Otherwise, restore the luster with Simoniz *liquid* Kleener. Get SIMONIZ and Simoniz Kleener, liquid or paste, from your grocery, drug, paint, hardware, 5 cents to $1, auto accessory or department store.

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Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

In his special harness, Major gets ready for a trip aloft where he will "hit the silk" for science. The St. Bernard thinks parachuting is fun

A SHEEP, a duck and a rooster were the first living creatures to fly in a man-made craft at Versailles, France, more than 150 years ago. The trio were placed in a specially constructed wicker cage suspended from a large hot-air balloon. Cut loose, the gas bag ascended to about 1,400 feet, drifted two miles or so and landed at the edge of a woods. Its occupants were none the worse for their aerial voyage except that the sheep had stepped on the rooster.

Animals are still providing some of the "know-how" for airmen. Our pilots are flying at higher altitudes at faster speeds with greater safety because hundreds of animals, subjected to hundreds of varied tests, have enabled the experts in aviation medicine to discover some of Mother Sky's secrets and fight back with facts. Results have been better oxygen equipment, warmer clothing, protection against "blackout," new methods of rescue, pressure cabins and a generally broadened knowledge of the planes we fly and the men who fly them.

Rabbits, guinea pigs, white rats, monkeys, dogs, sheep and goats are the principal characters in this fight to fly. The animals get the best of care, the finest foods, special diets. They are cared for by veterinarians, each of whom has made a name for himself in the field of medicine. Their seldom-talked-about work with the animals has contributed in no small way to our superiority in the air for it has helped give our pilots the edge in altitude, speed, maneuverability and endurance.

Take the case of Major, a large St. Bernard dog. Out of the pound they picked up this homeless and unhappy pooch and made him a parachuting canine. It all started when our scientists wanted to study the shock of parachute opening. Because he was about the size and weight of an average man, Major was selected for the tests.

First, they put him on a diet that would befit a king. Then, when he was properly fattened and in the prime, they started conditioning him to high altitudes by putting him in the low-pressure chamber and shooting him up to five, ten and twenty-five thousand feet. Major took it without a growl. But the high altitude did affect him as it also affects humans. When the dials showed 20,000 feet he would get blue around the tongue and fall off to sleep. So, to take him up higher they designed a complete high-altitude flying suit for Major—a jacket, boots, helmet, oxygen mask, even a tail protector. There was also a special parachute harness and a static-line operated parachute. It probably was the most expensive dog outfit in the world. With it Major went through all the tests in the chamber and wagged for more. Finally, he was ready to go up in a real plane and try his first parachute jump.

At an altitude of 1,000 feet and a speed of better than 200 miles an hour, Major jumped—or, rather, was pushed—but the parachute functioned perfectly and he landed on all fours, barking and playful.

In the second test the plane roared overhead leaving vapor trails in the sky at 26,000 feet. Suddenly a barely visible object fell from the fuselage and plummeted earthward followed by a trailing streamer of white. The white blossomed out into a parachute. The object took shape. It was Major. He had made the highest parachute jump on record for an animal.

THE test was repeated several times and after each jump competent medical men examined the dog for any ill effects. They found none. In fact, the St. Bernard liked it. He got so he would run over to his parachute harness and beg to have it put on him, then he would strut about as if he knew he was the unchallenged president of Dogdom's Caterpillar Club. They dubbed him the "parachuting pooch in a pouch."

Other dogs also are helping to further the interests of aeronautical progress. They are registered Dalmatians, the short-haired hearty breed highly useful in tests because they secrete uremic acid similar to man's and therefore show similar reactions to the variable altitude pressures and other simulated flight conditions. These dogs have been put in a small pressure chamber within a chamber where the air is equal to 5,000 feet, or normal. In the outer chamber, the air matches that encountered at 35,000 feet. Then, a hole is suddenly punched through a seal in the sides of the inner chamber and it decompresses—the air loses its pressure and becomes thin and oxygenless,

Continued on page 95)

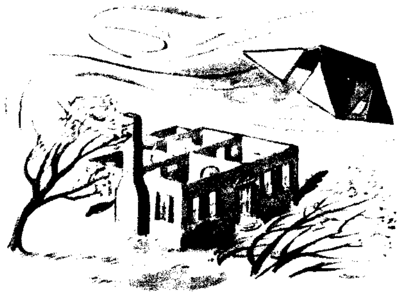
Can you afford to be a good neighbor?

Suppose you have an accident, your guest is injured. You're the host, remember . . . so it's up to you to offer the best medical care. And you can!

For a few extra dollars—as little as $3 a year in many communities—your Hartford Automobile Insurance will take care of all medical expenses up to $250 per person. It covers your guests, your family, *yourself.*

Did you forget something?

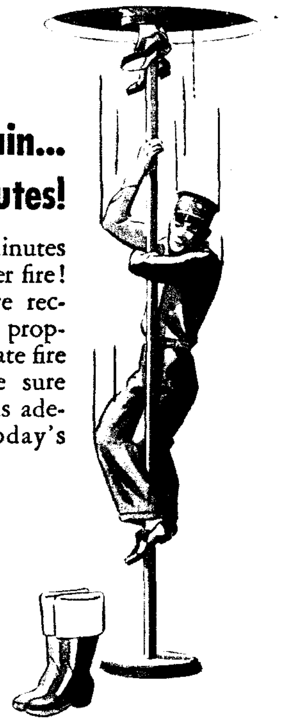
For instance, *protection!* For less than 2 cents a day, you can get Hartford Accident Insurance. It pays up to $500 for medical expenses caused by injuries in a transportation accident, up to $1000 for loss of sight, life or limbs.



How to offset an ill wind

Be ready for it—Have Extended Coverage added to your Fire Insurance policy at little cost and secure protection against windstorm and other specified causes.

Here we go again... every two minutes!



Clang, clang...two minutes up... time for another fire! That's America's fire record. Don't let *your* property be next! Eliminate fire hazards. And make sure your fire insurance is adequate to cover today's higher values.

A Symbol worth knowing

Generations of Americans have found in the Hartford stag a sense of security when things were going well . . . a staunch and powerful friend when trouble threatened. It's a symbol of dependability . . . the Hartford trade mark.

Hartford Insurance

Hartford Fire Insurance Company • Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
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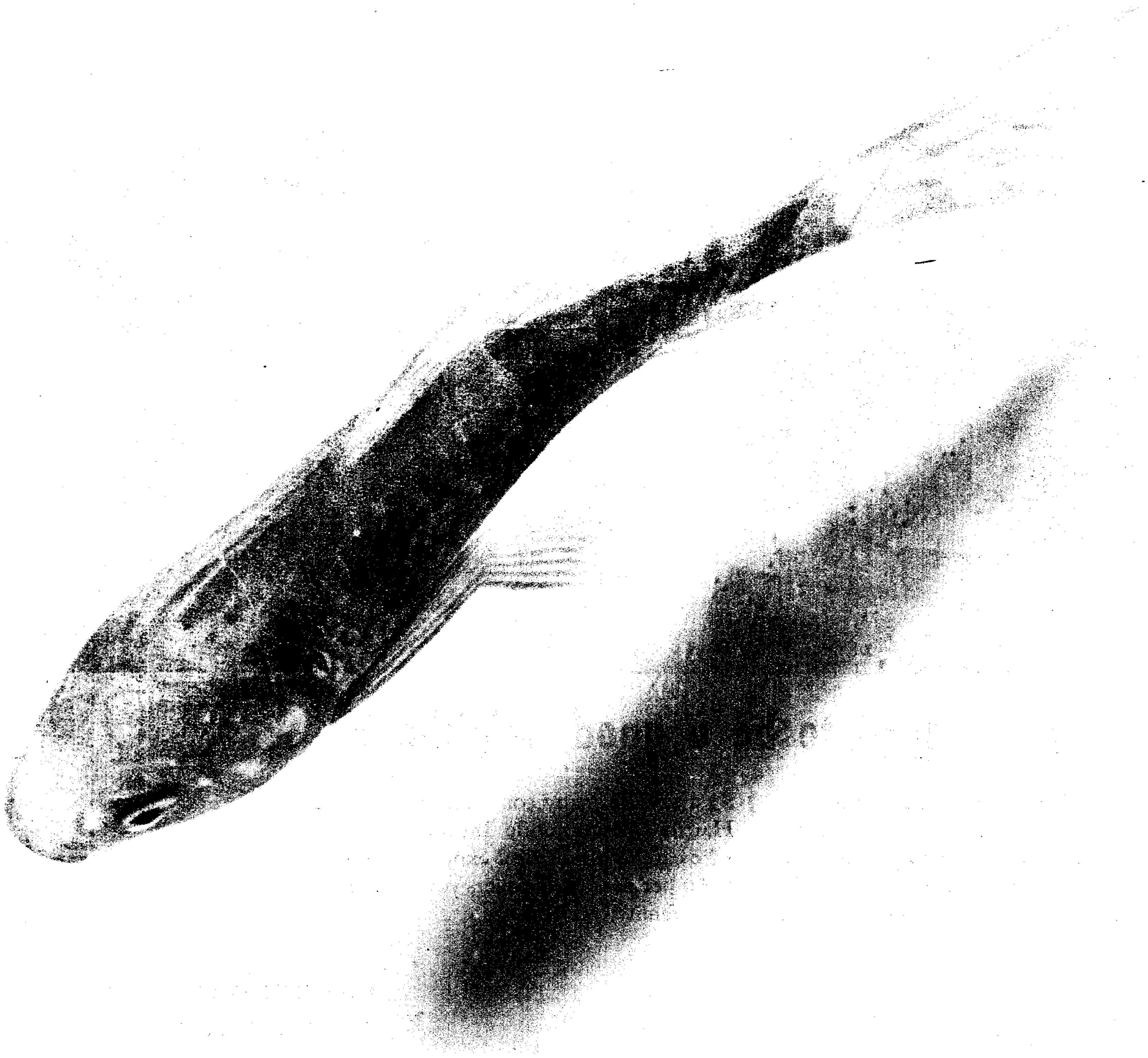
Writing practically all forms of insurance except personal life insurance • • Hartford 15, Connecticut



He teaches lessons in the sky

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

THE little goldfish in the water and the giant dirigible in the sky are alike in one important respect. Each moves through a fluid medium, unhampered by the force of gravity.

That's why at the massive Goodyear Air Dock in Akron—center of the world's lighter-than-air craft development—one small room is set aside for a glass-walled aquatic test channel equipped with scientific measuring devices. Here, designers of great airships study the goldfish—the movements of its tail, the control of its fins—seeking to learn from nature principles that can be applied to airships.

This is only a fraction of the continuing fundamental research that has made Goodyear today the world's only existing company with 36 years' experience in building and flying lighter-than-air craft, both rigid and non-rigid.

Through two wars, Goodyear "Blimps" helped the U. S. Navy protect American shores and shipping. And, in the future, from Goodyear will come the greatest, safest, world-cruising dirigibles ever designed which, along with the airplane and steamship, will give America the finest long-range transportation facilities in history.

A pioneer in rubber and the world's leading builder of tires, Goodyear also has long experience in a wide variety of other vital fields—aviation, metals, fabrics, chemistry . . . constantly developing new products for you.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MAY 18, 1946

SEE YOU IN THE MOVIES

BY WALTER ROEBER SCHMIDT

A postman resembling Humphrey Bogart, plus a talent scout looking like Goldilocks, should easily add up to stardom in Hollywood. But certain stars got crossed

YOU know Felipe Street, of course, down there close to L.A.? A nice street—quiet, friendly, palm trees, people walking not too fast, just enough traffic. Well, I was moving down this street one day during my summer vacation, having nothing more complex on my mind than the date with Catherine that night, when I saw these people gawking around one of my mailboxes, the center of their attention two nicely turned eye-filling nylon legs. At the moment I couldn't see any more of what the legs were supporting for she was bent over the squat box trying, it seemed, quite incongruously, to drop her head through the slit.

Most of the characters watching the operation stood in various poses of interest, boredom, and suspense while some just stood there taking in the very pretty legs. I slipped the mail sack down off my shoulder and queried, stepping into the group, "What goes on here?"

The girl, I saw now, was trying to get her arm down into the box and not her little blond head which, when she turned, proved to be a very nice head indeed.

"Lost her pocketbook down the chute," someone offered.

"Open the box for her, buddy," somebody else said.

She saw me then and her eyes brightened like two abruptly turned-on Christmas tree lights; the smile packed enough atoms to wreck the California sun.

"I'm sorry," she breathed, looking up from the box; "it was a stupid thing to do."

"I'll have to render a report," I said seriously.

"You see," she explained, straightening, "I had this letter in one hand"—she waggled an envelope as evidence—"and the purse in my other. I was thinking of something very important and—"

"Used the wrong hand."

"Why, yes!" She made it sound as if such discernment was sheer genius. "That's exactly what happened!"

I reached for my keys, opened the box. There was the usual quota of letters, but no pocketbook. "What's the gag?" I said. "There's no purse in here."

"Do that again," she directed.

"What?"

"Make that face. Like Humphrey Bogart, only better."

"Your purse isn't in here." I was getting sore.

"That's good. *Very* good," she applauded. . . . "Oh, yes, it must be in there. I definitely dropped it."

Now the others were closing in, eying me suspiciously.

"Maybe it's stuck," the girl suggested. "Up there."

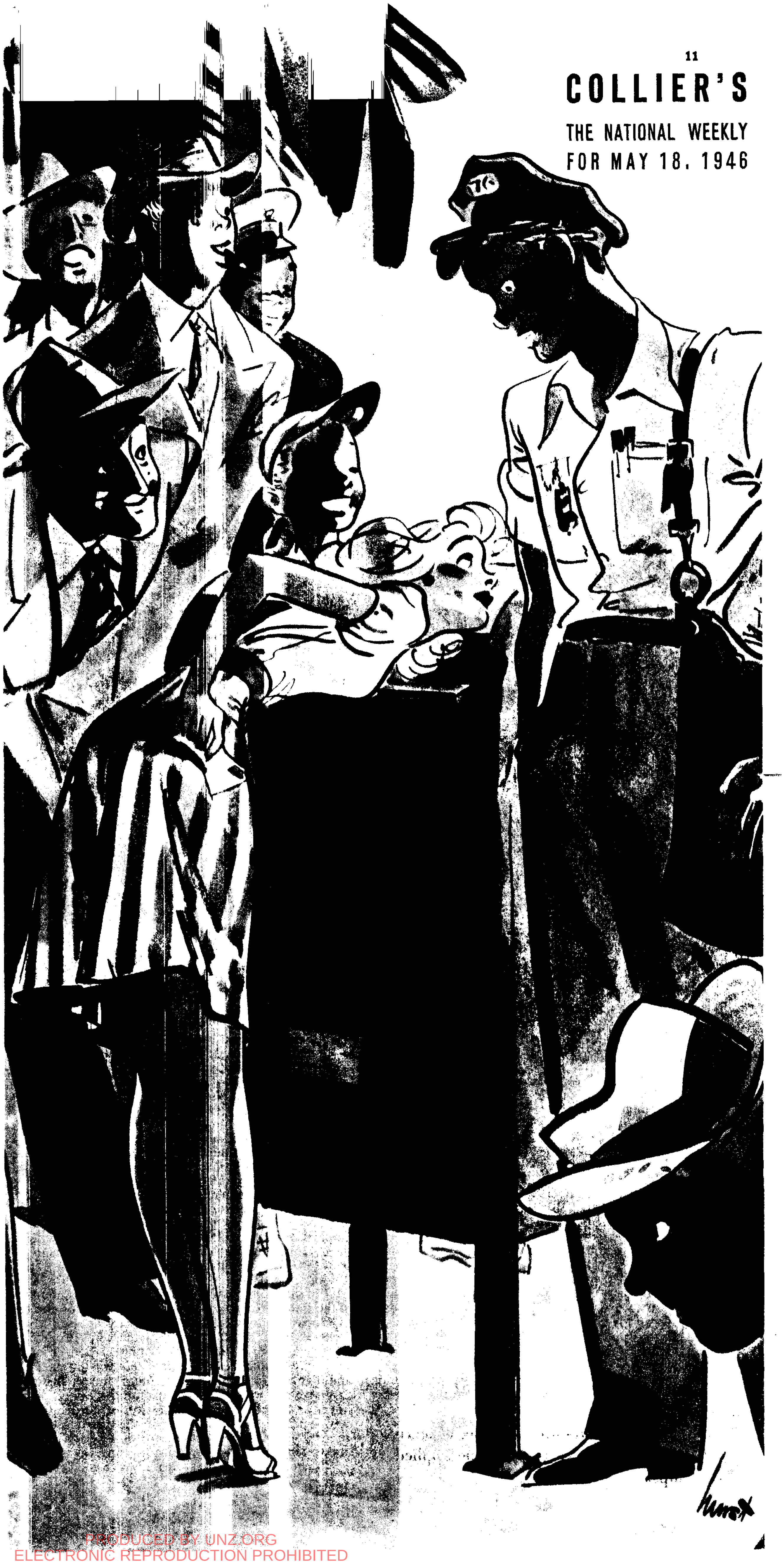
I reached up into the throat of the box. My hand met a small flat smooth object lodged there. I handed the purse to the girl, silently cussing myself for not having thought of looking there first. Most of the group, the show over, walked off. A few lingered.

One joker stepped forward and, tipping his hat, asked the girl, "Everything okay now?"

"Oh, yes," she replied brightly, throwing him that lightning-bolt smile. "Thank you. Thank you so much."

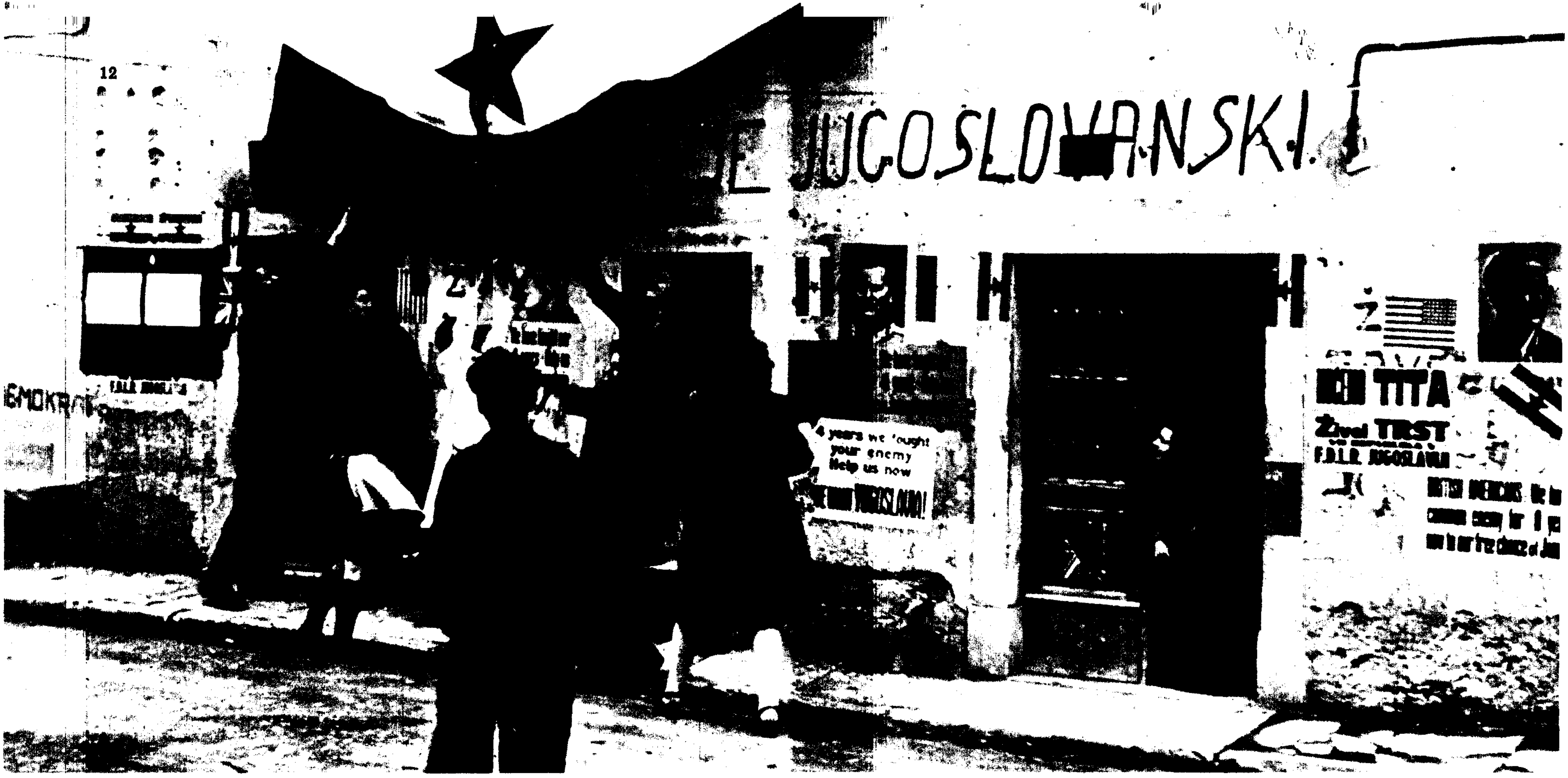
"Are you walking?" the joker asked, showing his very best long teeth. "Or can I drop you somewhere?"

"I'm afraid not," she *(Continued on page 55)*



The girl was trying to get her arm down into the box. When she saw me, her eyes brightened. "I'm sorry," she breathed, looking up; "it was a stupid thing to do"

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



Shops in disputed Trieste are covered with slogans calling for affiliation with Yugoslavia, despite the fact that Trieste is overwhelmingly Italian. It is reported that many of these signs are paid for by Tito's government. Russia, heretofore silent, has recently officially backed the Yugoslav claim

TRIESTE

BATTLEGROUND FOR PEACE

BY ARTHUR GAETH

With the great powers trying to frame a permanent peace one of their prime headaches is Trieste where British and Russian imperialisms are in conflict

RADIOED FROM EUROPE

CONSCRIPTS for the Yugoslav army clumped through the streets of Belgrade chanting, "Tito, Tito, Tito," in unison as they marched to recruiting points. Crowds on the sidewalks echoed the chant. Then recruits and spectators, in the same rhythm, shouted, "Trieste, Trieste, Trieste," the name of the coveted seaport at the head of the blue Adriatic.

Soldiers and bystanders added the names of other towns and villages of the Julian March* which surround the disputed city. The Yugoslavs want more than Trieste. They want its hinterland as well. Trieste itself is overwhelmingly Italian. But its environs are populated by Slavs in about the same proportion.

Long ago, when Trieste was the principal seaport of the vast Austro-Hungarian Empire, Italians shouted the city's name as possessively as Yugoslavs do today. Trieste was the heart's desire of Italian Irredentism. The city was ceded to Italy as a reward for bolting the Holy Alliance with Austria-Hungary and Germany and joining the Allies in World War I.

Today Yugoslavs have adopted every propaganda trick to sway observers toward Slav aspirations for the Julian March. From Fiume to Abbazia, to Trieste and all the way to Gorizia, the roads are canopied with green Yugoslav arches, pictures of Tito, banners and flags. Even the sad hulk of the once great liner Rex, lying on her broadside in the Yugoslav part of Trieste harbor bears a Tito slogan.

Italians in the Allied part of Trieste and in the towns and villages near the port have been hired to place Yugoslav flags in the windows of shops and homes to show their solidarity with Tito's aims. This was done in the hope, apparently, of convincing Allied visitors of the unanimity even among Italians of the desire to make Trieste Yugoslav.

Thus Trieste is the goal of a newborn nationalism that animates Yugoslavs in the new Federated Peoples' Republic. It is also a testing ground in the struggle to consolidate the fruits of victory and work out the problems of formal peace for Europe. It will, sooner or later, become a matter for consideration of the Security Council of the United Nations. And to a large extent, the outcome of the controversy over Trieste rests in the hands of Marshal Tito, leader of the Yugoslav Revolution.

I discussed the issue with Tito during an interview in the Beli Dvor, a Byzantine white castle atop the hill overlooking the once-fashionable Belgrade suburb of Dedinje. The marshal, born plain Josip Broz fifty-three years ago in a Croatian village, stood before a wall map of the Trieste region. He was immaculate and dignified in his simple gray uniform with one campaign ribbon on his chest. A diamond sparkled on his finger as he talked of the necessity for cordial Yugoslav-American relations and of the reasons for his country's claims. He was aware of Anglo-American opposition to Yugoslav pretensions concerning Trieste.

"Yugoslavia has long sought to have good relations (with America)," he said. "They are important to Yugoslavia for many reasons—not only because the United States was an ally of Yugoslavia in the war, and Yugoslavia was enjoying assistance during the last years of the struggle, but also for economic reasons.

"Yugoslavia is desirous of establishing closer economic and political relations with the United States because that would also aid in strengthening world peace. It is clear, however, that good relations also depend on the American attitude, for example, toward the realization of certain Yugoslav national interests, say in the Julian Marches."

Tito's finger flashed to the map and pointed at Trieste. He spoke determinedly, suddenly more the revolutionary and less the well-groomed, graying intellectual he had appeared to be when I entered.

"The geographic position of Trieste is such," he said, "that it forms an integral part of a geographic entity whose national hinterland is Slovene. Without the Slovene hinterland which completely surrounds Trieste it cannot live.

"Trieste is important to Yugoslavia for economic reasons. It is a great sea harbor, the like of which Yugoslavia does not possess but which she needs. Yugoslavia needs it, but only so much as it needs Yugoslavia. It is linked with Yugoslavia by commercial and other ties.

"Any other solution would have only negative results in the future. There would be elements of permanent dissension, of permanent quarrels—in a word, elements for disturbance of the peace—if Trieste, for example, were given the status of an (internationalized) city like Danzig.

"It would be an unacceptable solution if the claims of Italy were satisfied and if Trieste were incorporated into Italy and torn away from Yugoslavia. As a smaller country than Italy, and actually as a victim of Italian aggression during this war, Yugoslavia has the right to claim the area for strategic reasons and to demand that those reasons be (weighed) as elements in favor of the incorporation of Trieste into Yugoslavia."

Those same strategic considerations were weighed by Woodrow Wilson and the World War I peacemakers in deciding to award Italy all enemy territory south of the Brenner Pass. In so doing they brought some 350,000 German-speaking Austrians and about as many Slavs under Italian rule. But they secured Italy against attack from the north and northeast by placing the Dolomites and the Alps of the Tyrol between the enemy and the plains of the Julian March and the Po Valley.

Their decision might have been both unjust and unwise, but their modern counterparts, the peacemakers of World War II, will not easily undo what they did. A positive decision either way, for or against Italy or

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The Julian March is the name given to that area between the Julian Alps and the Adriatic which includes Trieste, Istria and Gorizia. It is the whole territory claimed by both Italy and Yugoslavia. Italians call it Venezia Giulia.

Yugoslavia, will certainly mean trouble between those two countries, now or later.

The Italians are united on at least two major issues: to have a republic and to keep Trieste. Even the Italian Communists, inclined at first to follow the party line on Trieste's cession to Yugoslavia, plainly desired by Moscow, have switched to a positive policy of "Trieste Italiana." They, and most Italian parties—Socialist, Action, Republican and Christian-Democrat—might accept internationalization of the port, giving Yugoslavia and Austria equal rights for its use, but would balk at its transfer to the Yugoslav flag.

Within Trieste itself, the Italian Communists—usually Slav-speaking descendants of parents who became Italians in citizenship only with the World War I peace treaties—have joined the Yugoslavs in the agitation for giving Trieste to Tito as war booty. But Triestine Socialist Party leaders, like Doctor Giorgia Buda and Maria Wilfan and Boris Kraigher, of the Italo-Slovene Anti-Fascist Union, were opposed both to making Trieste a Yugoslav city and to internationalizing it. One Italian liberation-army general said he could raise a million men to retake Trieste if it were taken from Italy.

The task confronting the peacemakers is, obviously, an extremely difficult one. It would be unjust, on a strictly ethnological basis, to give Trieste to Yugoslavia as at least 70 per cent of the city's 300,000 population is Italian. It is equally unjust for Italy to retain the surrounding territory, which is approximately as overwhelmingly Slav.

Yugoslavia's best argument in favor of its demands is its lack of an adequate port, although internationalized Fiume, an important railhead linked to the main lines carrying the Central European traffic down into the Balkans, is an excellent harbor, fully as large as Trieste. Spalato (or Split) farther down the Dalmatian coast is a good port but is largely isolated.

Italy's best argument for retention of Trieste lies in the assistance rendered to the Allied cause by its Partisans, who saved the country's industries from the Germans. But the peacemakers will be obliged to consider also not only Yugoslavia's desires regarding Trieste, but also the interests of Russia and Great Britain in the Mediterranean.

A Nation Governed by a Minority

To understand the newborn Yugoslav nationalism, the country's appetite for Trieste and the potentialities of a Russo-British struggle for power in the Mediterranean, one must consider the nature of Yugoslavia's war against the Axis and, more particularly, of its revolution. Yugoslavia, as such, was a child of the Treaty of Versailles, which united its Croats, Slovenes, Serbs and Montenegrins and its Catholic, Protestant, Greek Orthodox, Russian Orthodox and Moslem religious groups under a constitutional monarchy handed to the Serb house of Kara Georgevitch. The country became, in effect, a Croat-Slovene nation ruled by a Serb minority. The Croats and Slovenes became the permanent opposition.

This fact was important in what happened after Yugoslavia was invaded by the Fascists and the Nazis. The Yugoslav resistance movement split in two, one led by the Communist Tito and his radical followers and the other by the conservative Draja Mikhailovich and his monarchist clique, which collaborated with pro-Axis forces, according to British Intelligence reports.

The war in Yugoslavia ended, however, as a Russian-Communist rather than a British-monarchist victory. Yugoslavia is a Slav nation and its destiny intimately concerns Russia's renascent pan-Slavism, or political unification of the Slav peoples. Inevitably the Yugoslav Revolution, led by a Tito who'd been trained in the hard school of the Comintern while he was in exile there as a young man, is a collateral descendant of the Red uprising which swept the Czars out of power in Russia a generation ago.

There are, however, important differences between the Russian Revolution and the Yugoslav. Tito and his leaders seem to be working toward a compromise between old-fashioned Western democracy and socialism rather than toward a dictatorship of the proletariat such as exists in the Soviet.

The nation is by no means unanimous in acceptance of Tito's new deal and suffers, at the moment, from profound internal antagonisms. Although Tito's popularity among a large section of the peasant- and working-class masses is undisputed, there isn't quite as much warm affection for him and his plans for socialization of the nation's major sources of wealth, redistribution of the land and other reforms. They shout, "*Hocema Tito*" in the streets and the country lanes, but in the night clubs of Belgrade, Zagreb and Sarajevo and in the homes of the prewar well-to-do, who have most to lose and the least to gain, there is frank hatred of Tito.

So sharply have ideological lines been drawn and so deep are many of the antagonisms that it is extremely difficult to assess what is actually happening in the country. One foreign diplomat put it this way: "There are only Partisans in

(Continued on page 26)

Marshal Tito is the forceful, pleasant Yugoslav leader who has become a Marxist intellectual

The propaganda campaign for support of Tito's federative government goes on rain or shine. Here slogan-bearing stickers and the red star of the marshal's party decorate even the umbrellas

Yugoslavs, themselves hungry, donate UNRRA supplies to even more needy hospital patients

The miserable life of Yugoslav peasants is nothing new. Part of Tito's program centers on the fact that his government has moved to reduce incomes of the rich and increase those of the poor

The Black Devil

BY NEIL PATERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Aunt Maria was a very reasonable woman, but Uncle Frederico didn't know that patience can be stretched just so far before it snaps. In this case, the snap turned out to be an explosion

"YOUR uncle," my aunt would say, bringing her thin lips together and nodding in emphasis, "is a very passionate man." She used to say this often, and when my uncle had committed one of his excesses she used to say it in justification.

When I was big enough to go to school I boasted of it. I held up my hand in class and when I had got the nod I made an announcement of it. "My Uncle Frederico is a very passionate man," I said.

The teacher blushed. "You must never say that again," she said. "About your uncle. It is not proper."

"Nevertheless, he is a very passionate man."

"Even so," the teacher said, "one does not speak of it."

My uncle's main passions were (1) his pigeons, (2) his bed, (3) his music, (4) his wine, (5) his women. I am not sure that this is strictly the order of his preference, but the pigeons came first.

My uncle's pigeons were celebrated. People used to travel from Cordova and even from Seville to discuss pigeons with my uncle, and once a charabanc containing twenty-six persons stopped at the foot of the hill where the road ends, and the persons, all carrying loaves and wineskins like pilgrims, tramped over the young vines and climbed up the hill to our home. My uncle was always glad to see visitors. "The pigeon wears no uniform and knows no boundaries," he would say. He loved company. If visitors came before the midday meal he would even get out of his bed to show them the Black Devil and to talk pigeons.

The Black Devil was the best, the most valuable, the most treasured of all my uncle's birds. He was the champion of Andalusia and he had averaged 1,870 *metros* per minute in a race of 300 *kilometros.* It was conceded everywhere that he was excessively handsome. He had a large, broad head with intelligent eyes, and a long tail and the flying feathers in his wings were extremely broad. In a tin box under the bed my uncle kept a letter from a *caballero* in Seville who wished to buy the Black Devil and offered to pay 250 *duros.* It was there in writing, in ink, and I read it myself after I learned how.

My uncle used to play the *bandurria* and sing *coplas* to him by the hour. In this way, my uncle said, the Black Devil grew very wise because there was not only art in these songs there was also all the wisdom of the ages.

It was when he was a bird of four and I was a girl of eleven that the Black Devil won the championship of Andalusia. My uncle received a handsome prize. He received 75 *duros,* and that is a great deal of money in any exchange. It was necessary for him to go to Cordova for the ceremony of award and he remained away for two weeks. When he returned he had only one penny, which he gave to me, saying he had saved it with great difficulty.

"Frasquita," he said at the time, "we are going to be very rich. Next year I shall win the championship of the whole of Spain. Then the year after I shall win the championship of Europe. The championship of the civilized world will fall to me like a wheat stalk under the sickle and then we shall have money to throw to the poor. We shall have a new loft with electrical appliances including red and green winking lights which will inform me which birds are out and which birds are in, and we shall have a new house, and you, my little Frasquita, you shall have a room of your own; yes, with a window! And clothes, such clothes as you have never dreamed of—rich brocades, gleaming silks and satins. . . ."

"And a drawer to keep my clothes?" I urged.

"Verily."

"And shoes. Shall I have shoes, Tio?"

"Even shoes," my uncle said.

He made the most generous promises of any person in the world. "We shall also have employees to tread the vine," he added firmly. "I wish you to note that point, Francesca."

Finally, on my twelfth birthday I was to have a pair of shoes. It had been arranged for months. My aunt gave my uncle the money, and my uncle said goodby to his pigeons. Then he took me around to the back of the pigeon loft and dug up a little white linen bag which he slipped into his pocket.

"What is that, Uncle?" I asked.

"Nothing. A trifle. A talisman. Let us walk with celerity."

"You have money there, Uncle?" I said.

"Pouf, pouf," my uncle said. "Let us talk of your shoes. When I was your age I had not clapped eyes on a single shoe, let alone owned a whole pair. What color of shoes do you fancy?"

"Red. At least the heels must be red. Where did you get the money, Uncle?"

"Confidentially," my uncle said, "I saved it. It is my private hoard, and I rely on you not to tell your aunt of it. I saved this money for an occasion."

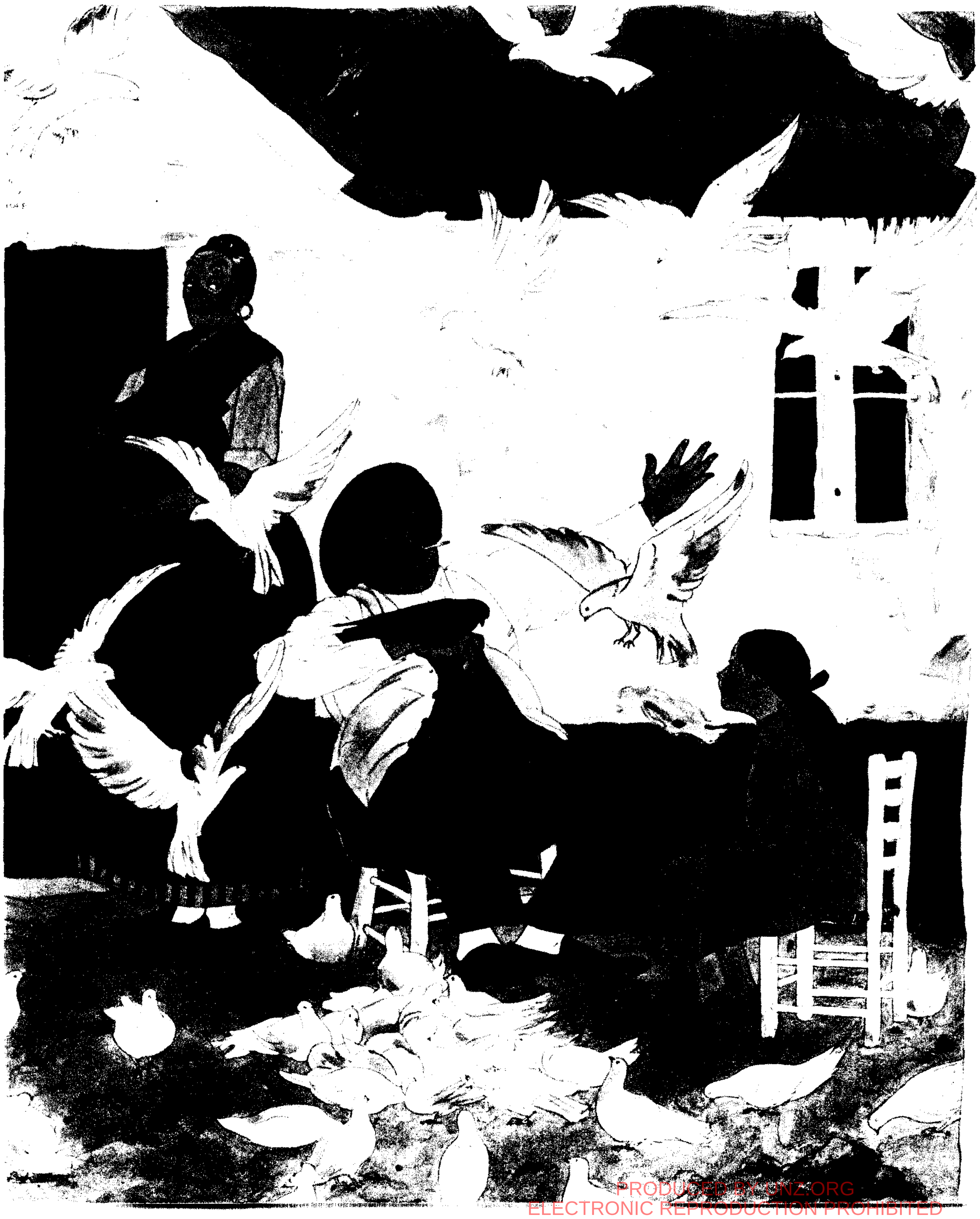
When we arrived at the village it was time to eat. It was obligatory when traveling, my uncle said, to take one's dinner to a tavern, so we entered the *posada* and sat down in one of the compartments. My uncle ordered wine and I opened up our dinner tins. After we had dined, I sat and waited for my uncle. My uncle was drinking brandy with the father of my friend Carlota Nunez. He was an important man, he owned the *posada,* but you would never have thought it. He sat in his shirt and laughed loudly and slapped my uncle on the back. After a time a woman came in and sat down on the edge of the table and my uncle spoke to her. "How are you, wifie?" he said.

"*Asi, asi.* So, so. How are you, old frog?"

"I am in condition," my uncle said. "What would you like best to drink in a wineglass?" When my uncle said this I kicked him under the table and he made a number of gestures indicating his surprise and innocence. "Surely," he said. "It is permitted surely that I offer La Rubia a glass of wine?"

I looked at the woman doubtfully, whereupon she smiled and I saw that she was

(Continued on page 39)



My uncle's pigeons were celebrated . . . but the Black Devil was the most treasured of his birds. He would sing to him by the hour and then wisely remark: "The pigeon wears no uniform and he knows no boundaries"

MESSAGE TO AMERICANS

BY THE EARL OF HALIFAX

The man who was wartime British Ambassador to the U.S. leaves us a message that will stimulate honest thinking on our relations in a troubled world

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF–PIX

ON a gray, dank January morning in 1941, I was standing on the deck of the latest British battleship as we moved slowly up Chesapeake Bay. About two o'clock we anchored, near Annapolis, and presently a yacht came out of the mist and rain and steamed around us.

She carried the President of the United States, and in a few minutes, when Lady Halifax and I had been taken over to her in a launch, the President was characteristically suggesting that we should regard the little tea party he had arranged for us on board as freeing me from the official business of presenting my credentials as His Majesty's Ambassador to the United States. Surely no previous Ambassador can have been admitted to his duties quite so informally, or been paid so high a compliment by the head of the state to which he was accredited!

That was not my first sight of the United States; I had come before as a visitor but now I was here on a job—though I am bound to confess that on that January evening when I stepped ashore, it never entered my mind that I should be doing the job for more than five years.

Now that I am leaving, the memory of the meeting in Chesapeake Bay often comes back to me, as it seemed to shape, once and for all, my relationship with the administration here. I constantly had to see the President, the Secretary of State, and other leading members of the Cabinet. With all of them, I am happy to say, I was fortunate enough to establish terms of close personal friendship, and with all of them I felt able from the beginning to talk with just the same freedom as if I had been talking with members of my own government at home.

A Giant Unleashed

In those early days the United States was not yet in the war, and even Lend-Lease, that inspired conception which had so large a part in victory, had not passed Congress. That was through in March, and all throughout that year, 1941, by one channel or another, the power of this country flowed in ever-increasing volume to hearten and sustain the forces of freedom. Then came Pearl Harbor. The Combined Chiefs of Staff got to work. The blueprints of victory were drawn, truly and well. The fleets, the airplanes, the armies began to move across the world. First Italy, then Germany, and finally Japan went down in defeat. The United Nations organization was born in San Francisco and we started in all earnest to deal with the problems of peace.

I have been Ambassador here through the whole of the five years in which these momentous events happened and they have left an indelible impression of a collaboration unique in the world's history. Never before, as between any two countries in war, had there been so complete an integration of military, industrial and political effort. It might almost be said that we fought as one people. British troops used American tanks, planes and guns. Americans were carried across the Atlantic in British ships, and American planes flew from British airfields. Our scientists pooled their knowledge; our strategists pooled their ideas. British fought under the command of Americans and Americans under the command of British; and in many offices men of both nations worked side by side on the same job.

It would be hard to exaggerate the contribution to Allied victory of this concentrated common effort. Without it we perhaps would not have won at all; with a less complete association we certainly would not have won so soon.

Over and over again, as I watched the working of this tremendous machine, gaining in power and impetus as the months passed, two questions came into my mind. Had we had an equivalent co-operation during the years of frustration between 1918 and 1939, would this tragedy of a second World War have ever happened? And second, would we be able to keep an equivalent co-operation in the coming years of peace?

I have no doubt of the answer to the first question. A dictator would have flinched from his earliest aggression if he had known beyond a doubt that between him and the loot he coveted were the concerted will and combined strength of the United States and the British Commonwealth; and the economic distresses which gave the peacebreakers their excuse and opportunity might well have dissolved into manageable particles before our collaboration.

That first question belongs to history; it has a tragic significance for the past; but it has also a bearing on my second question.

My work in Washington frequently took me into the room in the State Department occupied by Mr. Cordell Hull. No doubt historians will rightly measure the magnitude of the debt the cause of freedom owes to the man who was Secretary of State during these exacting years of war. Providence surely placed him at that time in that room, but I will here assert my own profound sense of his wisdom and courage and of what it meant for the world.

Question of Teamwork

I frequently recall something I heard him say once at a small dinner that he gave for Anthony Eden in Washington, which may help to answer my second question. He said that in his judgment very few of the big problems confronting the United States and the British Commonwealth were likely to be well solved by either nation separately; but that there were very few indeed that they could not hope to solve satisfactorily together. If that is true, as I believe it is, it is a powerful argument for our continued collaboration.

We have lately been told, and I have met the idea, that a close association between our two countries is somehow a menace to peace, or at any rate implies a lack of loyalty to the United Nations organization. For such suggestion I believe there to be no foundation in either logic or fact. Because A and B are friendly, they need not be enemies to C, or counted disloyal to some society to which all three belong and which all are pledged to support. In war the co-operation of Americans and Britons was not inimical to Russia and China or hurtful to the Allied cause, nor will it be so in peace. The criticism would only be valid if the purpose of our partnership were wrong, if you or we were plotting an invasion of the rights of other people. But we are not.

Our purpose, quite simply, is peace; this we hope to ensure by building up the strength of the United Nations organization; and for this there can be no stronger reinforcement than the friendship with one another of the peoples who compose it. Viewed in this light, Anglo-American friendship is the beginning of a process, never exclusive but continually expanding, which is a necessary condition of peace.

I am convinced that this condition can be fulfilled. We have got to face the fact that there are plenty of people in both our countries who do not like this idea of partnership. Conversely there

(Continued on page 60)

THE first time young Dr. Eric Thorn came to ask for Karin, Papa looked him over approvingly. Most of the young men who came to call on Karin, Papa hardly even glanced at.

Karin was twenty and had pale-gold hair, and her skin was very white and her eyes a dark blue. Whenever Mamma's friends looked at Karin, who was studying music at the university, and then at Christina and me, still in high school, they whispered, "Tch, tch. Too bad Karin has all the looks in the Anderson family."

Dr. Thorn was a head taller than Karin, blond and lean. She brought him into the parlor to introduce him to Papa, who was looking over the cello score for Poet and Peasant. "Dr. Thorn has offered to take me to practice tonight," she said.

"So?" said Papa, and looked pleased. "Dr. Olaf Thorn's son, eh? Your father was a fine surgeon, and played the violin very well, too. Maybe we can persuade you to join our orchestra. Which instrument do you play?" Papa himself could play all of the strings and most of the reeds. A person who was not able to play some musical instrument, Papa thought, was not quite bright.

"I don't play, Mr. Anderson," said Dr. Thorn. "When I was eight I had a few piano lessons, but you know how little a piano appeals to a boy."

"Except to boys like little Wolfgang Mozart and Ludwig van Beethoven," said Papa. "Then of course you sing."

"No, sir. I can't sing," said young Dr. Thorn. "Too tone-deaf to tell the difference between A-flat and A-natural. But I like very much to listen to music."

Papa's mouth closed and he raised the Poet and Peasant score, shutting out Dr. Thorn as if he did not exist. Karin's mouth set in a line as straight as Papa's and her head was high as she left with the doctor.

IF THE doctor really liked Karin, as he seemed to from the way he looked at her, I felt sorry for him. Karin would never consider seriously anyone Papa did not approve. At that time the only man he thought suitable for Karin was the new leader of our little amateur orchestra, Professor Leon Leons of the Leons Music Academy. After the first practice under Leons, Papa had said, looking at Karin, "There's a man and a musician for you." Karin had neither agreed nor disagreed. She never argued.

During the day Papa ran his garage, where he diagnosed and cured sick automobiles. People waited for weeks to get him to work on their cars. He could have kept open all night, but at night he was a musician, especially on Thursdays, when he would come home from the garage to sing in the bathtub and dress in his best suit. At supper he would joke and laugh and praise Mamma's cooking until she blushed.

Thursday night was when the orchestra which Papa had organized met for

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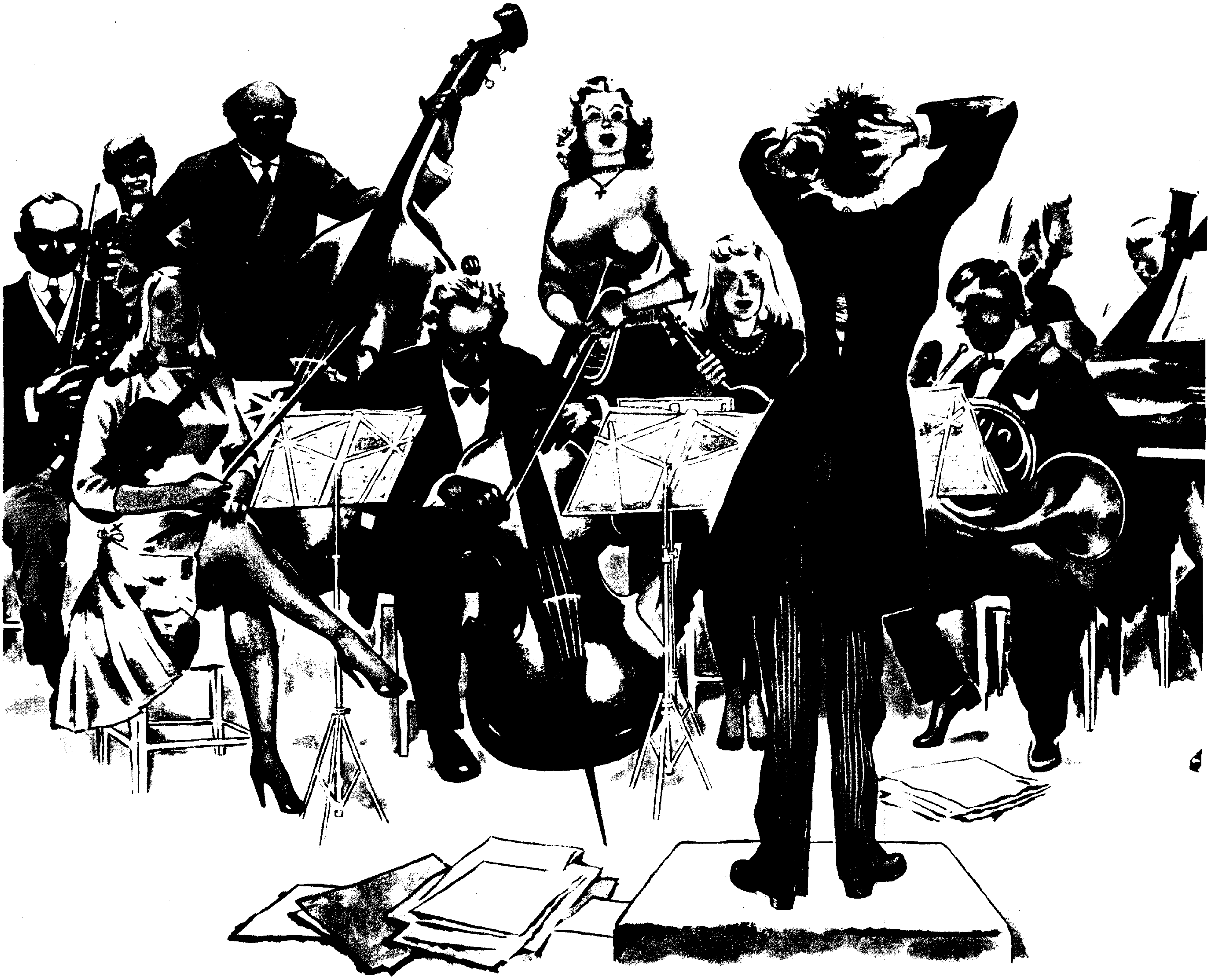
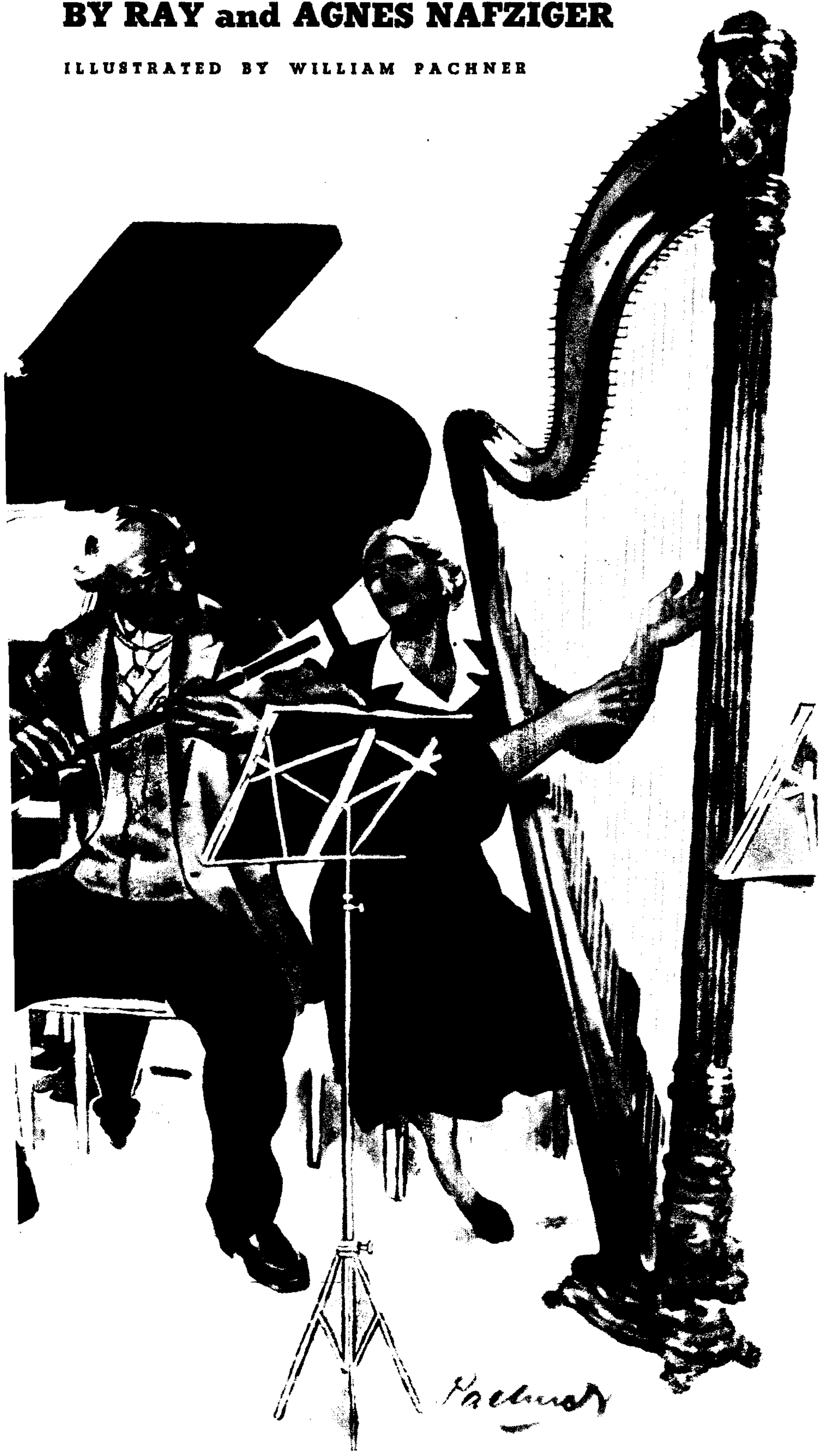


BY RAY and AGNES NAFZIGER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER



Leons flung up his arms and pulled his bushy hair with both hands. "Who is that noisy person?" he demanded

practice in the basement of our church.

At first we had practiced in our parlor, but Mamma complained bitterly that the horn players blew out so much carbon monoxide that they stunted her potted plants.

"Carbon dioxide is what people breathe out," Papa corrected her. "Carbon monoxide is breathed out only by autos."

"And by trombone and tuba players," Mamma said stubbornly.

Papa repeated Mamma's remark for weeks. He didn't like the brasses himself; they were too apt to drown out the strings. The only fault he found with Leons was that, when the professor occasionally played with us, it was on a trombone.

The Thursday night Karin went with Dr. Thorn, Papa loaded his cello and Christina and me and our fiddles into the car and drove slowly toward the church. He always drove carefully when he was carrying his cello. It had belonged to his father, who had inherited it from *his* father. On the way we picked up Aunt Martha Nordstrom, who played first fiddle, and Cousin Robert, who wrestled with a tuba.

IN THE church basement we found Dr. Thorn building a fire in the big heater. Karin was standing close to him, and they were laughing and talking. They had stopped for Mrs. Harrigan, who played a big gold harp. She was a bright-eyed little old lady who was caretaker for one of the old mining millionaire mansions on Bonanza Hill.

Papa walked past Dr. Thorn without even seeing him, and uncovered his cello. We were tuning up with Karin giving us the A on the piano when Mr. Olson, who played the violin, and Mr. Baumgartner, flutist, arrived. Both were close friends of the family and real musicians. After that came our minister's son, a gangling high-school senior who played clarinet. Then Victor Wolinsky, a pharmacist, dragging a bass fiddle a foot taller than he was. Last to come were two of Professor Leons' students, a girl trumpeter and a serious middle-aged man who was learning French horn—very slowly.

We were talking and sawing and tootling away when the door was flung wide and in stalked Professor Leons, carrying his trombone case and wearing his big black coat with the beaver collar. He was maybe thirty, a tall thin man with milky-blue eyes and high cheekbones that glowed red when he directed. He tried to look like a foreigner, but he had been born in Hard Twist, Idaho, a mining camp where his father owned an assay office and led the town's Silver Cornet band.

He greeted Papa respectfully and Karin warmly, ignoring the rest of us. He shivered and scowled at Dr. Eric Thorn, pouring more coal into the stove. "Can't you get that fire burning better?" he asked, as if the doctor were a janitor.

"I'm nursing it along, maestro," said the doctor cheerfully.

The room was already warm, but Professor Leons, without unbuttoning his overcoat, began studying the music on the conductor's stand. Mr. Baumgartner, trying out a run, whistled a high C-sharp on his flute.

Professor Leons frowned blackly. "Please let me concentrate," he said, and everybody became quiet, because musicians able to lead orchestras and willing to do it for nothing are scarce. People said that Karin was the only reason Leons bothered with the orchestra and that it was certain she would marry him. Karin herself had not said anything one way or another.

Karin played the piano like a dream. Dr. Thorn was tone-deaf. And Papa was sure there could be no place in Karin's life for a man who couldn't tell one note from another

"This delicate little movement we will now play," Leons said, "is Mendelssohn at his happiest. The mood is joy unrestrained, the lilting gaiety of spring, of flowers bursting into bloom, and the rapture of young people in love." Here he stopped for a tender look at Karin's face.

He tapped with his baton and we were off, not quite together, but almost. Disgustedly he stopped us and started us again. This time we did better, but Leons was in a bad temper. He scolded all of us except Papa and Karin.

Even when Dr. Thorn had the stove cherry-red and the room so hot the professor took off his fur coat, he didn't sweeten up.

WE WERE six bars into a Strauss waltz when Leons suddenly motioned us to stop. Everybody did except old Mr. Baumgartner, who had his eyes shut and kept on with his flute until Mrs. Harrigan reached over from her harp and touched his arm.

"Will you try to remember, Mr. Baumgartner," ~~said Professor Leons in his~~ most sarcastic tone, "that I am conducting? If you can't hear, perhaps you can see—if you will keep your eyes open."

Mr. Baumgartner who was past seventy and a little deaf flushed a rosy red. This made Professor Leons smile. He enjoyed making people miserable, but Papa, who thinks the best of everyone, especially good musicians, never noticed that.

Mrs. Harrigan plunked a string of her green-gold harp and Professor Leons glared at her. She glared right back.

"Please, Mrs. Harrigan!" he snapped, just as Dr. Thorn dropped the coal scuttle.

LEONS flung up his arms and then pulled at his long bushy hair with both hands. "Who is that noisy person?" he demanded.

"It's Dr. Thorn," said Karin quickly, standing up at the piano. "A friend who volunteered to tend the fire tonight. Dr. Thorn, this is Professor Leons."

Leons didn't even nod; he returned to his scolding. "It is my understanding," he went on sarcastically, "that an orchestra is a unit playing under the direction of a leader. If I am wrong, will you correct me, Mr. Baumgartner, or are you sleeping again?"

Mr. Baumgartner got to his feet, his bald head thrust forward from his bent old shoulders. "I did not come here to be insulted," he said, in his slow, heavy way. "I played with the Chicago Symphony before you were born, young man. When Theodore Thomas conducted."

"Then why don't you go back to playing with Theodore?" asked Professor Leons.

"Theodore Thomas is dead," Mr. Baumgartner said soberly.

Leons smiled again and said, "Yes, I know that."

Mr. Baumgartner picked up his flute case.

"Now please wait, Otto," called Papa from behind his cello. "Professor Leons didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Sit down. We can't get along without you, Otto."

Mr. Baumgartner snapped the case shut on the flute. "To please you, Henry, my dear friend," he said, "I would stay, but I am going to the mountains this week, anyway, to visit my grandchildren."

Mr. Baumgartner's friend, Mr. Olson, began to put away his violin. "I've been thinking I'd have to stop coming to practice, Henry," he told Papa. "Lately, I've been sleeping poorly. It must be my nerves."

"Sit down, both of you!" begged Papa. "We will talk this over in a friendly way."

It did no good; Mr. Olson and Mr. Baumgartner shook their heads and left. Mr. Wolinsky spanked his bull fiddle for attention. His face was red and his stiff hair stood up like a brush. "Friends, musicians *and* trombone players," he began. "It seems some of us have reached the partings of the ways. I also will sing my swan song."

"No, no," protested Papa, looking as if he were about to cry because his orchestra was breaking up. "You can't leave us too, Victor. Professor Leons, you must try to be a little more patient. We are all doing our best."

"When music is murdered," Professor Leons said haughtily, "I cannot stand ~~idly by and not try to rescue~~ it."

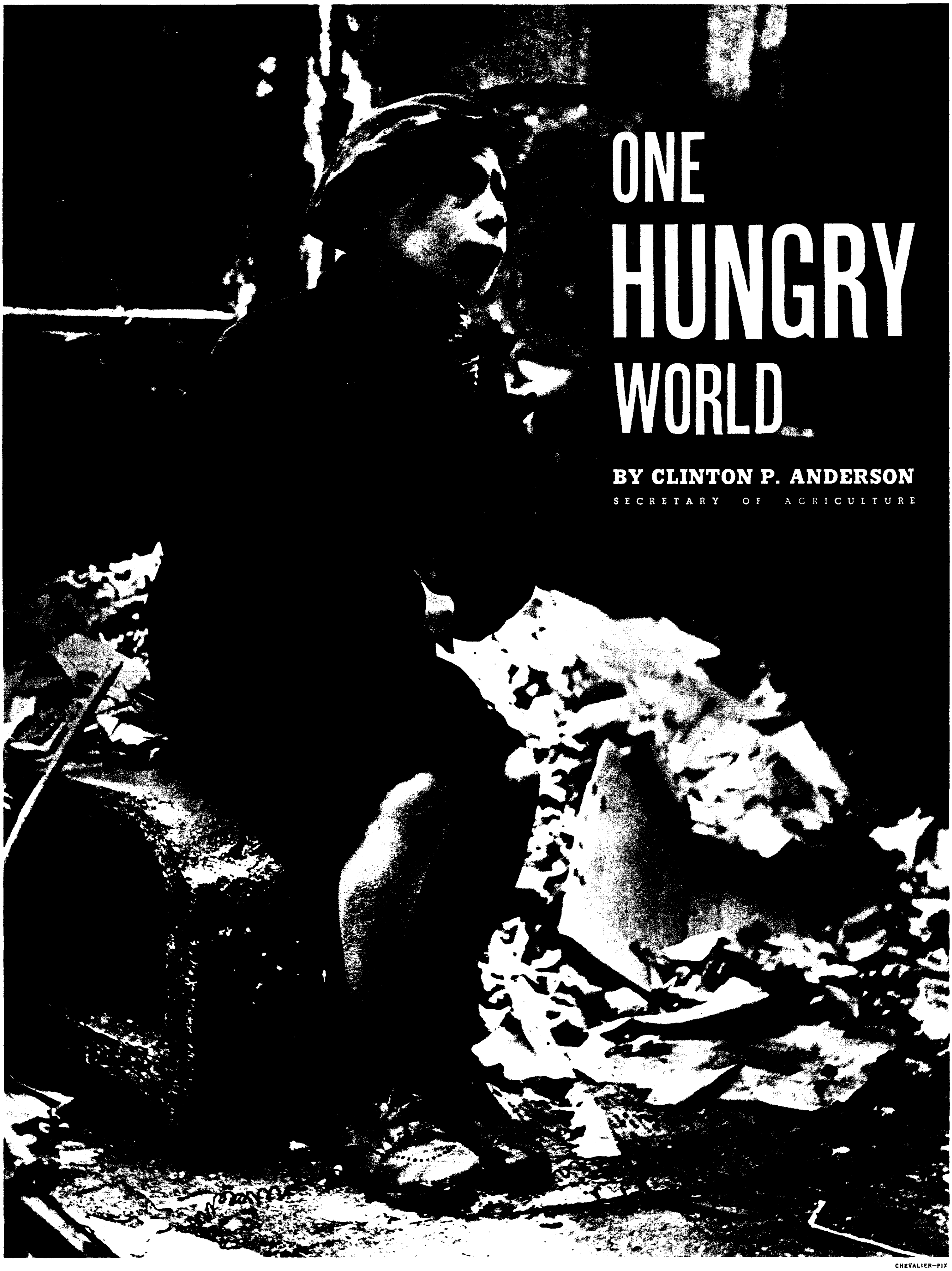
"The conductor is the boss of an orchestra, Henry," said Mr. Wolinsky. "If Leons thinks that Baumgartner and I and Olson are musical cripples, that is the final word. When you started this little orchestra, it was good fun for us all, and if we didn't sound quite so good as the Boston Symphony, we still had

(Continued on page 30)

ONE HUNGRY WORLD

BY CLINTON P. ANDERSON

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE



CHEVALIER—PIX

A half billion lives are the stake in our worst food crisis. What you eat may mean life or death for someone in another land because only world co-operation can relieve the threat of mass starvation

IN a few days representatives of the United Nations will sit down in Washington to attempt to find a solution to the gravest food crisis in modern times. What measures may be evolved by the Food and Agriculture Organization can hardly be guessed now. But this much is certain: No immediate and wholly satisfactory solution of the crisis will be possible. We may expect the conference to find ways in which global hunger can be avoided in the future. But it is now too late to do more in the present crisis than prevent it from growing worse. The blunt and terrible truth is simply this: In all of the earth there is not enough food to avert world-wide hunger of a magnitude we have not known in our time.

Five hundred million people are faced with starvation. If we in the United States eat less—if we cut our consumption of wheat by 40 per cent and of fats and oils by 20 per cent—many will be spared the slow and tortured death of the hungry, but not many the permanent bodily impairments that long-endured hunger inflicts. We can only moderate starvation. We cannot wholly prevent it everywhere. The effects of hunger are cumulative. They mount with each day's hungry passing. It is already too late to erase the marks of famine from the earth for a whole generation of the hungry.

Despite everything that the well-fed regions of the world can do to help them, many of the 500 millions will be hungrier than ever were the most impoverished Americans in the darkest days of the last depression. They will be hungry for weeks and months. They will suffer far more than we in America would suffer if we were to be as hungry for as long, for they have been on subsistence rations throughout the long war years and they cannot endure hunger as could people who previously were well fed. Many will die—many have already died—of starvation or from diseases that undernourished bodies cannot resist.

When a man in America eats a slice of bread he could do without, he becomes, in truth, an accessory for death in India, China or Japan, in Italy, Yugoslavia or Austria, in a dozen other countries.

When the Famine Emergency Committee under the honorary chairmanship of former President Herbert Hoover recently called upon Americans to make every possible conservation of food, it had no expectation that the stomachs of the hungry would be filled and their bodies fattened.

The only hope was then—and is now—that supplies in food-short countries might be maintained at existing levels so that the hungry would not have to go on still shorter rations.

For the first six months of this year the hungry countries of the world needed 20 million tons of wheat. But the very most the wheat-surplus countries could ship them was 12 million tons, or 60 per cent of their total requirements. At the same time, rice-consuming countries of the Far East—principally India, China and Japan—were confronted with total shortages that were between two and three times the amount of rice on hand for export. And the 1946 gap between need and supplies was about four billion pounds for fats and oils, five million tons for sugar and one billion pounds for meat.

Increased Estimates of Needs

Until recently, it was impossible for the Department of Agriculture to determine how much the food-short countries ultimately would need, since a number of them found it necessary to raise earlier estimates of want. In a period of three months, for instance, the French presented requirements for wheat that ranged from 1.5 to 2.760 million tons. And a food mission from India, a few weeks ago, came to us with a request for four million tons of cereal for 1946, or nearly three times the country's estimated requirements five months earlier.

Only on the American continents, and to a lesser extent, in Australia, are excess foods available in substantial amounts. In the United States, the minimum export goal for wheat in the first half of this year was six million tons. And, during the whole of the year, the export targets for meat were 1.6 billion pounds, and for fats and oils 375,000 tons. Whether these goals are surpassed—or even met—depends entirely upon the ability of Americans to discipline their appetites.

If, for example, Americans would deny themselves in salad oils and shortening the equivalent of two pats of margarine a day, our exports of fats in which the world shortage is most critical could be doubled. We are hoping for minimum exports from Canada of four million tons of wheat and 800 million pounds of meat; from Argentina, 750,000 tons of wheat, 100,000 tons of edible fats and oils and 775,000 tons of meat, and from Australia 950,000 tons of wheat and 600 million pounds of meat.

Ironically, in this time of hunger, crops in two of the great food-producing countries in the world—Argentina and Australia—have been cut by drought. Nevertheless, it is possible that minimum export goals for countries other than the United States can be increased. In Canada and Australia, rationing of principal foodstuffs is continuing. And it is hoped that Argentina, which never has enough fuel for its needs, can be supplied with coal and oil so that the use of grain and vegetable oils for fuel can be stopped.

In the next few months, by the most stringent economies in the United States and in every other country with plenty to eat, we may be able to check the spread of starvation in the world, to ease its pangs of hunger. But with the harvest of the new crops this summer, the food crisis will not have passed. That is not likely to be over until the summer of 1947, possibly not until the fall of 1947. It is apparent, therefore, that we in the United States must conserve all the food we can—not just for a few months—but for a year or more.

At the same time, our farm production must be maintained at the peak levels of the war years.

I wish I could tell the American farmer to relax after his strenuous wartime labors. I wish I could tell him to reconvert to a peacetime pattern of soil management, to rebuild the resources of the good earth, a basic richness of America. But I cannot.

American farm lands, already taxed by years of record food production, must be strained still more if the specter of famine is to be laid away. Our farmers need have no fear of oversupply and falling prices. Definitely not this year and next, maybe not in 1948. Not when millions of people in the world have the kind of appetites acquired in years of privation. When a man starves, his whole body starves, not just his stomach. You fill him full of food and he feels as he has for years—still hungry. It takes months of feeding to restore the flesh of famished bodies.

By July 1st of this year, United States wheat stocks will be lower than they have been in recent years except for the period following the 1936 drought. We may have on hand 125 million bushels. That sounds like a lot of wheat. But it is not. As a reserve, it would be wholly inadequate should we experience this summer droughts as severe as those of 1934 and 1936. That kind of weather would bring hunger to America.

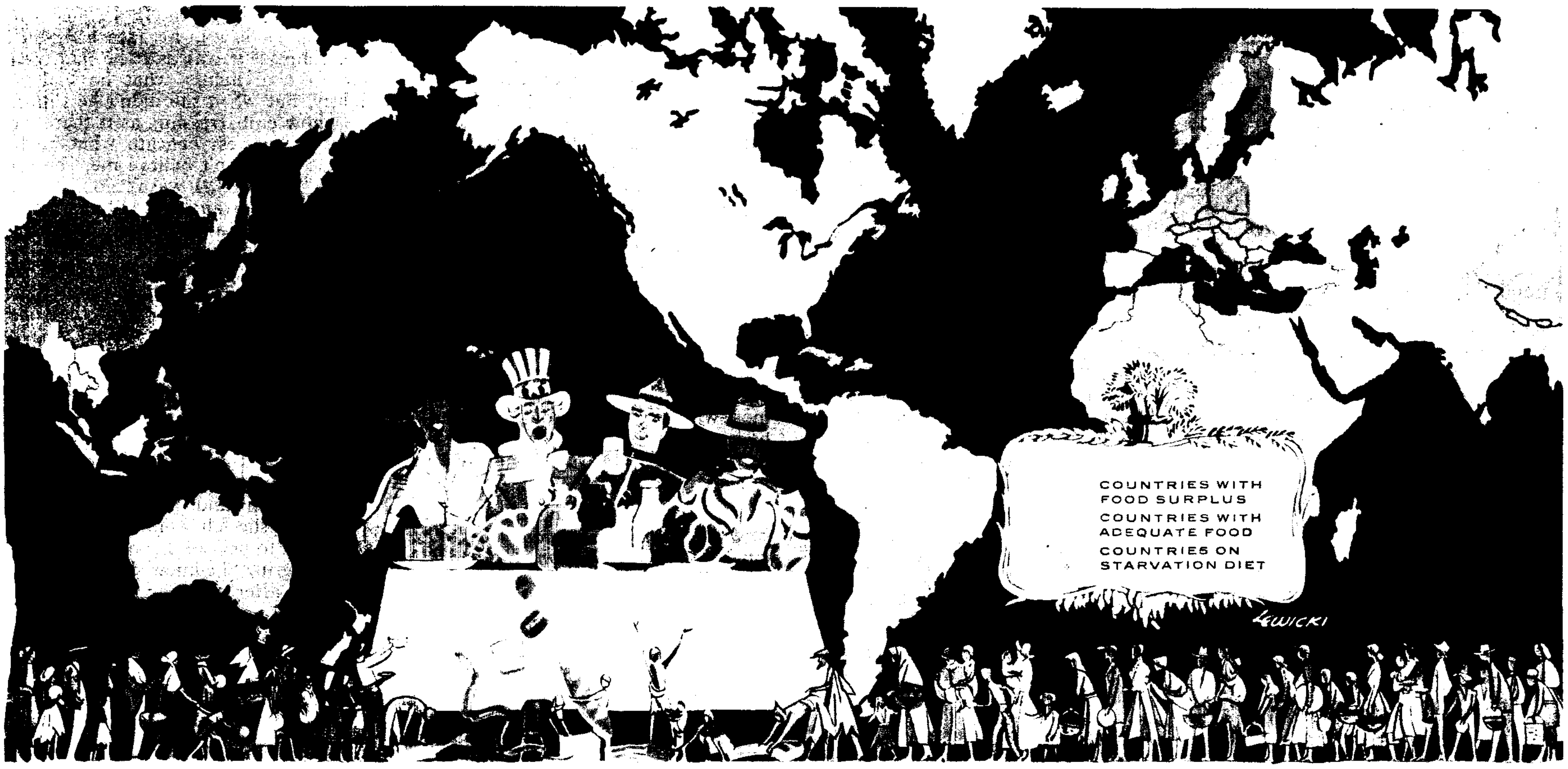
Good Prospects for U.S. Wheat

But, up to now, weather has been most favorable for 1946 crops. As this was written, a winter wheat crop of over 830,000,000 bushels was in prospect, indicating a total winter and spring wheat production in the neighborhood of one billion bushels. Thus, barring unimaginably bad weather this summer and fall, the United States will continue to be among the best-fed countries in the world.

Even after the most careful self-rationing, we still will be eating only a little less than our peak postwar intake of 3,360 calories a day. That is 710 calories more than any population needs to maintain full health and efficiency.

Contrast our situation with that of 100 million people of Europe—with 74 per cent of the population of Austria, 9 per cent of Bulgaria, 16 per cent of Czechoslovakia, 3 per cent of Slovakia, 43 per cent of Finland, 75 per cent of Germany, 50 per cent of Hungary, 59 per cent of Italy, 30 per cent of Rumania, 40 per cent of Spain. Those populations are now eating—and they may eat less in the next few months—no more than 1,500 calories a day. That is a diet of slow death.

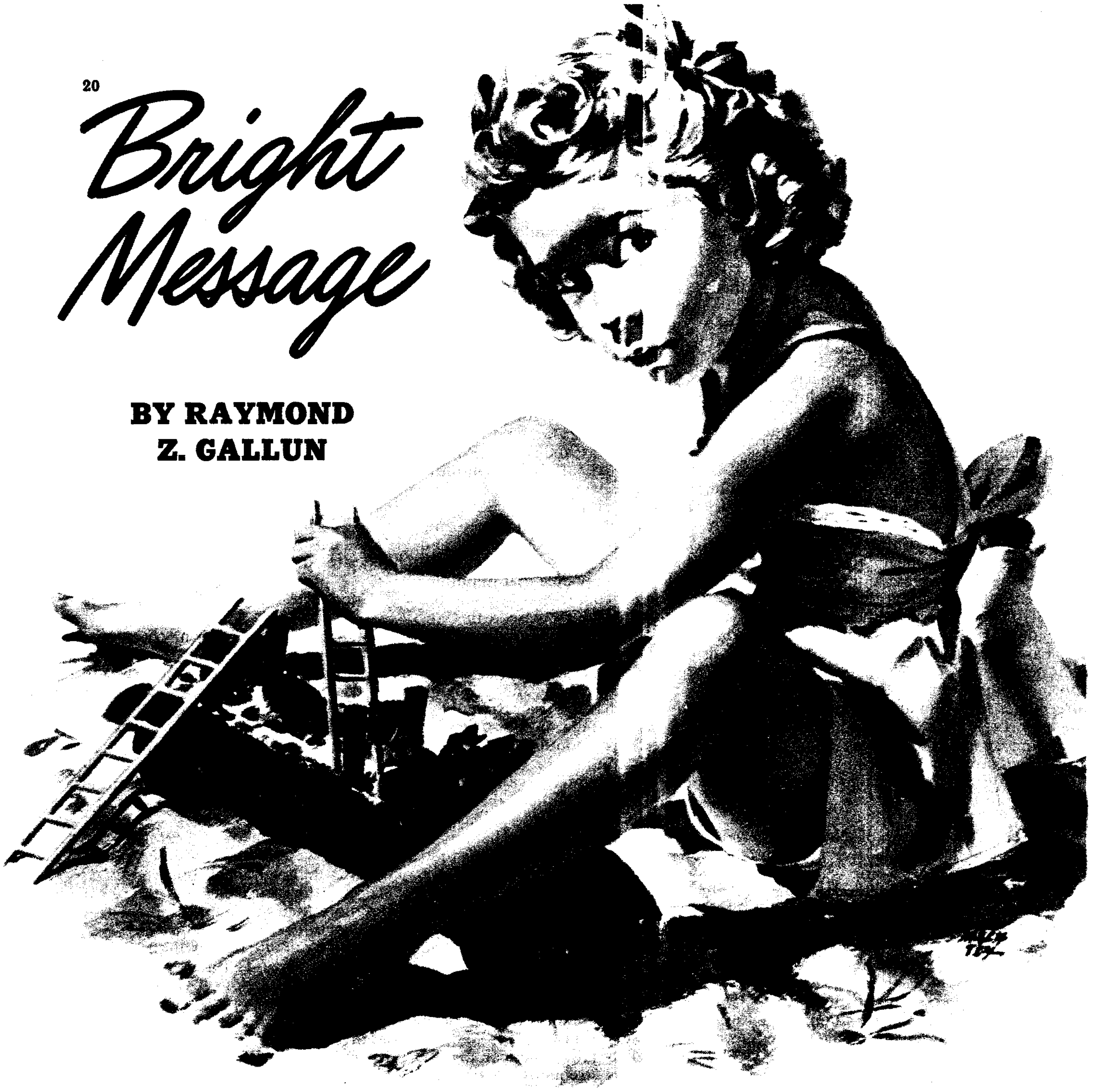
(Continued on page 45)


COUNTRIES WITH FOOD SURPLUS
COUNTRIES WITH ADEQUATE FOOD
COUNTRIES ON STARVATION DIET
LEWICKI

DRAWING BY JAMES LEWICKI

Bright Message

BY RAYMOND Z. GALLUN



HELEN lost herself in the antediluvian qualities of the pelicans. They were slate-gray, like fossils. They swooped down toward the surf as pterodactyls must have swooped. They were ugly, yet graceful in the air.

Helen mixed paints on her palette. It was like mixing the parts of a mood: sand, sea, sky, palms; hiss of wavelets.

The high Mexican mountains were a screen behind her, smoke-blue and sheltering. She was absorbing the feeling of this place—Los Hornos Beach at Acapulco—as she might have submitted to a therapeutic ray. For minutes at a time she was almost unaware of the few people around her, even when they stopped to watch her paint.

She had always wanted to paint just for fun. She was doing that, these days. Often she even succeeded in forgetting.

Now and then Helen came out of her blur a little to glance toward Jeanne, her seven-year-old daughter, playing in the sand with a red wooden fire truck. The toy had been mailed down from Lawrenstown, Illinois, by Uncle George Pasky. Helen's Uncle George was her mother's oldest brother. He was part of the remoteness that she tried not to think of. He was a bum and a drunk, though once he had built boats on Lake Michigan. Now he was just one of the disillusioning sadnesses of Helen's life.

Helen glanced toward Jeanne because a daughter could still be important.

A young man, an American, had come up the beach and, as she watched, he stopped to talk with Jeanne. "Hi, Butch!" he said. "If you smash it you won't have it any more. . . ." His voice was gently humorous, like an echo of something old and pleasant in Helen's memory; she almost smiled as she saw the pair of them squat down to play with the fire truck, as if he were a kid, too. But then her lips grimmed up again, and she went back to her pelicans.

When she looked again, some minutes later, Jeanne had vanished. Helen swung her gaze down the beach alertly, now, locating the small brown figure of her child, who had scampered off into the distance like an excited sand crab.

Helen smiled vexedly. Her intense concentration was broken. She glanced back toward where Jeanne had been playing. The fire truck was lying there, deserted and overturned. Helen wouldn't have paid much attention to such a circumstance, usually; but now, somehow, it hit her in a very tender spot.

JEANNE had only had the truck three days. Her pride of possession had degenerated rapidly to abuse—another example of what people were like! Loving something—or someone—and then hurting, and losing interest.

I'm off again, Helen thought. But it isn't funny. . . . The general lousiness of the world! . . . She left her easel and picked up the truck. It was wet and smeared with sand. The bright paint was dulled. One wooden wheel was broken off, and both fire ladders were lost.

"Poor dime-store thing," she whispered, feeling a kinship with it. For another bitter moment she thought of the letter that had come from Stan, then in England with the Army. It hadn't begun "My Darling," as his previous letters had. He had addressed her bluntly, "Helen—" She'd even helped him get the divorce he asked for. If he didn't want her any more, she couldn't want him.

The world was full of lousy people. Uncle George Pasky was a nice specimen. She had sent him a hundred dollars, once, when he was sick, five years ago. It had been a difficult thing for her to do, then, because she hadn't yet been established as a fashion designer. But he had made a nice racket for himself out of her first generosity. For every Christmas, and for every one of Jeanne's birthdays, since then, he had sent a wooden dime-store toy, together with a letter hinting for a handout. Even the day before yesterday, when Jeanne had been seven and she had let her have this latest gift, Helen had mailed Uncle George two ten-dollar bills. Knowing she was being a dope again, for she had to be careful about money, now.

She would probably be a dope quite a few times more, if the old sot didn't drink himself to death. She'd be a dope again, even though she could quote, almost word for word, from the letter that had come with the fire truck, just as she could have quoted from Stan's older and far bitterer letter.

". . . It is nice to have a niece who is so pretty with plenty money. Honest I am on the water wagon, Helen. I am cleaning up at Gunder's Tavern as a job. I hope to hear from you soon. Your kind uncle and poor relation, George Pasky."

She let Uncle George think he was getting away with his gags because she pitied him for being past sixty and alone. She pitied him for his penciled handwriting, too, big and irregular like that of a child in the lower grades at school, but with a tremor showing in it. But she wouldn't put it past George Pasky to laugh in his sleeve at her about Stan and his English girl. . . .

It was not remarkable, she thought, that she should feel a kindred wave of tenderness, as she fingered the broken toy, so recently new. It was involved with people, but it wasn't to blame for anything itself. She saw now that the driver of the little truck wore a helmet with a red number 14 painted on it. His painted coat was black, his hands and face pink. He had a pipe in his mouth.

Someone spoke at Helen's shoulder. "My kid sister was careless with her stuff, too, when she was little."

Helen turned, startled. She said, "Hello," but it was not the kind that was encouraging. Kid sister! Some men used remarkable bits of line when they fished for an acquaintance.

IT WAS the man who'd been playing with Jeanne and her truck a few minutes ago. He was perhaps in his early thirties. He had a friendly grin. He looked all right, but most men did. It was wonderful the way some people could start talking with anybody, anytime, and about anything.

It didn't matter, because if he had been a saint on horseback she still would have met him with the coolest shoulder in the universe. He wasn't going to have any walk under the tropic moon with her. He wouldn't be bragging about his war experiences with her. He wouldn't be telling her that she was beautiful . . . Not even if he meant it, and, of course, a lot of men did mean such compliments—while they were saying them!

No, thank you. She was rebuilding her life in her own way. She had Jeanne and she had her painting, and she had the mountains of Acapulco between herself and the rest of this rotten world. That was enough for her. Sometime she would have to go back to New York, but that could wait a long while.

"Whatever became of your sister, I wonder?" she asked the man.

It didn't faze him, though. He went right on clowning the way a lot of men would do. Maybe they were too dumb to know when they were being ribbed.

"I practically raised my sister from scratch. You know, she was all the family I ever had. And then when I was in Germany she went and married a coastguardsman," he said mournfully.

As Helen deliberately let her smile frost up she saw in his face a flicker of uncertainty. It was as if he had meant her to take lightly what he had said lightly, but when she didn't he found it somehow embarrassing, as if there were some seriousness beneath what he had said. "You don't believe me," he said. Then, "Oh, well, I wasn't going to talk about my sister anyhow. I had a look at that fire engine a while ago. You know, it's pretty unusual. . . ."

"It's just a ten-cent toy," Helen said crisply. "What's unusual about that?"

He shook his head. "Not that one," he said. "For instance, I'll bet the little chap on the seat wasn't made in less than a day—whittled with a jackknife, it looks like. There are still blade marks under the paint. Somebody took an awful lot of pains. . . ."

Helen examined the truck again. Sure enough, what the man said was true. She felt sheepish and guilty. Her throat ached, but she felt wonderful. Suddenly she began to believe this man's admiring, friendly grin. She knew she was going to like him after all. She said gratefully, "Thanks, I am glad to know."

Helen's world took on a glow that hadn't been there before. It was all because, in that gray nook of her mind where disillusionment was stored—where she had seen no chance for hope at all—she had stumbled on something bright and gleaming.

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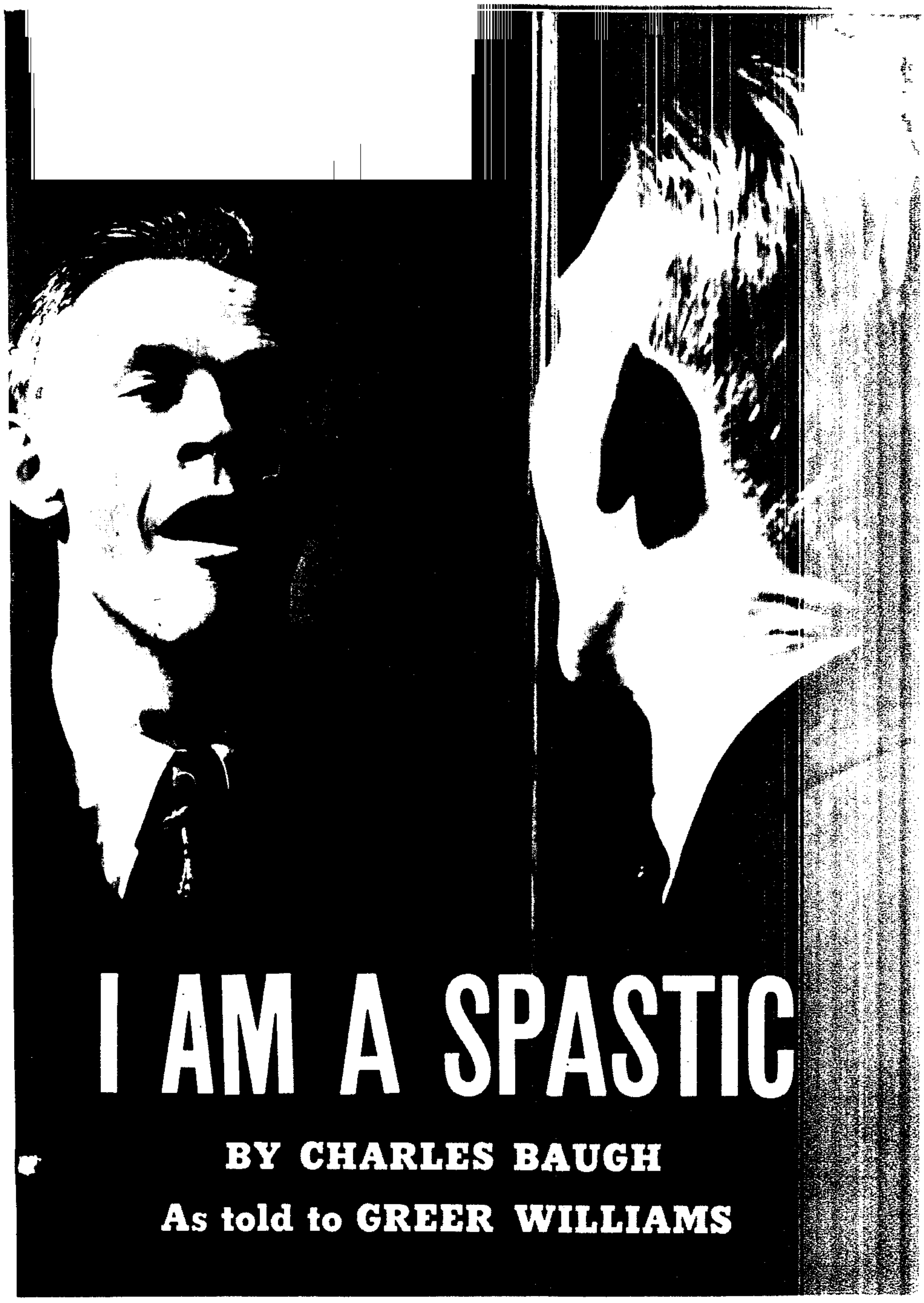
ILLUSTRATED BY NATHAN MACHTEY

a short short story



I AM A SPASTIC

BY CHARLES BAUGH

As told to GREER WILLIAMS

Training, therapy, and long practice before a mirror have enabled Baugh to overcome the speech difficulties typical of spastics. He no longer grimaces in speaking

America is neglecting its 300,000 or more spastic paralytics. Most of them, given half a chance, can become self-supporting. This is the story of one who did

ACTUALLY, many people back in Bisbee, Arizona, were kind to me, but a lot of others didn't want me around. The doctor told my mother that I'd have to be "put away." Kids didn't want to play with me. One boy beat me up. The teachers always put me in a back seat and passed me to get rid of me. After I was grown, the kids yelled "Old Crip" at me, and once a man shouted, "Hey, you fool, why don't you sober up?" I was turned down again and again for jobs there was no one else to fill. Parents forbade their daughters to see me, and friends told me not to think of marriage.

All this has happened to many of the country's 300,000 and more persons with spastic paralysis—or cerebral palsy, as the doctors call it since they have learned to diagnose and treat the condition. Somehow, though, we spastics manage to keep going, although only about one per cent of us get the help we need to become useful citizens.

There is no national program for us, as there is for polio. Cerebral palsy has been neglected. Society hides us away in institutions and back bedrooms, but the more they push us into the corner, the harder we try to get out.

I've worked hard to find a place in normal life. Until a year ago, when I was thirty, I had spells of thinking life wasn't worth living. Now, after a year in Washington, D.C., where I finally found the right kind of treatment, I know that it is.

My troubles started the day I was born. That's when the brain injuries causing most cerebral palsy happen, although some cases are due to malformation before birth and some result from diseases in infancy. I was the first child.

My earliest memory is of sitting all day in my buggy in the front yard, with a big bulldog guarding me. You see, I could neither walk nor talk until I was four and one half years old. My right leg and arm, controlled by the left side of the brain, wouldn't work right. When I raised my arm, my leg came up. When I straightened my leg, it pulled my arm against my side. I had convulsions as a baby.

A Devoted Mother's Problems

My mother tried hard to get the best medical care for me, but she had problems. My father, after whom I was named, was killed when I was seventeen months old in a cave-in at a copper mine at Bisbee, which is a mountain town of 17,000. Until my brother, Arthur, was born a few months later, my mother baked fancy pastries for a living and then she worked as a clerk in a general store.

She heard of a noted surgeon in Los Angeles and wanted to take me to him. But the doctor in Bisbee wouldn't sign court papers to permit her to use my $1,000 share of the $4,000 compensation we received following my father's death. He said she'd need it more later, when I'd have to be put in an institution for the feeble-minded.

That was in 1919, and, against everybody's advice, my mother sold the Liberty Bonds she had saved and took me to Los Angeles. The surgeon didn't want to operate. He, too, was afraid my mind was gone. Doctors in those days knew nothing about cerebral palsy. It wasn't until about 10 years ago it was discovered that most spastics have normal intelligence.

She told him I had a mind, and proved it by asking me where the door, window, telephone and such things were. Each time I looked at the right object. She still tells how the doctor almost snatched me from her arms for the examination.

He operated, lengthening the tendons in my legs with catgut and silver.

Then he put both of my legs in a cast. The operation and hospital costs were $1,000, but he cut it to $500 and told my mother to buy a car with the rest, saying she would need it to carry me around. She did so, and later opened a little grocery store to support me. Meanwhile, after six months in a cast, I began to crawl. When I was nearly six, I could play in the yard with my little brother. It was then I began walking!

But my mother had to fight many battles for me. I didn't learn to dress myself until I was seven and it took years to solve the problem of tying my shoelaces. She had to cut my meat for me until I was twelve. She found I needed glasses and I got them. When I was seven and one half she decided I was strong enough to go to school.

It surprises me now that I was admitted to a public school. Cerebral palsied children need special schools for the first five or ten years of life. Their problem is not just to educate their minds. They must, at the same time, educate their muscles to do the things normal kids do automatically—like walking and talking. Public-school teachers just don't have time for them and private schools are beyond the financial reach of most.

That's the way it was with me.

I was a skinny kid with sandy hair and glasses, teetering and bobbing along with my right arm tucked into my side to help maintain balance. My right hand was almost useless. I could force it open to hold things, but I had no control over the fingers. My right foot would take off in the wrong direction, and I often fell. I fell in the classroom on the way to the teacher's desk.

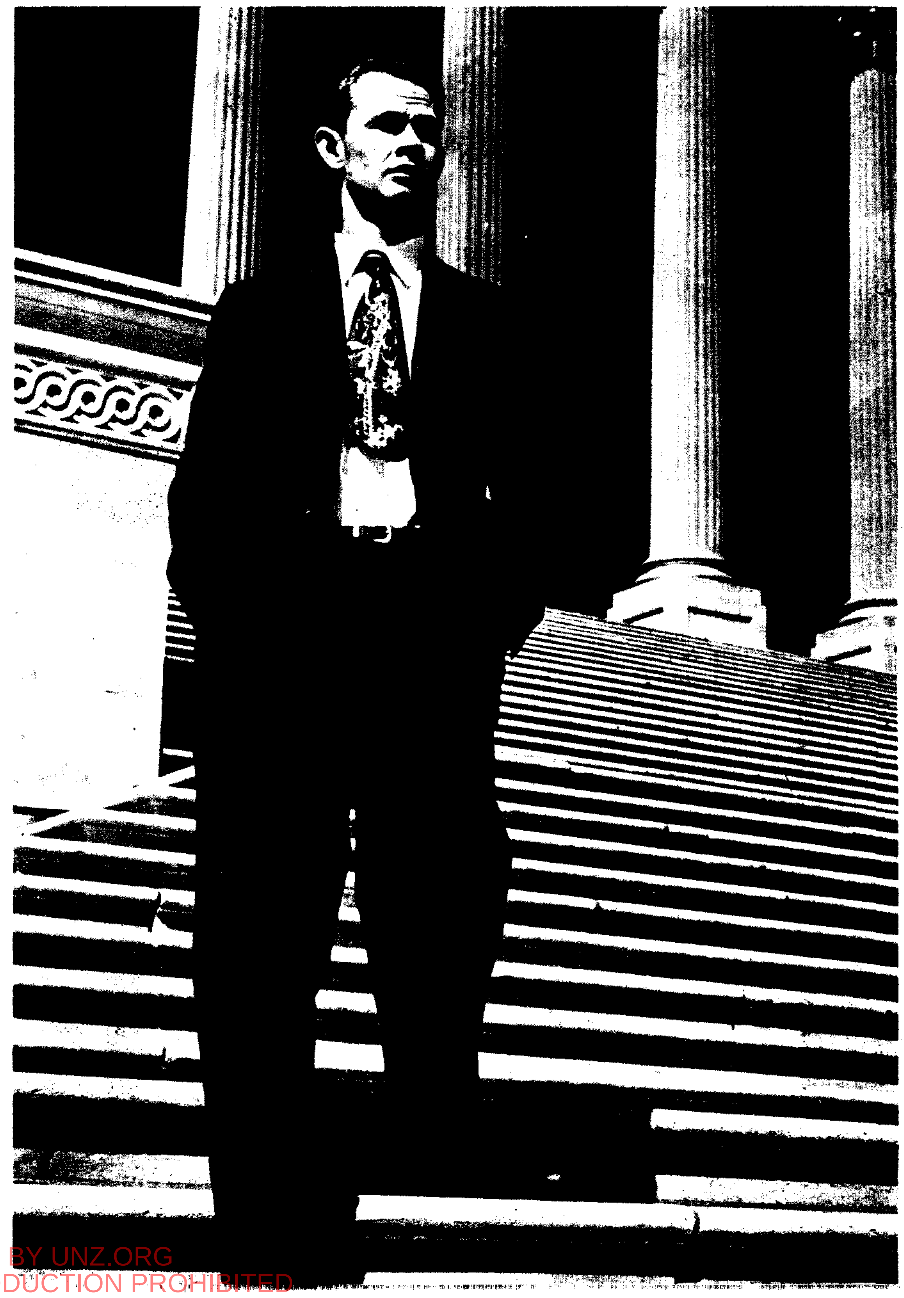
Like Wearing Mask and Gag

Of course I was luckier than many helpless, homebound spastics who have no control of arms or legs. I was normal on my left side. But I had a paralysis affecting my tongue and face. This is the worst thing of all; it walls you off from people. Every time I tried to talk, my face twisted and looked frightful. My voice had a "wuh-wuh" sound like Mortimer Snerd's. It was like wearing both a gag and a mask at the same time. Because of the gag, strangers couldn't understand me and, because of the mask, I scared them away.

The first-grade teacher told my mother I'd never learn to read. I didn't either, until I had a private teacher in the sixth grade, and I was in the eleventh before I could read aloud. I started writing with my left hand in the third grade, but nobody could read it until I was twenty-one and took penmanship in business college.

(Continued on page 88)

Walking is always difficult for spastics, and stairs present special problems. Here Baugh casually saunters down the steps of the Capitol



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

Call Them Mister

BY KYLE CRICHTON

All the talent back of Broadway's latest hit is drawn from the services. It is a thoroughly glamorous job of reconversion

AT THE height of the great battles in Europe in 1944, Corporal Rome sat at his desk at Fort Hamilton. Brooklyn, N. Y., and thought. This was characteristic of Corporal Rome, who had not won his two stripes without a struggle. Between thoughts he answered the phone and said only one thing: "Yes, sir."

As a good corporal he knew that his was not to reason why but to answer "Yes, sir," and go hence and do it. His acquiescence at that moment meant that he would write a few additional lyrics intended to sustain the morale of our fighting men—but at the same time he thought.

"Do you know something?" he asked of a private first class, who was his assistant and could be spoken to. "I got an idea this war is going to be over some day."

The private first class looked at him in amazement but said nothing, knowing his place very well.

"The boys are going to be marching home again and then what?" pursued Corporal Rome with a distant and fanatical look in his brave eyes.

"Well, if you ask me—" began the private first class. Then he saw Corporal Rome's look of horror and hastily added, "Sir, if you ask me, I think you got hold of something there." Corporal Rome's stern face relaxed into a smile. At this point the private first class retired, little realizing that he had taken part in history.

What came out of this was a musical revue, Call Me Mister, which has been acclaimed by critics, including this critic, as the most hilarious soldier show ever staged and well up among the funniest shows of all time. Corporal Rome has now returned to his old disguise as Harold J. Rome and is associated with the former T/5 Arnold Auerbach. Auerbach led some most interesting forays from the foxhole of Special Services on Fifth Avenue, New York, during the war and has written sketches for Call Me Mister which elicited such boffs and yoks of laughter when seen in Philadelphia that William Penn on City Hall was shaken.

Auerbach is a graduate of Columbia who entered the amusement business as office boy, secretary and valet for David Freedman, who before his lamented death was almost a one-man compendium of radio humor. Auerbach was custodian of Freedman's joke files and from fingering the precious cards developed a comic sense that is said to be slightly frightening. He had finished his basic training with the Air Forces at Greensboro, N. C., when George S. Kaufman sprung him, and in due course he showed up at Special Services, writing material for Army shows.

Among these ventures were so-called Blue Print shows, which provided a complete outline which would allow stumbling thespians in any camp whatever to put on a show which would not get them beheaded by irate dog-faces. Rome sup-

The Air Corps gets a thorough and hilarious going-over. Ex-infantrymen in the audience are convulsed by lines and antics of actors Lan Manson, Jules Munshin, George Hall (on bar), the Bartender (Harry Clark), the Canape Girl (Betty Gilpatrick), the Girl in Blue (Betty Garrett) and the Child General (Ward Garner), and for good reason

plied the songs and lyrics for these ventures and it was there that the two geniuses swore an oath of fealty to collaborate and collaborate until Broadway showed interest.

Rome had originally startled observers with his work in Pins and Needles, which had crept boldly to the fringe of Broadway under the banner of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and had eventually run through three editions and a national tour. This brought him in such demand by professional managers that he was soon after engaged in Sing Out the News, which was directed by the aforementioned George S. Kaufman and died the death after a short run. It is remembered for Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones, considered by many the greatest production number ever seen on Broadway. Still later he got himself involved in an abortive operation known as Let Freedom Sing, which pained everybody involved and ran a week. In short, Mr. Rome was in a position where a Broadway success would not exactly bore him.

"Do you love officers?" asked Mr. Rome when he first sounded out Mr. Auerbach on the possibility of collaboration.

"Yes, sir!" cried Mr. Auerbach, who had not been a T/5 for nothing.

"Very well," said Mr. Rome, "let us proceed."

The Topic That's Not Mentioned

Whether this was irony or something else has never been established, but the theme of Army "caste" never rears its head in Call Me Mister. This is expected to make it a rarity in military circles and win over sundry opulent gentlemen in mufti who might not otherwise be enamored of the show. There is, however, one devastating satire on the Air Forces which will definitely get Auerbach into the Infantry in the next war.

After they had turned out enough songs and sketches to make a respectable showing, Rome and Auerbach started the usual hunt for backers. In the midst of it, up popped Herman Levin, Rome's manager.

"What ho, my buckos," quoth Levin, "if this is a fortune-making machine you have fashioned, why take it out of the family? I have always wanted to be a producer. Forthwith, I will be your producer."

This coincided almost simultaneously with the appearance of Melvyn Douglas, former Hollywood star, who had started in the Army as a private and had ended as a major in charge of all entertainment in the China-Burma-India theater. Having conducted theatrical companies into every banyan patch in the Orient, he had a fine opinion of G.I. shows and an overwhelming eagerness to produce one on Broadway. What more logical than a team made up of Douglas and Levin? What more, indeed, and so it was.

Levin rigged up three auditions at which Rome played and sang his songs. The money poured in to a point where Levin was embarrassed and in a position where he could buff his nails and yawn languidly at panting tycoons eager to toss their contributions into the kitty. He finally accepted $150,000 and put out a call for actors. There was only one proviso: all actors must either have been in active service or have played for the doughies as members of USO shows.

What distinguishes Call Me Mister from most musical shows is that the material was well hashed over before rehearsals. The result was that only a few changes were necessary before the out-of-town opening in New Haven. In fact, the show went so well on the road and created such a furor in New Haven and Philadelphia that the management sat biting their collective nails in distress.

"What am I to believe after all the stories I've read about tryouts on the road?" moaned Levin. "Where are the disasters?"

Melvyn Douglas was having a great time. The suspicion was general that he was clutching at any excuse to keep from going back to the Hollywood chain gang. Having had previous experience as a Broadway star and stage director, he offered tentative suggestions during rehearsals but preferred to let the worries fall on Robert H. Gordon, the director. With the exception of a few changes in the running order of the show and a good deal of tightening, the production hit Broadway almost exactly as it had hit New Haven.

The real black cloud was Auerbach, who had a fixed conviction that the theater roof would fall in during the opening performance in New York.

"Not only is the guy a worrier," reported Rome, "but he is a head-shaker. Whenever I sat down to play a new number, he'd start shaking his head before I got out the first chord."

Auerbach merely replied by saying that if the show was a hit on Broadway he would promise to picket the theater nightly thereafter with a sign saying: "Harold J. Rome is a happy man."

The featured player in the show is Betty Garrett, who has had extended experience on Broadway (Laffing Room Only, etc.) and a great deal more in summer theaters. She is likely to come out of Call Me Mister with a Broadway name, because the way she wraps up Rome's satire on the rage for South American dances is a small caution.

With the exception of Harry Clark, who had played for Rome in Pins and Needles, the rest of the cast is new not only to Broadway but to practically everybody else but their parents. There was a feeling that most of them would come from such service shows as This Is The Army and Winged Victory, but the management was fooled there too. The talent popped up from everywhere and soon it became apparent that those who fight can also act. There is one biting sketch in the play in which an obnoxious character keeps asking what happened at Pearl Harbor. He finally demands of a G.I. member, "Where were you on the morning of Pearl Harbor?" At rehearsal one day they overheard the Joe answer in a low voice: "Honolulu."

Investigation into this matter proved that the young gentleman (Chandler Cowles) had indeed been at Pearl Harbor. He had been a lieutenant on Admiral Nimitz's staff and had been on duty on the U.S.S. California when it was sunk that famous morning by the Japanese planes. Lieutenant Cowles later saw service in both the Pacific and Atlantic.

Honors for Many in the Cast

This prompted further questioning of the staff, with results that quite floored the management. They found that Henry Lawrence had won the Bronze Star with the 4th Infantry fighting through Normandy, Northern France, the Rhineland, the Ardennes and Central Europe; Sid Lawson won three Bronze Stars with the Infantry; Howard Malone fought twelve major engagements with the Marines and was discharged with 139 points and nine battle stars; William Mende fought with the 1st Infantry through Normandy, the Ardennes, Huertgen Forest and the Rhineland; Eugene Tobin earned four battle stars for similar fighting with the Infantry; Robert Baird won five battle stars and two Distinguished Unit Citations with the 20th Air Force; Joe Calvan holds the Air Medal and three Oak Leaf Clusters for 28 missions as a radio gunner over France, Germany and Holland; Alvis Tinnin rose from corporal to lieutenant; Roy Ross rose from private to captain.

As has been reported earlier, Mr. Rome rose from private to corporal and managed to hang on by strenuous effort. Rome is a native of Hartford, Connecticut, and started his college career with two years at Trinity College of that city. He then went to Yale, finished the academic course and took up law. He stuck with that for two years and then changed to architecture, which he knocked off in four years.

In all he spent ten years in college and came out to take a job in an architect's office where he was allowed to work at a drafting board as eagerly as he pleased, provided he asked no salary. This went on for nine months until Rome looked about and found to his amazement that there were people in New York actually working for money. He quit and proceeded to play his piano for cash, a method which had seen him through college adequately.

Auerbach, by contrast, has had an easy life. His work with David Freedman brought him into the radio field, where he eventually became coauthor of Fred Allen's scripts. There was a short interlude in Hollywood when he worked at Warner and Paramount and scripted the Al Jolson show on the side.

At Special Services he wrote all the sketches for Hi, Yank, which had music and lyrics by Frank Loesser (Pass the Ammunition, etc.). Also with Loesser he wrote About Face and turned out the sketches with Arnold Horwitt for Okay, U.S.A. This show was Mickey Rooney's vehicle in Europe and another version attracted Melvyn Douglas' attention when it reached Burma.

Rome wrote Stars and Gripes for the Army, which was first shown at Fort Hamilton and then toured the country. George K. Arthur, another ex-movie star, used Rome's material from this show when he produced Skirts for G.I. audiences in England. Not only was Rome regarded as an excellent composer in the Army, but he has been acclaimed for his dulcet voice on the telephone. A visiting colonel noted that while Rome answered the phone he continued to make little marks on a pad at his side.

"Shorthand, eh?" he said in a kindly, interested voice.

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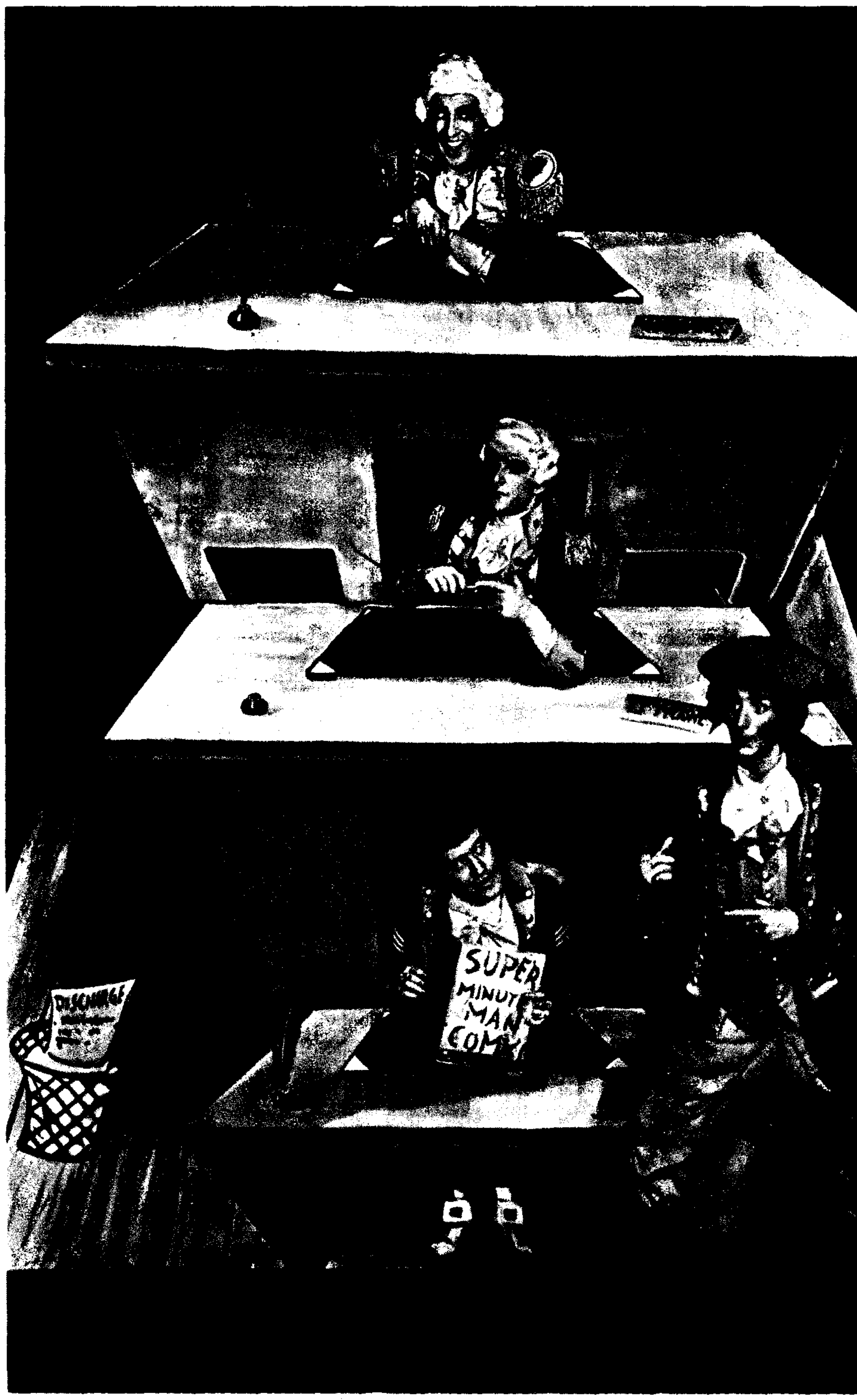

Paul Revere (George Hall, foreground), Revolutionary counterpart of Sad Sack, tries, through "channels," to get a horse for his historic ride. Col. Gates (Jules Munshin, top), a bored lieutenant (Chandler Cowles) and a sergeant (Steve Allison, bottom) bind Revere hopelessly in Army red tape. In the sketch, Paul Revere never does get his horse, and the British triumphantly march onstage

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Much like any city room is the Paris office of Stars and Stripes. Among those visible are Managing Editor Bob Moora (second from left) and writer G. K. Hodenfield (right). Not seen but felt: the brass hierarchy

Brass Hats and Blue Pencils

How Stars and Stripes became an organ of propaganda, in spite of the efforts of Marshall, Eisenhower and angry G.I. newsmen. Here's one side of the stormy question still raging: Can the Army have a free newspaper?

BY BUD HUTTON AND THOMAS A. MAC MAHON

Lt. Col. Arthur Goodfriend got the Croix de Guerre in Paris. He played a major role in the controversy

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

The story of Stars and Stripes is one of controversy. The arguments on both sides are hot. Some claim that, from the Army point of view, the idea of a free newspaper was impossible in the first place. Others contend that in some instances the G.I.s failed in their responsibility as editors, citing the case of one edition which labeled Secretary of War Patterson "Public Enemy No. 1." After the war ended, two editors of the Pacific edition were removed by General MacArthur's headquarters for "questionable discretion and integrity." This action was loudly protested by other staff members, who claimed they were being stifled by "an undemocratic and mumbo-jumbo system of Army dictatorship."

This article does not pretend to cover all phases of the S & S story. It is frankly the story of some experiences with the ETO edition, as seen by the G.I. newsmen involved. As such, it may serve to spotlight some of the basic difficulties.

ON a spring morning when the war was young, a handful of American soldiers sat down in a cobwebby little print shop near London's Covent Garden markets. They were planning an experiment unique in publishing—and military history: the publication, with an Army's disciplined authority, of a daily, metropolitan newspaper which would be editorially free of the Army which published it.

They called the experiment, as the A.E.F. of the war before had called its weekly paper, The Stars and Stripes. The first issue came off the press on April 17, 1942.

Today, four years and some 1,200 dead lines later, that experiment in freedom of the press is regarded by the men who tried it as a failure. With a few notable exceptions, Stars and Stripes has become an organ of propaganda, edited by edict.

Professional newspapermen, who as soldiers sought to make Stars and Stripes an honest newspaper dedicated to the Joes fighting the war, one after another were stymied by the brass. The newspaper which the War Department blessed, which General George C. Marshall declared by order would be free and subject to a bare minimum of administrative control, which Supreme Commander Dwight D. Eisenhower flatly stated was subject to no interference, even from Dwight Eisenhower, not only failed at freedom of the press, but marks a major, if unpublicized, defeat for Marshall and Eisenhower and for the American concept of democracy.

The Army knew that a newspaper was needed for the growing American forces in the European Theater of Operations. So it simply told the soldier-newsmen, "Publish a newspaper," then turned its collective military back, shut its eyes and hoped. That is, it did—at first.

At first, the paper was a weekly, but as the overseas forces grew, it became a daily and was published in the London Times plant.

A Chance for Realistic Reporting

For the most part the privates, corporals and sergeants who were putting out the paper were no journalistic tyros. Most of them had up to 15 years of shirt-sleeve newspapering behind them in civilian life. But here was the chance most newspapermen never came close to getting: the publication of a paper devoted to telling the news the way it happened, with no business-office worries, no advertisers breathing down their necks.

Bob Moora, before the war, as now, on the New York Herald Tribune, synthesized the only editorial credo the ordinary soldiers publishing the paper ever expressed: "This is going to be a paper for Joe, and nobody else."

They started with 5,000 copies a week off a flat-bed press, and before the end of the war had scrounged, begged, stolen, borrowed, captured, improvised and wangled on reverse Lend-Lease their way to a newspaper colossus read by virtually every man in khaki overseas.

Soldier-reporters went out to fly with the American bombers when the news of the war was in the air. They came back—unless flak or fighters stopped them—to write the story in Stars and Stripes. When the major emphasis shifted with invasion from the air war to the ground war, Stars and Stripes men jumped with the paratroops, landed with the Rangers and slogged with the infantry—all toward the single, simple end of telling the story of the war the way it happened.

With such motives, then, backed by the two highest officers of the Army, freed from economic worries, Stars and Stripes should have become a great newspaper. It did not.

Why? The conclusion eventually reached by many G.I. staff members was that

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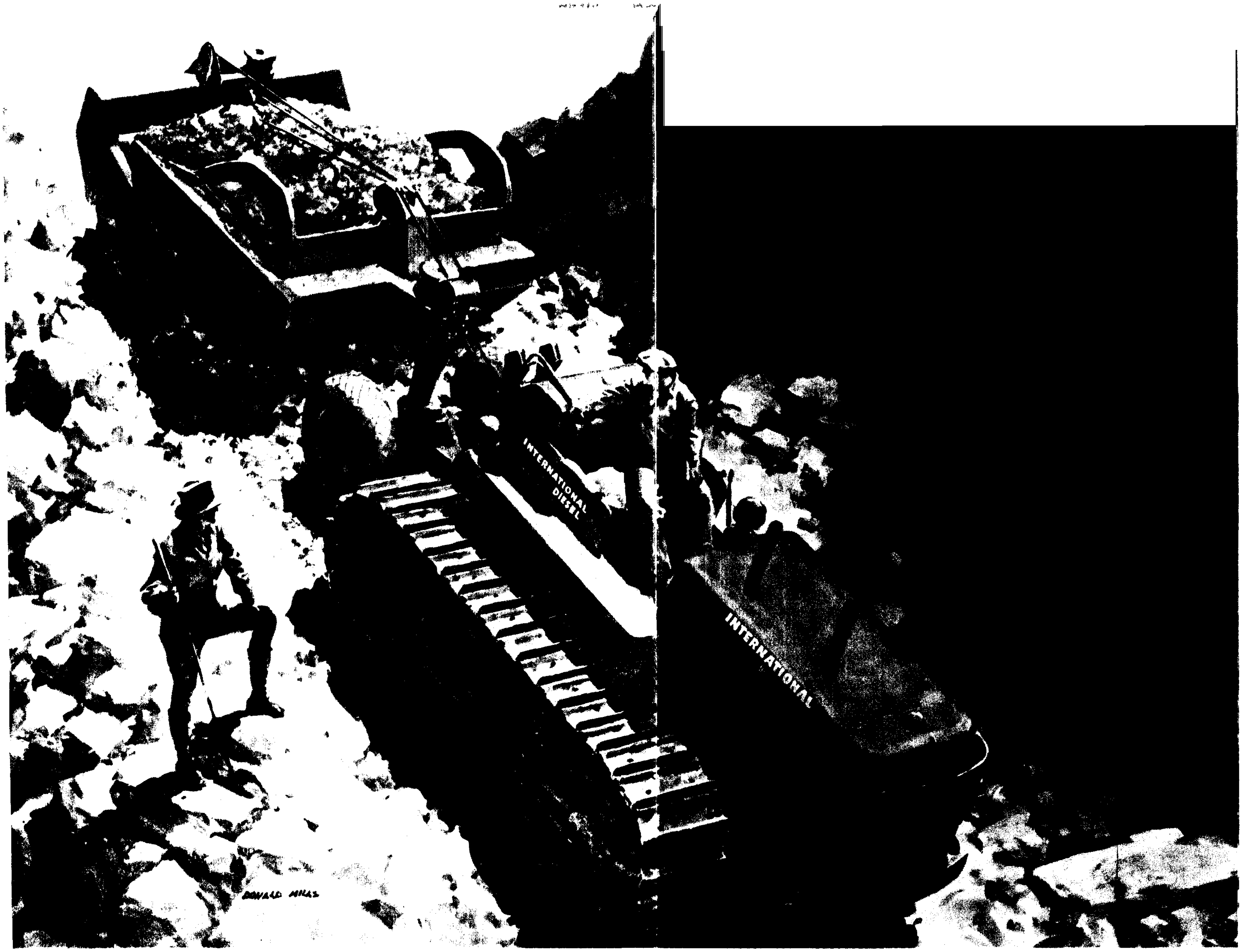

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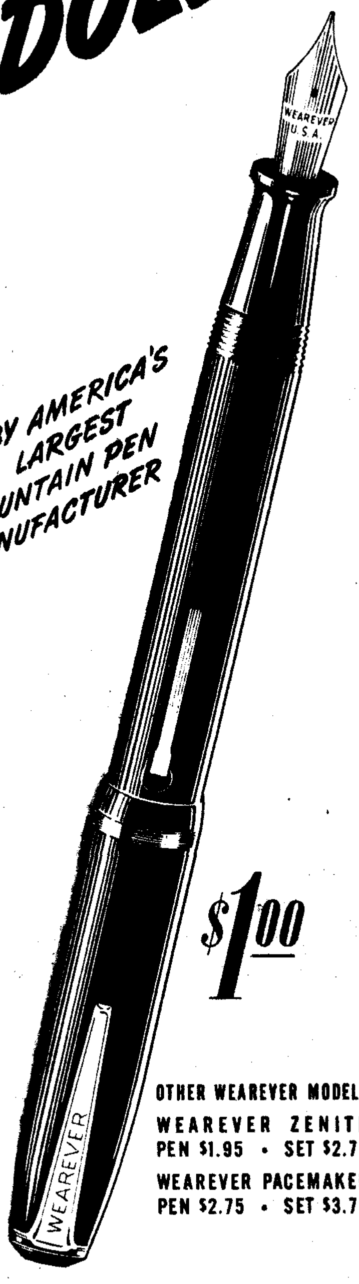


Trieste: Battleground for Peace

Continued from page 13

Yugoslavia—for or against Tito, with people seeing the situation all good or all bad." To clarify some of the issues I went to Tito himself.

Tito lives, ironically, in the palace built by the late King Alexander for his young son, Peter, now an unhappy refugee in London. Prince Paul, the Regent during Peter's minority, and his wife, Princess Olga, furnished the salons sumptuously with white goatskin and deerskin furniture, valuable paintings and art objects. Tito's big Alsatian dog, Tiger, howled with annoyance when I entered his master's office. A servant brought in *rakija* (a sort of Yugoslav white mule) and red wine.

"What," I wanted to know, "is your concept of democracy?"—a word used freely by Tito's followers as the goal of Yugoslavia's new constitution. It foresees the free election of representative officials, freedom of speech, of religion and of assembly and the right of trial by jury. Its precepts are not, however, currently applied.

"It was necessary," the marshal admitted, "to take into consideration the internal political and social conditions of Yugoslavia so that it was not possible to carry through, at once and completely, the dispositions which had been foreseen earlier by laws (of the Peoples' Republic) and now by the constitution. Elements (of opposition) still exist which have not been assimilated into the present status, the new internal order, which differs much from the former order or old Yugoslavia."

Tito paused a moment to light another cigarette in his small pipe-shaped holder and resumed:

"The democracy of the Federated Peoples' Republic has a deep social root. It assures and makes possible the full development of the large masses of our people—one can say from 85 to 90 per cent of our population. We are looking somewhat skeptically at democracy with a more formal character. We consider that Yugoslavia is no formal democracy, but a real, popular democracy. Because it is not formal but real it differs from Western democracy.

"For example—the worker in Western democratic countries can prosper only so long as he works, but as soon as he loses his job he is abandoned to his own devices. With us, the state is responsible, and every citizen of Yugoslavia is the ward of the entire nation."

Fifteen Years from Communism

So far there was little dissimilarity between the social structure of the nascent Yugoslavia and what exists under the Soviets. I asked Tito how long it would take, in his opinion, to realize the kind of state he envisioned. Once, back in 1936, I asked a Soviet commissar the same question. He estimated it would require 15 years to achieve the total communization of the U.S.S.R.

"I don't think so long a period will be necessary in our country," Tito replied. "Yugoslavia is a peoples' republic. It is not yet a soviet republic. The character of our internal order is a little different from that in the Soviet Union. Our changes have followed other lines. They proceeded hand-in-hand with the struggle for liberation against the external enemy, the German invader. Change here has been gradual, coming with the four-year war against the German, Italian and other invaders, but we have made real progress. Much more time would have been needed in a period of peace.

"To be specific, I reckon that our young generation will be educated in the new spirit within ten years. Young people and children in some sections bore the full weight of this war—so that their re-education will be rather easy. I believe we will achieve that within ten years but, naturally, everything depends not only on the internal but on the external political conditions.

"Every state is more or less linked with the general framework of the world society. On what (outside help and encouragement) Yugoslavia receives depends how rapidly or how slowly Yugoslavia will achieve the objectives of its revolution.

"We have private ownership (of property and the means of producing wealth) and we have state ownership. Thus our state distinguishes itself from that which exists in the Soviet Union. Our development has been shorter but it is also more imperfect. There is not yet the soviet authority of the complete social revolution in our country."

Thus, in his own words, Tito made it clear to the outside world that Yugoslavia is headed for ultimate sovietization. Tito's concept of democracy, however much some of his aides may liken it to Western concepts, is definitely Marxist. But it was also clear from what he said that what eventually emerges in Yugoslavia will be greatly influenced by other powers. Above all others, America can help to shape Yugoslavia's democratic destiny.

One of the strongest influences for weaning Yugoslavia away from Mother Russia, regardless of its nonpolitical character, is the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. About 3,000,000 Yugoslavs on the edge of starvation are alive today due only to the food, clothing and medicines they've received from UNRRA. Yugoslavs know that America is the moving spirit and the principal source of UNRRA assistance. Russia saw this early in the game, which was why it opposed entry of UNRRA supplies into Yugoslavia.

But Tito had only praise and gratitude for the services which UNRRA had rendered his people.

"In a word," he said, "UNRRA has supplied grain and other foodstuffs to those regions of Yugoslavia which suffered most, like Dalmatia, Bosnia and Montenegro. Our government and our people are extremely grateful to the United States for the big help offered us, even to the present day, by UNRRA."

Tito's words debunked current reports of Yugoslav ingratitude for UNRRA assistance. In a long inland journey from Belgrade to Sarajevo and the frontier, I found further evidence of the popularity of UNRRA and, by inference, of America.

A drought in 1945 in the most fertile agricultural areas of the country accentuated the food shortage. Literally millions were saved from death by starvation in Dalmatia and Croatia when UNRRA assumed the task of providing food for 3,000,000 and partial relief for 2,000,000 others. The word "UNRRA" is as good as a passport at roadway check stations. The guard examines your cargo and credentials and waves you on with a smile. Petty Yugoslav bureaucrats have sought to play down what UNRRA has meant to the people, but the people know.

I heard much criticism of the diversion of UNRRA goods to the army by Yugoslav black-marketeers and politicians. UNRRA mules, for instance, were supposedly being used to haul army supplies and artillery. Investigation showed that some UNRRA mules were traded to the Yugoslavs for brood mares with which to restock the depleted farms with draft horses. Charges in anti-Yugoslav circles to the effect that UNRRA grain was found in army warehouses were described as originating in the fact that the army had bought used UNRRA sacks but the grain they contained was not from UNRRA stocks.

Much of the good done by UNRRA in the furtherance of relations between the United States and Yugoslavia, however, has been erased by the American State Department's only partial recognition of the Tito regime and the attitude of some members of the American diplomatic mission here. These are inclined to look askance at the Yugoslav revolution as "Red," and their attitude, not unknown to the Yugoslavs, has not retarded the inclination of the country's leaders to turn increasingly eastward for support.

Unquestionably the orientation of Tito's Party of National Liberation and its leadership is communist. With the exception of two noncommunist liberals, the Party hierarchy, many of them fellow exiles of Tito's in the years between the great wars, is Marxist in philosophy and methods. Among the younger leaders, authority often exceeds experience and ability. Trained to violence, the young hotheads often commit excesses in their revolutionary zeal.

Hostile to Capitalistic U.S.

Moscow influence is detectable in the tone of the press and the general outlook and attitude of the bureaucrats in Belgrade. These are openly suspicious and antagonistic toward capitalist America. Their attitude is strengthened by the impatience and lack of understanding of Yugoslav and Balkan history on the part of some of America's official representatives here.

For a quarter of a century before World War II, the nation suffered from internecine warfare between the Serbs and the Croats. More than 2,000,000 persons, mostly Croats and Slovenes, served terms in Serb jails. Hundreds of thousands were killed and a considerable part of the nation's physical assets were destroyed.

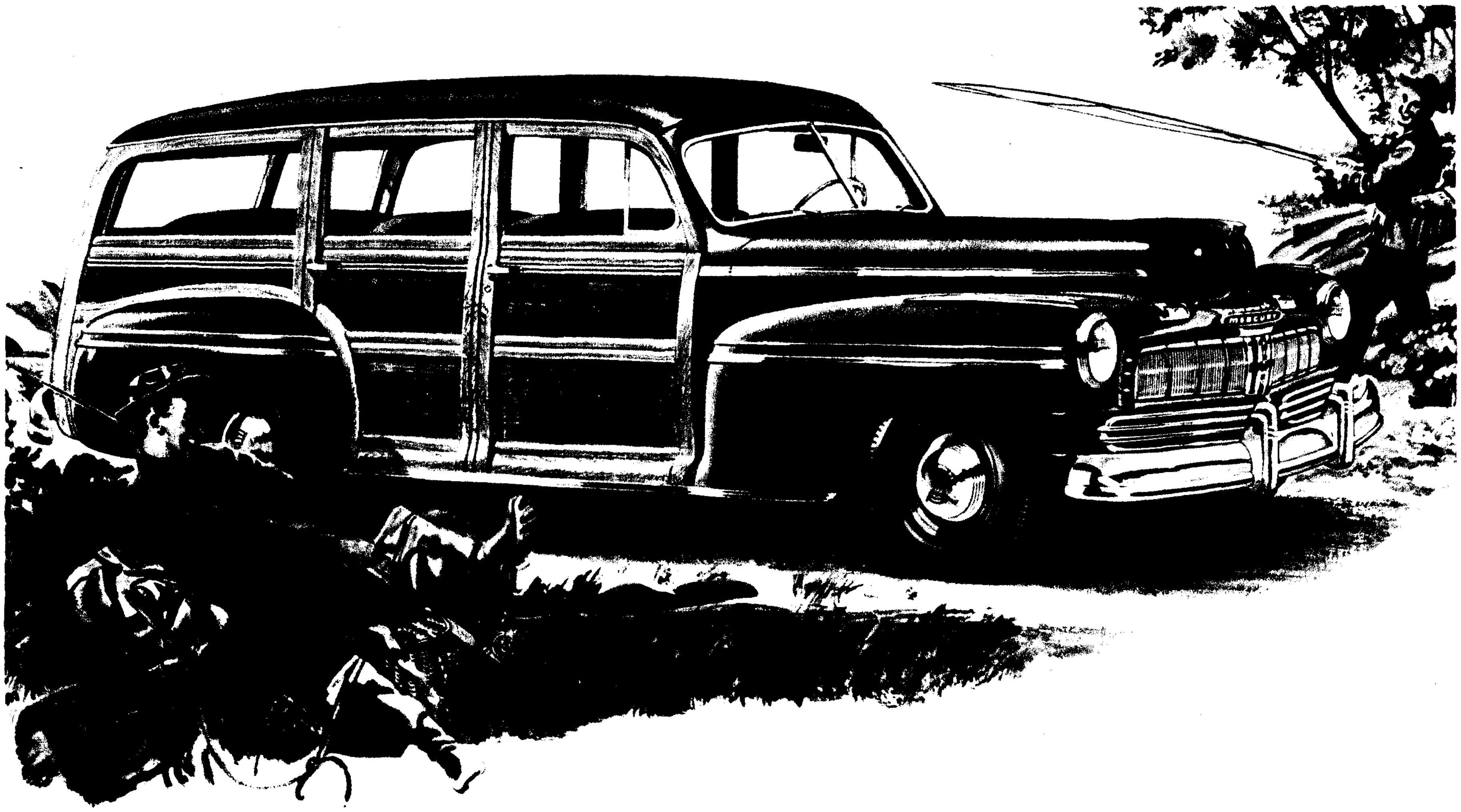
A jeep journey across Croatia to Derventa and then a ride south to Sarajevo brought home to me the fury of that struggle. For a distance of about 150 miles there were no undamaged towns or villages. There the Ustachis of Ante Pavelitch had sought to wipe out the Serbs. In the rubble of the civil war there were also visible, however, the signs of the Partisans' battles against the Germans. The shells of hundreds of wrecked German trucks still littered the gullies.

The war, however, swung the country violently toward a form of unification. The members of the Party hierarchy, for instance, are representative of every linguistic and religious group in the land. There is nevertheless an opposition—however ineffective—in Yugoslavia which charges that the Partisans' unity is a "forced unity."

There is, undoubtedly, a class struggle proceeding within the country. It is manifest in the government's efforts to stabilize prices and wages, to install a new income-tax system, separate church from state, and in agrarian reforms.

One of the chief sources of opposition to Tito's regime arises from the state's effort to punish the war profiteers. Every afternoon hundreds of trials are held in all the larger communities. In one case, in a Belgrade district, a young man named Andric was up for black-marketeering before a People's Commission consisting of a lawyer, several workers, a teacher and a professional investigator. Until 1943, Andric worked as a clerk in a wholesale iron business. Then he suddenly branched out for himself. Soon he was able to buy property in Dedinje, to purchase an automobile and other unheard-of luxuries.

A recent Yugoslav law decreed that anyone who earned more than 25,000 dinars between April 6, 1941, the day the war began, and May 8, 1945, the day it ended, was liable to have the excess confiscated. Andric tried to avoid declaring his excess profits and the court fined him 500,000 dinars, wiping him out financially. This was the Partisans' way of punishing those who profiteered from the war, collaborated with the enemy and stayed safely away from the fighting. Such confiscated assets are put into a Reconstruction Fund with which the devastated nation is to be rebuilt. Actually anyone with a business or property who



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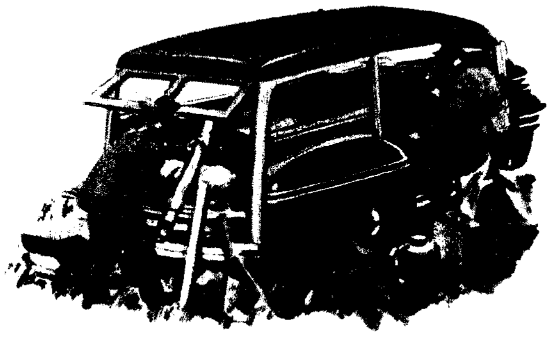

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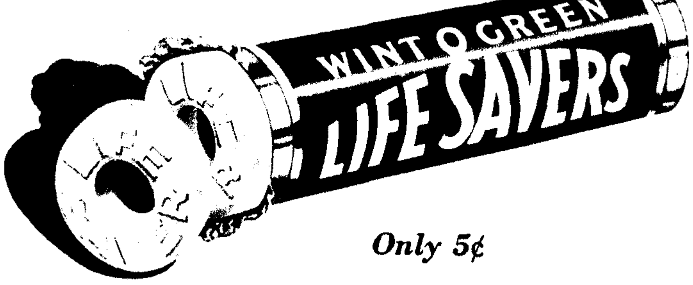


Only 5¢

did not fight the Germans—or who for ideological reasons is considered an enemy of the state—is subject to trial and confiscation of his goods and chattels.

Although the law, for the time being—and here is one of the principal differences between the Yugoslav and Russian revolutions—does not call for nationalization of businesses or industries, the War Profits Commission accomplishes the same ends. The state will eventually come into possession of most of the means of production and distribution, for the owners of almost all major businesses and industries can fall into the category of collaborators as defined by the Commission.

The state already operates a system of national stores known as the "Na-Ma" which sells all kinds of consumers' goods. Prices are theoretically scaled and pegged to fit workers' incomes. At first the peasants stoutly refused to sell foodstuffs to the "Na-Ma" and for about two weeks, last September, the markets in the larger communities were almost empty. Ultimately the peasants discovered that monetary control had shriveled funds available for the black market and that they could not defeat the government. Goods began to move into the national stores.

One of the country's worst difficulties is inflation, which is sweeping the Balkans and Central Europe with disastrous results. The value of the Yugoslav dinar was boldly pegged at 50 to the American dollar. In April, 1945, when the new money was issued, people found they must exchange 100,000 dinars for only 5,000 new ones. All other dinars had to be declared and deposited. The immediate effect of the enforced transactions was to narrow the gap between wage earners and the rich. The wealthy had less money and the wage earners could buy more.

The equalizing process was carried out still further by a reclassification of wages and earnings generally. The wages and salaries of laborers and workers were raised and the earnings of professional and business people were cut. The scrubwoman whose average earnings were 600 dinars a month in 1938 was raised to 2,200 dinars a month. On the other hand, the general manager of a store who earned 24,000 dinars a month in 1938 was reduced to 5,600 dinars, or about 23 per cent of his prewar income.

The profiteer trials and the strict wage-price control are not the only manifestations of the general leveling off occurring in the revolutionary Yugoslav economy. The state has the power to tax, which may also mean the power to destroy. And the government doesn't hesitate to use that power.

A typical case of government tax action involved an apartment house owner who had an income of about 226,000 dinars in 1938, two thirds of it profit. Under the new taxes, the apartment-house owner will gross only 98,150 dinars. Not only have his taxes been raised, but rents were cut by 50 per cent. This year the same man will have a net income of 6,400 dinars, while his caretaker will receive an annual stipend of 18,000 dinars plus two cords of firewood free from his employer. Property owners, needless to say, don't like Tito.

Foreign investors similarly face difficult times. The French-owned Bor mines are an example of one type of treatment of foreign interests. The French owners sold their interests in the mines to the Hermann Goeringwerke for twice their stock-market value in gold before Yugoslavia was occupied. The mines have been taken over by Tito's government for nationalization. The French, the Yugoslavs claim, have no further financial interest in the properties.

Strict Limitation of Profits

The British-owned Treptcha mines are an example of another type of treatment. The government will pay the owners for their property, but in making payment, "due consideration will be given," an official explained to me, "to the relationship between the amount of the original investment and paid-up dividends to date." In other words, the owners are likely to receive only the difference, if any, between what they put into the mines and what they've taken out in profits.

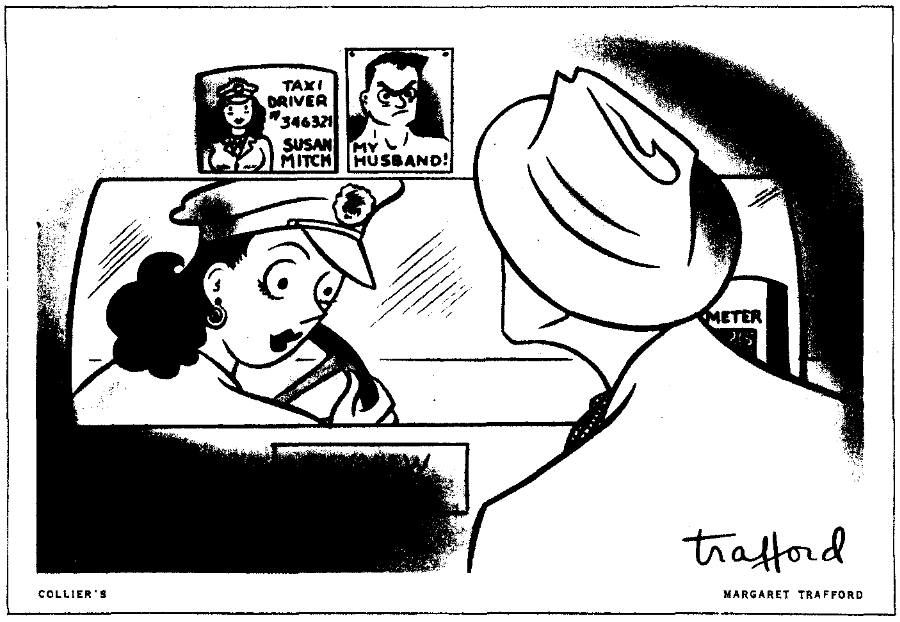
The most serious socialization is occurring in land reform. The government is confiscating and redistributing to the peasantry the lands of large church estates, business houses and absentee landowners. In the Voivodina region, thousands of enemy Germans and Hungarians have been dispossessed. Families from Bosnia, Croatia, Herzegovina and Dalmatia are to be settled in their places. Each family received from 20 to 35 acres, depending on the fertility of the land and the size of the family.

Some peasants aren't taking well to the agrarian reforms. Yugoslav farmers are a fiercely individualistic lot. I talked to some of them in the Belgrade railroad station where freight cars were filled with families being moved with their few possessions to the Voivodina. Most of them were from the mountainous southwestern part of the country. One fellow longed for the hills. He didn't like the damp flatlands of his prospective home. He also didn't like having to join a co-operative to obtain his tools and seed.

Another said that from what he'd heard, his house had all the comforts he required, but he, too, balked at having to work in a co-operative.

"I want to work when I want," he said, "sleep when I want and sit in a coffeehouse when I want. I may have a good house, but I am the slave of the state."

Yugoslav leaders insist that they're taking "the individualism of the farmer into consideration" in the resettlement plans, but it remains to be seen whether the Zadruga, or co-operative system, will be widely accepted by the peasants or whether



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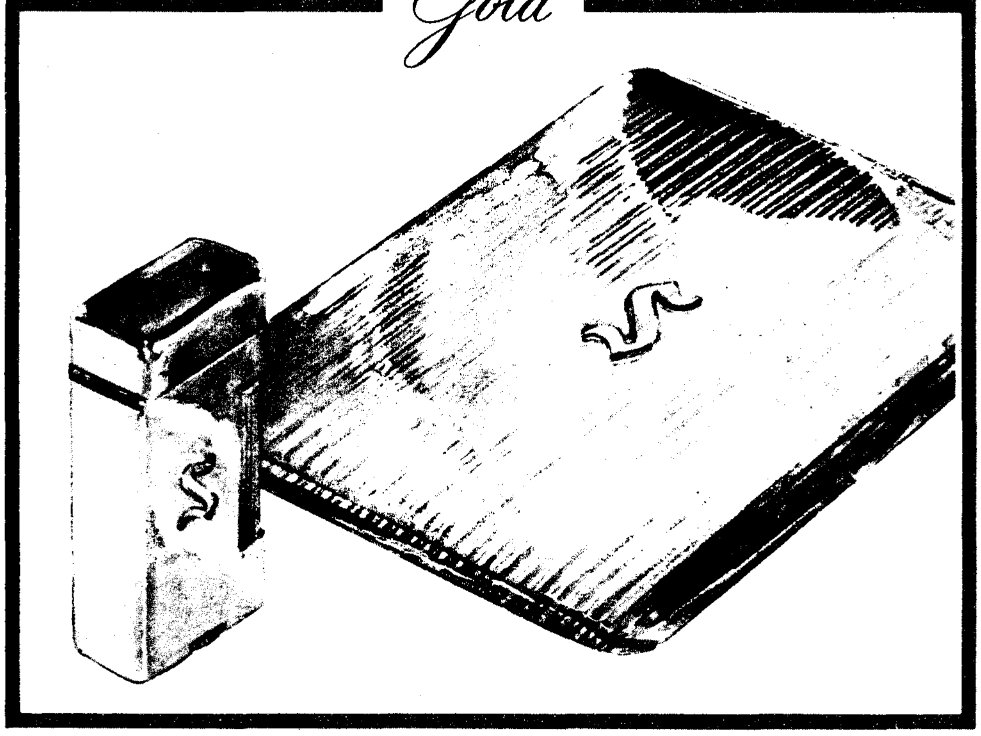

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Oooo! Oooo! No Woo!
SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND, CY— OR DON'T YOU JUST SUDDENLY GIVE A HOOT?
IT'S SOMETHING ON MY MIND, MARGIE! LOOK! REMEMBER THE CRACKS YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT PEOPLE NEEDING TO SEE THEIR DENTIST? WELL...
YOU MEAN I'M A CARELESS COOKIE ABOUT BAD BREATH? CREEPS! NO WONDER YOU'VE BEEN SHY, CY!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
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they will be coerced into collectivism as were some of the richer peasants of the U.S.S.R.

One of the most revolutionary changes wrought by the Tito regime is in the separation of Catholic church and Orthodox church and the state. The government has ended the churches' monopoly on education and is supervising marriages. It has introduced civil divorce courts. Church leaders, naturally, oppose Tito's efforts, and the Catholics roundly denounced him in a pastoral letter last September. The letter protested "persecution of the clergy," the closing of church schools and colleges, the decrees making the study of the catechism optional, and the confiscation of larger church lands. Tito's antagonism toward the church stems, in part, from the fact that many priests were on the side of the Ustachis. I asked Tito what the church could expect at the hands of the regime.

"There is no conflict between the state and the Catholic clergy in general," he said, "but there exists a struggle against one part of the Catholic clergy in Croatia, which is hostile to the Federated Peoples' Republic. The Catholic and other clergies have no difficulty in exercising their religious duties and functions. Religion is free in our country. The state will hinder only those individual priests, or groups of priests, who join negative (opposition) political combinations or who would impede the normal progress of our country."

There is, as in Russia, no free press in Yugoslavia. All publications support the government. Foreign correspondents are free to send out what reports they wish, but at their own risk. Censorship is curative but not preventive. Russian influence is more directly visible in the Yugoslav press than in any other single aspect of Yugoslav life. Forty per cent of the reports printed by the country's leading publications come from Tass, the official Soviet news agency. Much of the news printed by the newspapers is unfavorable to the American way of life.

There are other evidences of close ties to the Soviet Union, including the presence of considerable numbers of Russian civilians and of some troops. The Yugoslavs seem to be running their own affairs, but the Russians are present as big brothers.

The fact that the Yugoslavs belong to the same family of Slavs as the Russians, however, should not be overlooked by anyone attempting to make an objective valuation of the situation. One night recently a Russian colonel started talking, and he took the paternal attitude toward the whole Yugoslav problem. He complained about the stupidity of the petty bureaucracy. But, with a certain amount of cynicism, he pointed out that it would naturally take time before the smaller Slav countries acquired the experience to run their affairs smoothly.

THE END

Papa Played the Cello

Continued from page 17

nice sociable evenings. Now we have discipline, we are children taking music lessons, with our hands slapped if we sound a wrong note."

Mr. Wolinsky's big hazel eyes flashed and his voice deepened: "But Leons is conductor and it is his orchestra. I leave you with one question, however: Is music slaving at the oars of a galley or cringing under the lash of a guard in a Siberian salt mine? And now good night and goodby, dear friends, musicians *and* trombone players."

He lugged his bull fiddle to the door where he stopped for a final shot. "Stokowski!" he flung at Professor Leons.

Leons shrugged. "So the air is now cleared. Music is indeed slaving at galley oars, digging in salt mines. I can be satisfied with only the best. In me"—and he tapped his chest—"is a force demanding perfection. We must recruit more players, preferably ones not deaf and after we get them, I promise you an orchestra of which we will be proud. One of the finest. I have great plans for all of us."

As he talked on, his thin face flushed and his eyes sparkled. Listening to him, I could see our orchestra going on tour, maybe even to Europe. But Papa looked unhappy; like Karin he hated arguments, and Wolinsky, Olson and Baumgartner were old friends. Karin's eyes were downcast, and when she glanced up it was at Dr. Thorn, sitting quietly by the stove.

In the middle of one of Professor Leons' sentences, a harp string vibrated and he snapped, "Please, Mrs. Harrigan!"

"Oh, don't be so fidgety," she told him. "Nobody shot you."

He shrugged. "Before we go, I have an announcement. I have found a better place for rehearsal. A hall on the top floor of the American Building on Thirtieth Street. The janitor guarantees the heat." He turned to look at Dr. Thorn as if to reproach him for the time it had taken to warm the church basement. "At a very reasonable rental, too. Only five dollars a night." This, of course, Papa would have to pay.

Papa began pulling the black imitation leather case over his cello. Karin and Mrs. Harrigan left with Dr. Thorn. Papa was very quiet driving home instead of joking with us as he usually did. He stood his cello in its corner in the living room and went upstairs, walking as if he were tired.

At breakfast the next morning, he said, "A great musician and a wonderful man, that Leons." But it seemed to me he was saying it to convince himself. "Remember what he told us—that something inside him demands perfection. He will be heard from." Papa was looking ahead, I guessed, thinking that with Leons as a son-in-law, there would always be lots of music and talk of music in our family. I looked at Karin. She was grave and quiet. Nobody could tell what she was thinking.

"It will not be the same orchestra," said Mamma indignantly, "without Baumgartner and Olson and Wolinsky. It's a shame."

"They left of their own accord," said Papa, but he did not want to talk about it.

THE next evening Professor Leons dropped over. He said he had come to discuss new players for the orchestra, but he talked mostly about the years he had spent in Europe and the music and operas he had heard in Paris and Vienna and Munich. Afterward there was music, with Karin at the piano, Papa with his cello, Christina and I with our fiddles, and Professor Leons playing an old flute of Papa's.

The music made Papa cheerful again and when Leons was putting on his big coat, Papa said, "You must come tomorrow night."

"I shall be most happy," said Leons, bowing from the waist.

He came the next evening and the next after. It looked bad for Dr. Eric Thorn, who was expecting several babies and was too busy to get away.

Mamma felt sorry for the doctor. "He's such a nice young man," she said. "And he can't help it if he's tone-deaf."

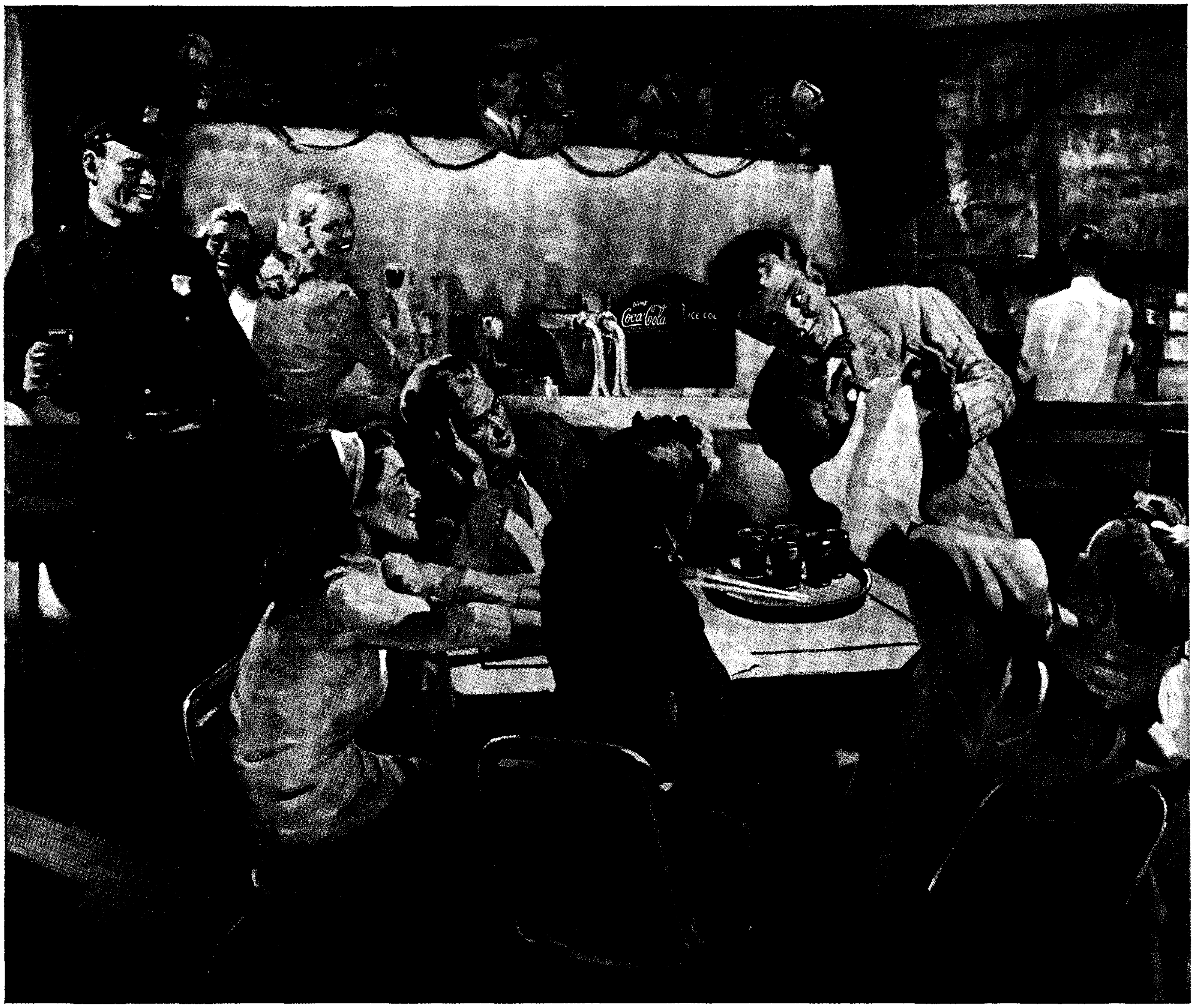
Papa grunted. "No, he can't help it, but why does he force himself on the company of people who aren't tone-deaf?"

"I don't think that he forces himself on us," said Karin quietly, and that was one of the few times Karin had contradicted Papa.

"Why are you so unreasonable, Henry?" asked Mamma.

"I am not unreasonable!" shouted Papa. "If there is one thing I am not, it is I am not unreasonable. I only want Karin to be happy. A musician as talented as she is would be miserable with a tone-deaf husband."

Karin started to speak, but the phone



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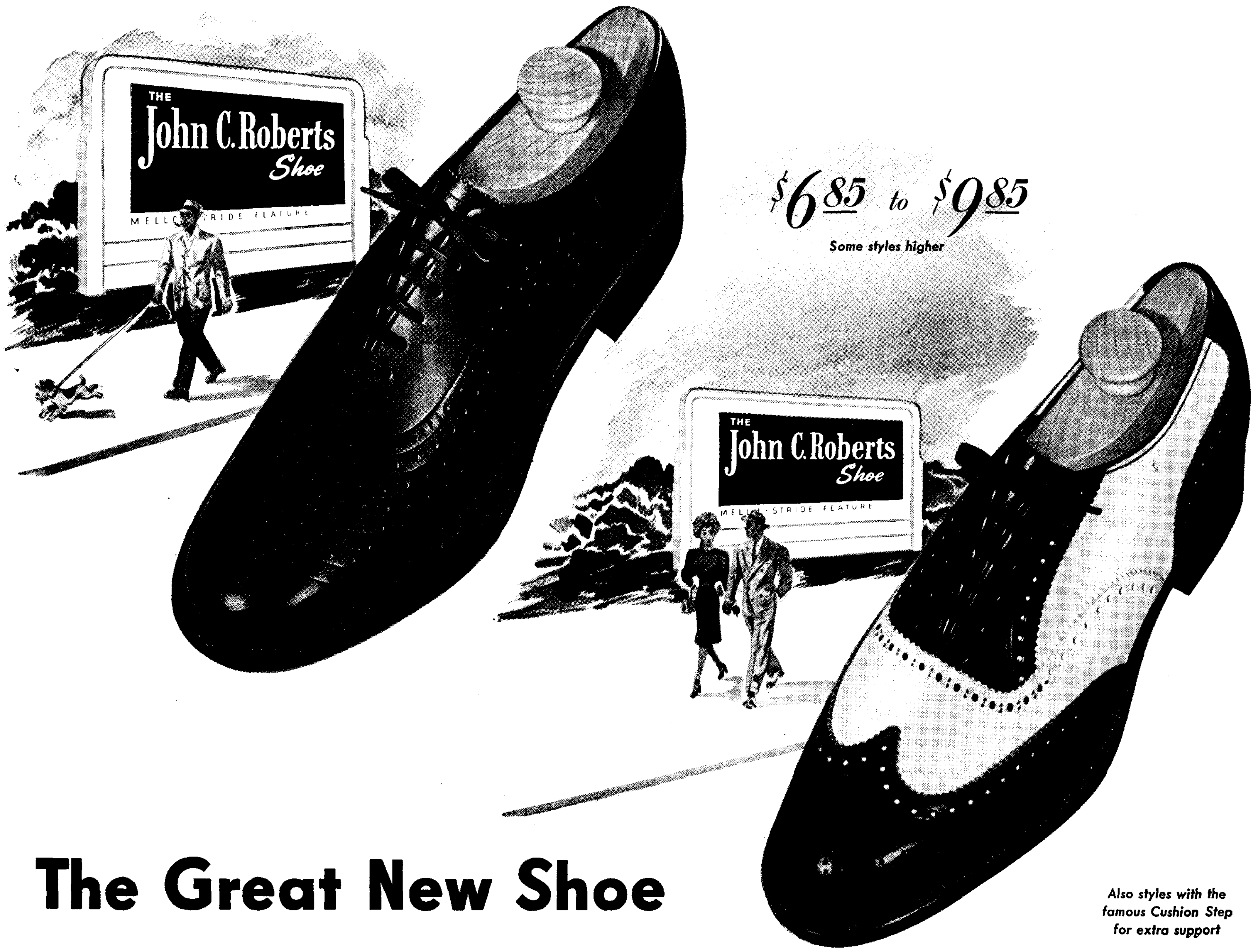

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rang. It was Dr. Eric. When she came back, Karin was smiling.

"Eric has just delivered twins," she announced. "Think of it! A pair of twins. Two little boys."

"You'd think he had composed a symphony," said Papa.

Next practice night all of us—Papa, Aunt Martha, Cousin Robert, Karin, Christina and I—had to puff up a long winding staircase to the fourth floor of the American Building. The room was small and steaming like a greenhouse, but Professor Leons, bustling about without his fur coat, was happy.

Leons' two students, the girl trumpeter and the man learning the French horn, came, and then Mrs. Harrigan, breathing hard from the climb. Behind her came Dr. Eric and the building janitor, sweating from lugging Mrs. Harrigan's big harp up the three flights.

The janitor, a little bald-headed man, asked, "Warm enough for you, Professor Leons?"

"Almost," said Leons. "Do not spare the coal, my man."

THE minister's son arrived with his clarinet, and we tuned up to the old piano. At a knock on the door, Dr. Eric opened it to four well-dressed young men, all holding instrument cases. The spokesman, who introduced himself as Will Theron, said they'd been told our orchestra needed more players. Theron played a French horn; his friends played trombone, trumpet and baritone.

They all could play well and Professor Leons accepted them at once. We made room for them by moving the piano and Mrs. Harrigan's harp.

To please Papa, Professor Leons had us first play a little piece, Simple Aveu, which had a nice solo part for the cello. The new horn players didn't drown him out and they applauded heartily when Papa was through.

There was another knock and in came two other musicians, also strangers—a little fellow with a cute black mustache whose name was Gautier and a tall redhead, Provak. Provak brought one of those enormous contra bassoons, and Gautier a trumpet.

Professor Leons flew about getting them chairs and handing them music. This time all the strings and Mrs. Harrigan's harp had to move over to make room. Papa frowned as he looked at the silvered bells of all the horns in the brass section, and he grumbled, "Who asked all those horn players to come tonight?"

"They'll have me and my harp shoved out on the fire escape next," complained Mrs. Harrigan.

"A lot of brass," muttered Papa, crowded against a window with his cello.

The new brasses didn't stay polite long. In the Poet and Peasant Overture they began to feel their oats, tooting louder and louder. Robert with his tuba and the professor's two students caught the spirit and also blew harder. The tall redhead with the big bassoon sent it rumbling clear down to the basement. The brasses grew still noisier, trumpets and trombones and tubas and French horns all trying their best to drown out one another. Professor Leons' baton hopped about like a tree branch in a high wind; his long hair flopped up and down.

"Bravo, Professor!" shouted young Mr. Theron, as we finished. "Sir, may I say that you are the most inspiring conductor I have ever played under? You direct with such depth!"

"And breadth and height, too," enthusiastically added the redhead. "Will you not join us, Professor?" He motioned to Leons' trombone case.

Professor Leons, flattered, brought out his trombone and pushed in the mouthpiece just as the door opened on the bald-headed janitor. He was red-faced, as if he'd been shoveling coal at top speed.

"Is the heat all right now, Professor?" he asked hoarsely. "If I get it any hotter, I'm scared the furnace will blow up."

"We're comfortable, my man," Leons said impatiently. "Keep it up. And now," he said, beaming on all the horns, "let us play an old favorite—the Coronation March—in honor of the new members of the orchestra." He handed out the music.

"Fine," said Mr. Theron. "Nothing could suit us better." I thought he winked at Karin.

Leons, *after starting us, joined in with his* trombone. From then on, those horn tooters put up a battle, blowing harder and harder, their cheeks reddening and puffing out like balloons about to burst, their foreheads trickling sweat.

Trumpets and trombones and French horns blared and blasted, tubas thundered and boomphed, until they all but pushed out the walls of the room.

The professor swayed back and forth as he played. Occasionally he'd stop to spur on the horns with his baton. Not that they needed urging. No more than a team of runaway horses.

Strings, piano and harp might as well have been down in the cellar. Karin quit playing and so did Mrs. Harrigan, but Professor Leons didn't notice. He acted drunk, and I guess he really was drunk on all that noise. He'd beat time for a while and then play, and when the march ended, he shouted, "Bravo! Bravo! That was music!" he told the horns. "Let us do it again with more *molto maestoso* from the very first."

"That will be wonderful, maestro," said Mr. Theron, and again I thought he winked at Karin.

Papa leaned his cello against the wall. "Professor Leons," he said, "you and the other brasses play it alone. You can't hear the strings anyway."

"Nor my harp," snapped Mrs. Harrigan. "I might as well be picking a Plymouth Rock chicken." And she twanged a string so hard it broke. "My eardrums are busted. This is no orchestra. With all that blatting and blasting, it's a band!"

Professor Leons glared as if he'd been slapped. "Only a crude, ignorant person," he shouted at Mrs. Harrigan, "would call the lovely tones of these noble instruments blatting and blasting."

Mrs. Harrigan twanged her harp again. "Just a blatting brass band," she said, "playing for beer and pretzels."

"I'd like to ask you a question, Professor," said Papa. "Is this your idea of an orchestra?"

"Certainly it's an orchestra," Leons bawled. "And a very fine one. We could use a few reeds, but I wouldn't trade one of these horns for a dozen like Wolinsky and Olson and old Baumgartner."

"And I suppose," said Papa, "that it was you who invited all these horns. Then you might as well make it a band and be done with it. You don't need the strings." He got up. "Come, children. Come, Martha."

"I had nothing to do with inviting these horns!" shouted Leons. "I never saw them before."

KARIN rose by the piano. "Wait, Papa," she said. "I don't want to see your orchestra broken up. Professor Leons didn't bring these horns."

"Who did then?" demanded Papa.

"I did," said Karin. "I asked them to come for tonight and to play as loud as they could. Mr. Provak and Mr. Gautier are two new instructors in the music department at school and the others are students. I wanted to show you that Mr. Leons is really a band leader; he doesn't care for anything except horns. And also a man with his disposition has no business conducting at all."

"So that is it?" said Professor Leons, his voice suddenly very quiet. "To you I am a band leader. That is the thanks I get for coming to help a bunch of amateurs! Bah! I resign with relief—"

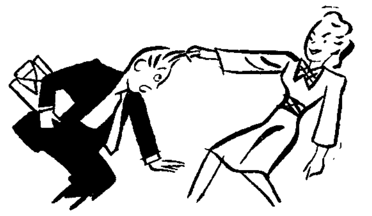
He stopped as the door crashed open and a police officer stepped in.

"How about you Sousas going home and letting people get some sleep?" he growled. "It's midnight and no time for a band to be raising this terrible racket."

"See, the law calls it a band!" crowed

Stan Klimley

"NOW will you tell me?"



"Ow! Ow! No—I promised not to tell a soul where I found this Arrow Shirt!"

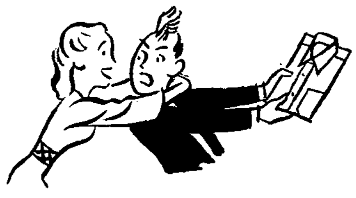
"Not even your loving wife, who wants one for her poor old pop? I suspect you just won't tell me because *you* want to be the only well-dressed man in the family—thanks to that Arrow Collar."

"Have a heart, hon, you're *killing* me! I *can't* tell you—"

"My, my—I hate vain men. Perhaps you want to be selfish and look neater than the other fellows when you bowl, eh? Well, I must admit that Mitoga figure-fit does things for you!"

"Please, sugar—*please* stop! Your strength is *frightening!*"

"Good! I'll teach you to keep a fine Arrow Sanforized shirt to yourself! A shirt that can't shrink even 1%! NOW will you tell me where you got it?"



"Look, Mrs. Bluebeard! I can't tell because I promised the Arrow dealer I wouldn't—shirts are *so scarce!* What's more, I bought this shirt for *your old man*—to curry a little favor! Apologies are now in order."

"O-oh, darling! Beat me! Slug me! But PLEASE forgive me!"

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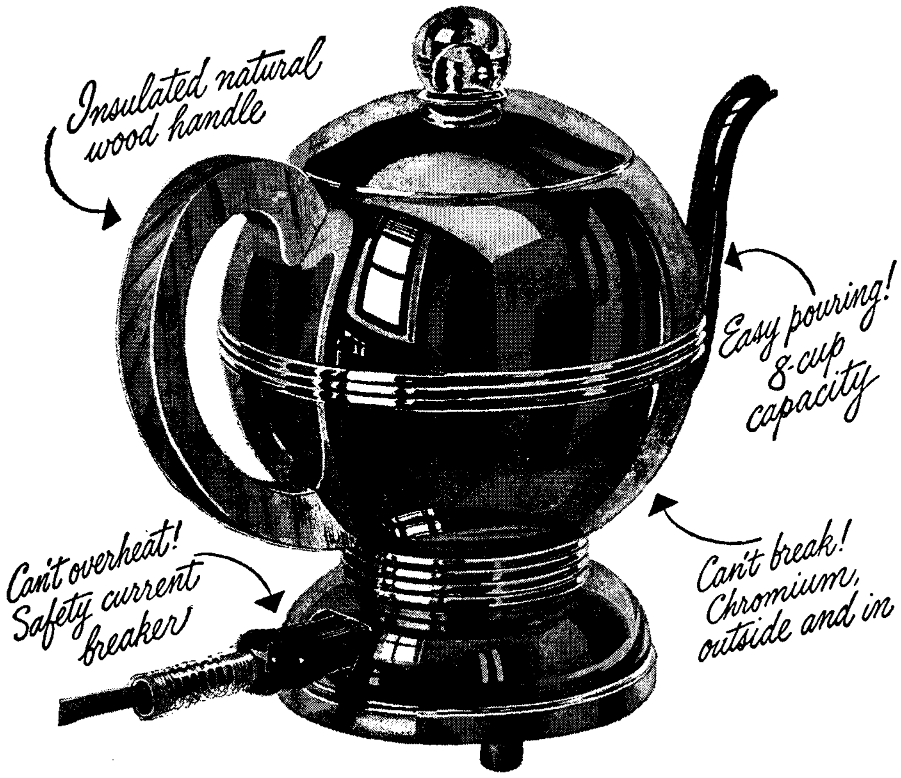
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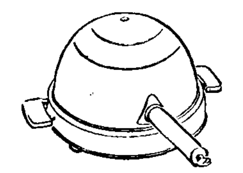
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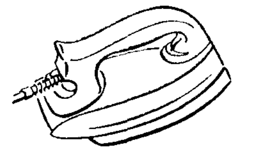
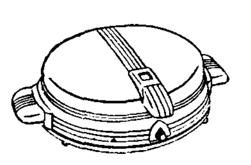

IRON-THAT-WAGS-ITS-TAIL
Light weight — swivel cord


WAFFLER-THAT-DOESN'T-OOZE
Overflow control — automatic

Mrs. Harrigan. Then, "Look!" she screeched.

Behind the officer a puff of smoke billowed up the staircase. The officer turned. "Fire!" he yelled. "I thought I smelled smoke when I came up. Get out of this old rat nest quick. I'll turn in the alarm."

Over the noise he made pounding downstairs we thought we could hear the crackle of flames. Professor Leons snatched up his trombone, grabbed his big coat and vanished into the hall.

"My harp!" wailed Mrs. Harrigan. "Save my harp, someone!"

Dr. Eric who had stepped into the hall returned. "The stairs are clear," he reported. "Plenty of time to get out."

The lights flickered out and then on again and Mrs. Harrigan called, "Oh, Doctor, please save my harp!"

Dr. Eric smiled. "Don't worry, we'll save it, Mrs. Harrigan. All of you head for the stairs. Ladies first."

The horn players, taking our fiddles, herded us into the hall. I looked back. Papa and Dr. Eric were carrying the big green-gold harp. Karin had taken mine and Christina's hands. We had gone down one flight when the lights went out for good. It was dark, but below we could see a red glare and hear the snapping of flames. We got panicky and began to run. Papa's voice came, "Girls, keep together!"

The smoke was bad on the second landing, but the two instructors from the college came to guide us through it. Going down the last flight we saw the basement stairway and half the entrance hall in flame.

"Are you coming, Papa?" Karin shouted.

"The doctor and I are right behind you," Papa called back.

Then we were out on the sidewalk and we could hear the bells of the hook-and-ladder wagon and hose cart, off in the distance. Papa and Dr. Eric came out with the harp and set it down in a safe place.

Suddenly Papa straightened and started for the doorway. "My cello!" he shouted. "I forgot my cello!"

The policeman caught him. "Stay back!" he ordered. "Nobody's goin' in that fire for no fool fiddle." He shone his flashlight into the entrance. It was filled with smoke and red tongues of fire.

WITH a sudden exclamation, Dr. Eric Thorn grabbed the officer's flashlight and hurtled through the doorway. We saw him for a second against the fire before the smoke swallowed him. The policeman and Papa started to follow him, but a big burst of flame drove them back.

Karin who still held my hand pressed it so hard that I cried out. Karin didn't notice; she turned on Papa.

"Eric's gone—for your cello," she said, in a voice strange and hard. "He'll never get back out of there. That's what your music has done."

Papa breathed hard and stood stock-still, staring at the blazing stairway. The hook-and-ladder wagon clanged up, with the hose cart behind it. More police arrived to move us back. Firemen unrolled and connected hose and smashed in basement windows.

We heard a shout from a second-story window. Through the smoke we saw Dr. Eric, holding something in his arms. Firemen lifted a ladder and ran up it to help him. It wasn't Papa's cello that he had rescued; it was Mrs. Harrigan. She had fainted on the second landing and no one had seen her fall. In the excitement only Dr. Eric had noticed that she had not come out with us.

Streams of water hissed against the staircase flames and poured down into the furnace room where the fire had started, due to the janitor's eagerness to please 'the professor. An ambulance came for Mrs. Harrigan. Dr. Eric went with her to the hospital. We watched the fire until it came under control.

"I'm sorry, Papa," said Karin, "about the cello and the orchestra and all."

"It is all right," said Papa. "Losing the cello is my pay for worrying about it and forgetting Mrs. Harrigan. As for the orchestra, it could not have lasted anyway. We must go home now."

Mamma had coffee and rolls waiting for us, but Papa shook his head. "Not tonight; I have no appetite," he said.

Next day the house was like a tomb. Karin usually practiced several hours in late afternoon, but she never went near the piano. She hadn't heard a word from the doctor. I was pretty sure what she was thinking: the doctor was through with musicians, and nobody could blame him. But she said nothing at all, nor did she seem to listen when we talked to her.

Papa came home from the garage, cleaned up and dressed in an old brown suit. No one ate much for supper, which made Mamma cross. It looked as if the whole family would never be happy again.

Papa patted Karin's shoulder as we left the table. "Maybe if you would play for us, we would all feel better, Karin. Your doctor may not be a musician, but he is a real man. And of course we must have doctors as well as musicians. I have known the time"—he smiled at Mamma—"when a doctor was very important."

JUST then the doorbell rang. It was Dr. Eric. "Mrs. Harrigan is back from the hospital and she wants to see us this evening," he said, after greeting us. "I'll drive you over. You fiddlers bring your violins; Mrs. Harrigan might like to hear some music."

Dr. Eric stopped before one of the old millionaire houses on Bonanza Hill, a big stone castle with funny turrets and gables. We climbed stone steps and walked through a long hall. Beyond, was a big room, a ballroom, with a wonderful parquet floor and mirrors on the walls and sets of crystal jet chandeliers. At the end of the room was a big square grand and around it Mrs. Harrigan, Aunt Martha and Cousin Robert, the minister's son, Mr. Baumgartner, Mr. Wolinsky, Mr. Olson, Mr. Theron and another of the students Karin had invited to play the night before. All held their instruments, and Mr. Theron raised his trumpet to play a flourish. Mrs. Harrigan came walking toward us, as bright-eyed and brisk as ever.

"This will be our practice place from now on," she told us. "I'd have offered it before, but I wouldn't have that impossible Leons here. My cousin who owns this house lives in Europe and so we can use it as long as we want. We're ready to begin. Karin, I think you'll like the tone of that piano."

"Yes, let's get started," said Mr. Baumgartner. "Come, children; come, Henry, old friend."

"But I have no instrument," said Papa. "My cello was burned."

"Yes, we know," said the orator, Mr. Wolinsky. Leaving his bull fiddle he stepped forward, one hand behind his back. "We have an instrument for you, Henry Anderson. For you, Henry, who are patient and understanding and know and love music so much. Here is your instrument—" and he brought around his hand. In it was a baton.

"It was Dr. Eric's idea," Mr. Wolinsky explained. "We were fools not to think of it before."

Papa took the little stick but he couldn't say a word; he just looked at us with tears in his eyes. Mr. Baumgartner blew his nose loudly and Dr. Eric placed the conductor's stand in front of Papa and we all sat down. Karin slid onto the piano bench and gave us A. Mrs. Harrigan in her excitement twanged her harp and Papa frowned at her. "Please, Mrs. Harrigan!" he said, with mock sternness, and we all laughed as if we had just heard a wonderful joke.

"I think," said Papa, "we should play as our first selection Auld Lang Syne. Karin, will you play a few bars for us? Key of F." He waited and then rapped, but no sound came.

Karin was looking up at Dr. Eric, who stood by the piano smiling down at her.

"Maybe we should make it something from Lohengrin," suggested Mr. Wolinsky.

Papa had to rap three times before Karin finally struck the first chord.

THE END

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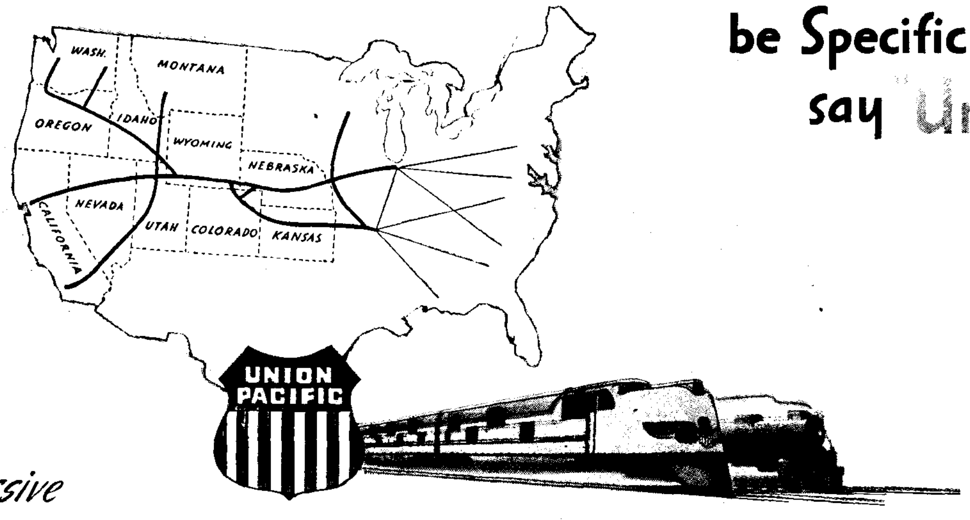


The Progressive
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
ROAD OF THE *Streamliners* AND THE *Challengers*

A DRIVE THROUGH THE COUNTRY

By Nick Boddie Williams

A story of rare distinction—of a woman who believed the worst of the man she loved . . . and lived to learn she was wrong

WHEN this was happening to me, the summer that I spent with my grandmother there in Clarksville, all of it seemed so pointless. There was the trip to old Fort Donelson and to the cemetery there in Clarksville, and the trip to Dunbar's Cave and to Hopkinsville across the Tennessee line in Kentucky. Of course, I didn't really mind it, because I was seeing the country, the red clay farms where they grew tobacco and the barns where they smoked it black and rich. Those were things that a boy of ten, a boy from a city like Birmingham, where all they smoked was steel and coke, would think were interesting. I didn't really mind it, not the heat and the dust of it, but I didn't see the things that my grandmother wanted me to see, and I didn't understand about them. Perhaps my grandmother knew that I would not, until I had read the two letters. Until now.

My grandmother's house was a marvelous thing, an index to our family. There was the room upstairs that belonged to Sister Tennie, my aunt, although I don't remember that Sister Tennie ever came down from Chicago to live in it. And next to that was Sister Laura's room, and then the big room where the boys could stay. There had been seven of those boys, all grown before I came along—my father was one of them—and after they were grown they were never in that room which was for them, except one at a time, and for a day or so, maybe. But nonetheless, the rooms were there, because wherever my grandmother was, that was home for all those nine grown men and women, if ever they needed to return.

That morning, the day this began, I hurried through the long dark gallery that led from the back porch into the front hall, and then turned right into the room that was my grandmother's, tiptoeing carefully. I don't know why I did that, but I always tiptoed on the carpeting while my eyes searched through the dark, for it was a dark room, the shutters drawn, made darker yet by the enormous walnut wardrobe against the wall I faced.

My grandmother was sitting there, crocheting as she rocked, a tiny little lady with her white hair piled up on her head and twisted in a knot, her bright blue eyes intently watching me. A white shawl lay around her shoulders, and from the front I couldn't see the sharp bend in her back, her spine, where long ago she'd broken it.

"Don't ever tiptoe, son," she said. "It's noisier than clattering. You had your breakfast yet?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "Classy gave me some sausages and grits and said you wanted me."

Her small hands made a sudden, final stitch. "We're going for a long drive, son. And while I pack some things for you, go help Classy hitch up that horse."

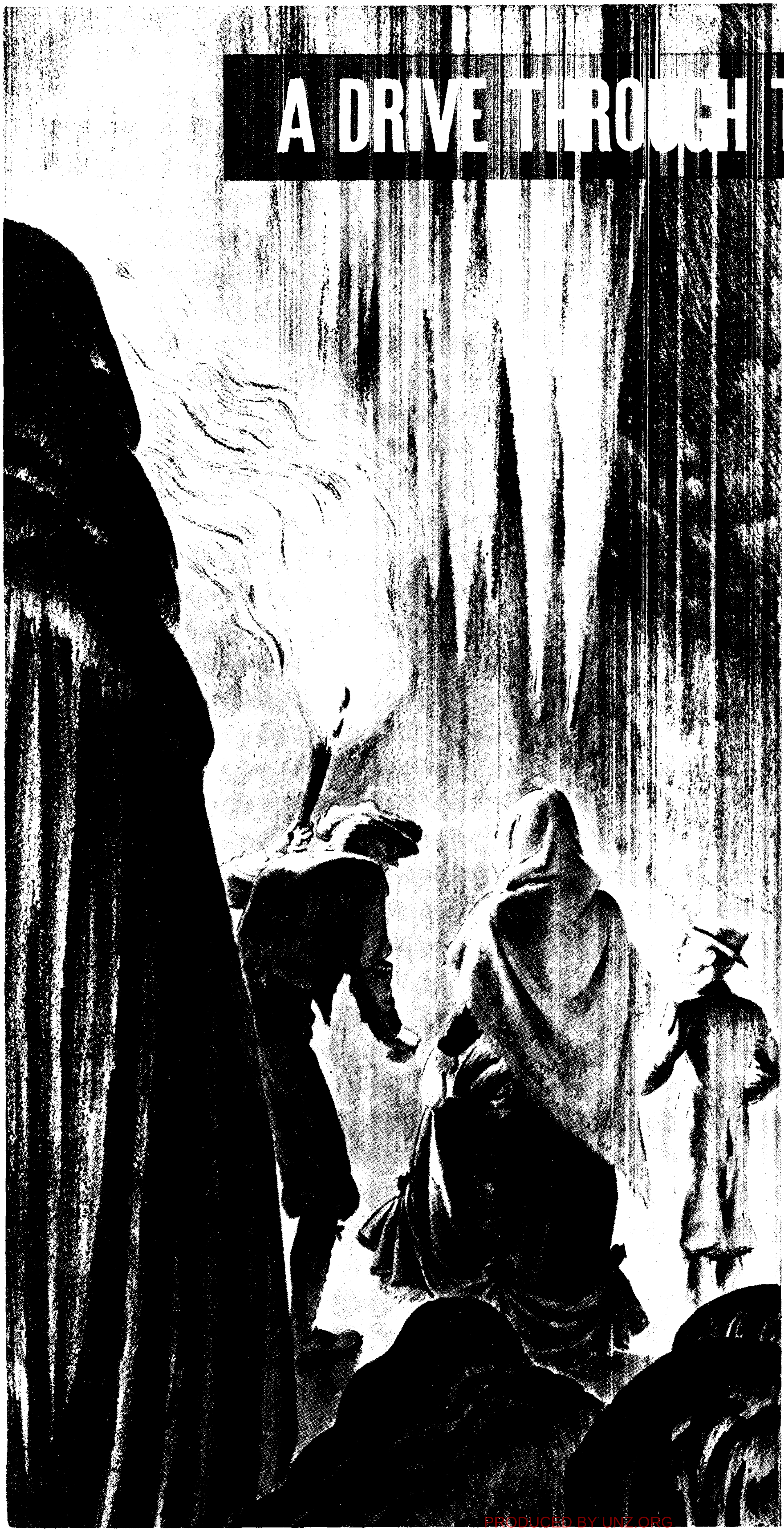
Classy had done all that before I reached the barn. I handed up the suitcase that Grandmother had given me, then climbed into the buggy and reached for the reins. Classy's black face rippled in a scornful laugh.

"Look who thinks dey gwine drive."

"But if I don't," I asked, "who's going to?"

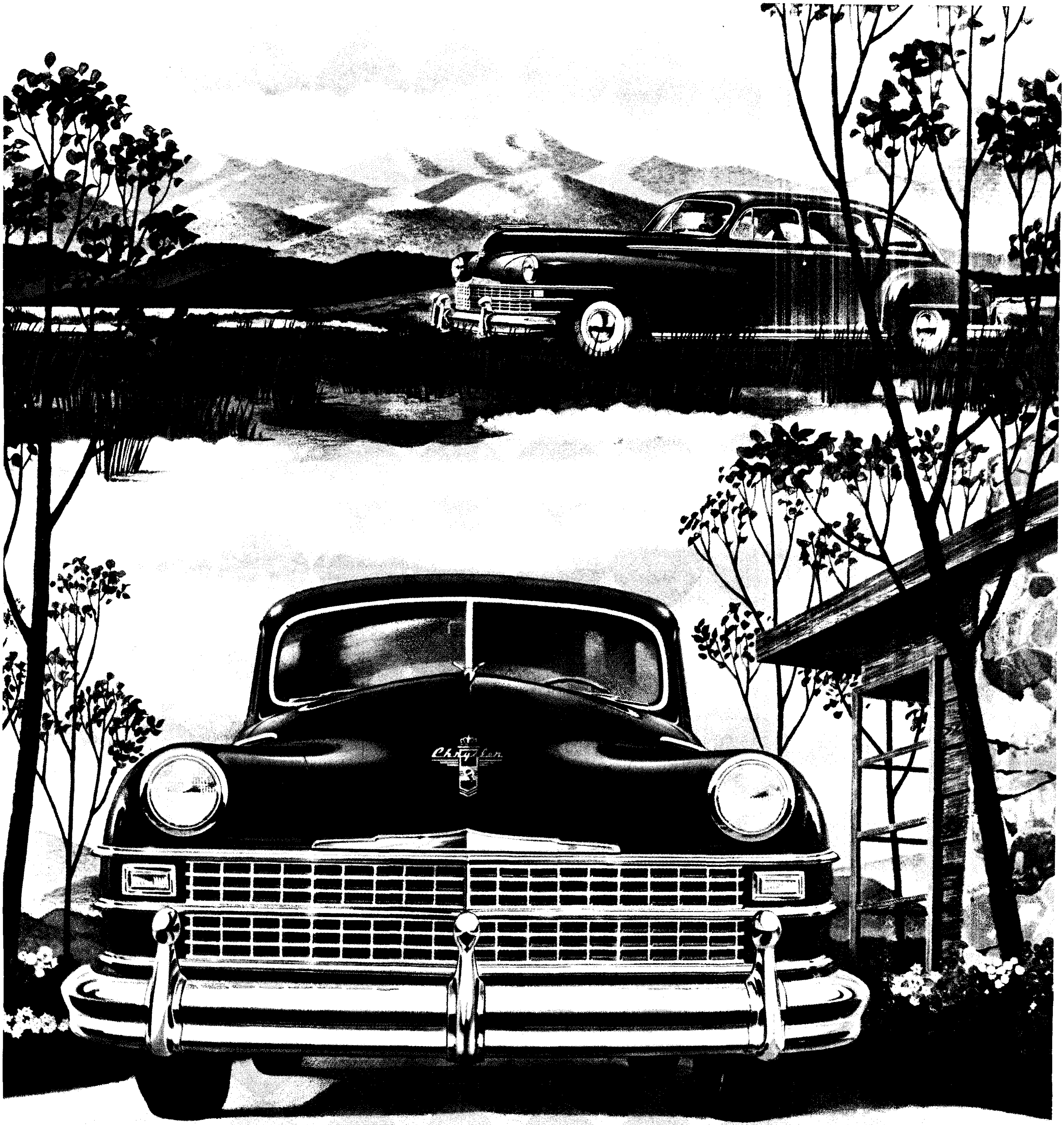
"Who but Miss Hattie. Dis her horse. She drive dis horse de same as any horse she ever drive. Git over, boy. Git over dere—Miss Hattie'll sho be mad."

I hadn't expected it. I hadn't thought that my grandmother could drive the horse. Of course, I should have known. She looked so very old and silvery and so fragile, in that dark room of hers, that when she spoke I always thought her voice would sound like tiny, thin-worn bells. But it did not. Her voice was strong. She never made those chirruping sounds at me, the way that some old ladies do at boys. She'd had those seven sons and they were not a mystery to her and I don't think *(Continued on page* 48*)*



To me, this was simply a cave, a wondrous, awesome thing of folded stone. "There's something," said Grandmother, pointing. The guide shifted his torch

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



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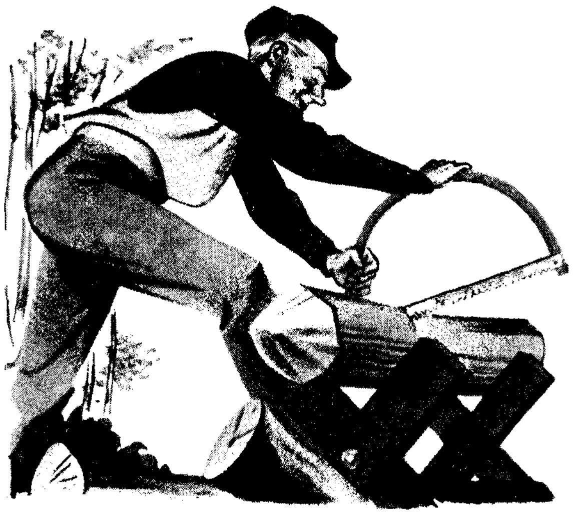
... **THIS TEMPTING** Kellogg's PEP combination can supply enough extra energy for you, Madame, to wash a whole-day's dishes for a family of four.

... **ENOUGH EXTRA** energy for Junior to race around without stopping for 30 minutes.



... **ENOUGH EXTRA** energy for Pop to saw wood vigorously for nearly half an hour.

... **ENOUGH EXTRA** energy for Sister to dig busily in the garden for about 1¼ hours.

P.S. AND EACH DISH of Kellogg's PEP, "The Sunshine Cereal," supplies a day's need of sunshine vitamin D—plus energy vitamin B_1. It's better than whole wheat nutritionally! Get a *REGULAR SIZE* package of Kellogg's PEP from your grocer today!

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Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES
Kellogg's RAISIN BRAN
Kellogg's CORN FLAKES
Kellogg's KRUMBLES SHREDS OF WHOLE WHEAT
Kellogg's VARIETY
6 DIFFERENT CEREALS
Kellogg's PEP WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES
SUNSHINE VITAMIN D
ENERGY VITAMIN B1

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* All statements in this advertisement about extra energy are based on authoritative, scientific sources, considering the ordinary skimpy breakfast as about 300 food-energy units. *Eat a better breakfast!*

"THE GRAINS ARE GREAT FOODS"— W. K. Kellogg

The Black Devil

Continued from page 14

not altogether a common woman, for she had gold in her teeth. She was fat and had streaked hair, partly blond.

"*Mire,*" my uncle said to the woman, "look here, give her your *mantón de mantilla.* Give her your veil, to peer through."

"Don't suck it then," the woman said, handing me the veil.

"There would be no harm perhaps in a single glass," I said.

Soon there were many people in the *posada* and a great clattering of tongues. I had to pull my uncle's sleeve to attract his notice. "It is time to go to the shoe shop, Uncle," I said.

"I disagree," my uncle said. "The shoemaker will be engaged in his siesta."

I watched everything, but mostly I watched my uncle and the woman and the shadows cast by the sun. I waited till the shadows of men in the doorway were longer than the men themselves, then I spoke to my uncle again.

"Later," my uncle said. "Later."

Some men carried the father of Carlota Nunez up to his bed, and her mother came to serve customers in the shop. When she had served everybody she sat down on a wine cask and mopped her face with a cloth, and I went over and sat down beside her.

"What is the matter, Francesca?" she said.

"*Nada,*" I said. "Nothing. I am tired of waiting only. It is my birthday and my uncle is going to buy me shoes."

"Merciful weather," said Carlota's mother. "It is too late for buying. The shops are all closed, chicken."

She was a kind woman. I knew she would not lie to me. I went across to my uncle and punched him with my fist. My uncle had his arm around the woman's waist and the woman had her head on my uncle's shoulder. I no longer cared for her. Plainly, it was not real gold in her teeth.

"Witness what you have done!" I shouted. "The shops are now closed."

"Go away!" my uncle said. "*Vaya!* Go away home!"

"Uncle," I said. "I am bitterly disappointed with you," and I picked up the dinner tins and went home.

It was late when I got to the house. It was dark and I was tired. My aunt was sitting close to the fire with her shawl over her shoulders. She watched me with narrowed eyes. "Well?" she said.

"Well," I said, "he's at it again."

"Drink?"

"That," I said. "And women, too."

THE following day my uncle did not come home. And on the next day he did not come neither. Nor on the next. On the morning of the fourth day my aunt said, "We will roast this gander," and she put on her mantilla that smelled of mothballs, and we went down to the village.

We passed the *posada* and my aunt disdained it. She looked neither to right nor left and we marched all the way up the street to the jail. "Inside," my aunt said, pushing me, and we went in.

Señor Garcias, the policeman who officiated in our district, was sitting at his desk smoking a cigar. "Mariqua!" he said, surprised, using my aunt's diminutive. "Indeed, now, Mariqua!"

"My man has been three days and three nights carousing," my aunt declared.

"I know," Señor Garcias said. He took his cigar out of his mouth and scratched his head. I perceived that he was afraid of my aunt. "It is a bad business."

"It is not to be tolerated," my aunt said. "Since he will not come home, I have decided to have him incarcerated."

"Well, now," Señor Garcias said, and he laid down his cigar on the edge of the table and scratched himself here and there unhappily. "Well, now, Maria, it is not so simple as that."

My aunt was incredulous. "Is there then no room in the jail?"

"It is not that. It is a matter of law. It is all here in the book. Look, you can see for yourself. I cannot go outside the book. I would truly, if I could. *Lo siento mucho.* I am very sorry, I am powerless."

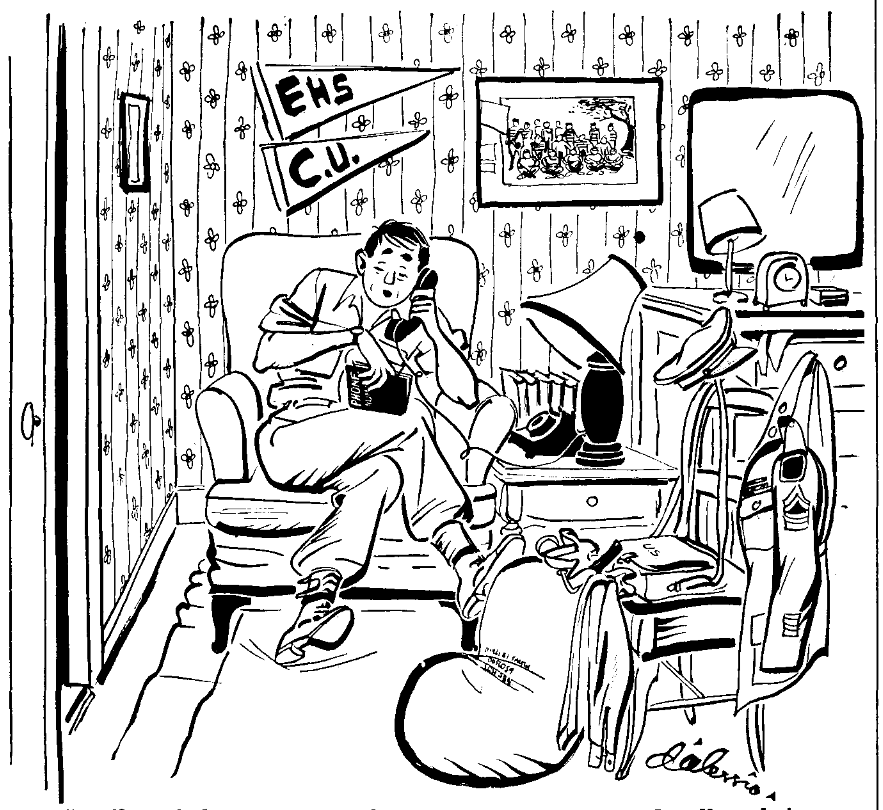
"*Por dios,*" said my aunt, "is there then no justice in the world?"

"It is deeply regretted, Maria."

My aunt turned while he spoke and

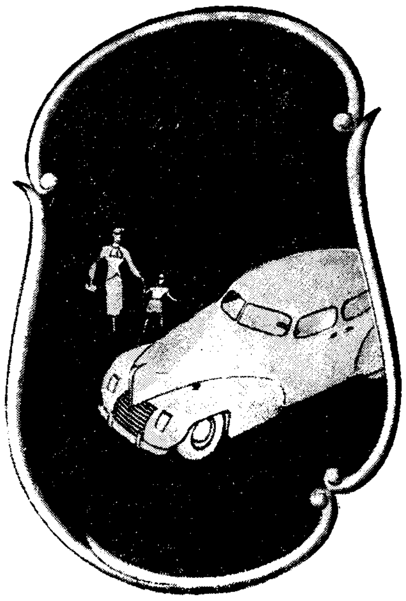
WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"Well, Mabel, it was nice talking to you anyway . . . Goodby—he's only 11 months old and can walk already? My, my . . . well goodby . . . and he talks too . . . my, my . . . well, so lo—"

COLLIER'S



Exide
Exide
BUY TO LAST

Danger ahead!
Wm. Steig

Better look up

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marched out. She went so fast that I had to run to overtake her.

"I will do what I can," Señor Garcias called after us. "Rest assured that I have your interest at heart, Maria."

"Poor steer of a man," my aunt snapped. "Afraid of a book!"

Next morning my uncle came home. I heard afterward that Señor Garcias had ordered him out of the village. He came home and jumped into the bed and pulled the blankets up over his head. My aunt said not a word.

My uncle lay in bed all day, ignored. In the evening he poked his head up clear of the blankets and whispered to me.

"Frasquita!" he said. "The shoes are under the bed."

"The shoes!" I said. I was so surprised that I stood simply, staring.

"Well, look at them!" my uncle said.

"Oh, Uncle," I said, looking. "Uncle, they're beautiful. Truly, I have never seen such beauty in any pair of articles."

They were exactly what I wanted. They were black shoes and they had red heels and each heel was as long as my thumb. They lacked perfection in one respect only. They were not so large as my feet.

TWO days later my uncle, still in disgrace, was sitting against the pigeon loft playing lamentable music to his birds when the train passed in the valley. My uncle watched the train closely, as was his habit, and saw a piece of machinery fall off it. He went down into the valley and retrieved this piece of machinery and brought it up to the house. Although my aunt was not speaking to my uncle she was listening, and when my uncle came and told us of this piece of machinery my aunt and I both went out to the yard to examine it.

"It is evidently of importance," my uncle said. "Note the excessive artistry of the letters."

My aunt and I noted, as told. This object was a long white strip of wood—a board—and on it were printed letters.

"It is of primary importance," my uncle said. "No doubt the train is already stopped, incapacitated, for lack of this vital part. I must take it to the village without delay."

"What do the words say?" my aunt said to me.

"Yes. Read it to us," my uncle said.

I read out the printed words: "DEATH TO THE FAITH. CREATE THE SOVIETS."

"Behold that!" my uncle said. "Can you now doubt its significance! Here are hundreds of travelers sitting innocent upon their bottoms while the train rushes to death and destruction for lack of this integral part. Death," he said. "It says so, in writing. It is clearly imperative that I take this machinery to the village forthwith."

My aunt and I looked at each other. We did not understand the meaning of the printed words, and we did not think my uncle understood them either. My aunt touched the edge of the board with her foot and walked round and surveyed its back. She did not wish my uncle to go, but she was anxious to do what was right.

"Tell him he is to come straight back," she said at last.

I told my uncle.

"Pronto," my uncle said. "Like a ball that bounces. Tell her I promise it."

"He will come straight back," I said to my aunt. "He promises."

"All right, all right, I heard," my aunt said, angry. "These are good ears, not cauliflowers, on my head."

My uncle took up the board and went down to the village but he did not come straight back. He did not come back that day. Or that night. On the afternoon of the following day Manuolo, the blacksmith's boy, who was noted for his memory and commonly employed as a reciter, came to recite a message to my aunt. The words of the message were as follows: "From Señor Garcias, Polizonte, to Maria, wife of Frederico. Your old man is in jail, as requested, for political reasons, until you want that he should be released. It is expected that you will feed him as from noon tomorrow. In eternal obedience. A. Garcias."

My aunt nodded, pleased. "That is good," she said. And she gave the boy my uncle's bandurria to take to him.

"One will now have more space," she explained to me, "much more space for living, in the house."

The following day, as was the custom when my uncle was in the jail, I took his food and a basket containing four pigeons to the street. My uncle was then able to acquaint us with his requirements by dispatching a pigeon with one of the following messages appended to its leg:

"X."
"XX."
"XXX."
"XXXX."

This was my uncle's method of writing and was such that even my aunt could read it. One cross meant that my uncle wanted more food. Two crosses meant that he wanted more wine. Three crosses indicated that he had perceived by instinct that either the Black Devil or the Young Devil, his grandson and a future champion, required attention, and four crosses meant that we were to come quickly, my uncle was dying. This was an urgent message and naturally my uncle did not send it often.

None of the others in jail had such a convenience: it elevated him above them all.

Usually when my uncle was in jail, I climbed the lemon tree in order to view him and to converse over the courtyard wall, but my aunt made it clear to me, using the double negative for emphasis, that on this occasion I was not to speak with my uncle. Not on any account. So I handed the food pail and the basket to Señor Garcias and ate my own dinner on the side of the hill, and then went home.

On the humpback bridglet I met Sara Cortez, who is thirteen and a woman. "Good day, Francesca," she said. "Well, what of this now? I hear you are to be rich."

"Explain it to me if you please," I said.

"Strangers have been to your house," she informs me, "laden with moneybags to buy a pigeon. I dare say you will be evident in a new dress and as grand as anybody now."

"Sara, not the Black Devil. Truly, they have not purchased that particular bird!"

"What other?" Sara said.

I RAN the rest of the way home. There was lubrication neither in my mouth nor in the inside of my stomach. My aunt was carrying a tub of rock salt to the pigeon loft, and when she saw me she laid down the tub and knotted her hands together on her chest. "Whatever it is I can bear it, please God," she said. "Now withdraw the tongue into thy mouth and speak."

"Auntie," I said, "Auntie, you have not sold the Black Devil?"

"Is this all the fuss?"

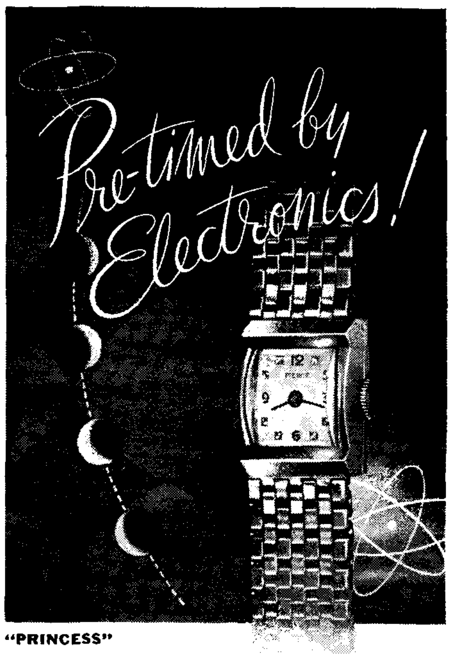
I nodded. I could see my aunt's thoughts arranging themselves in the back of her eyes, and I no longer needed an answer. I knew that all was well. I sat down on an ant heap, I was so out of breath, and wept.

"To be sure you are an excellent one!" my aunt said, surveying me. "One does not expect milk from a calf of your maturity, but neither does one expect water. Plug thy leaks and discontinue this exhibition. If you would know, I have dispatched these caballeros with stern and dirty words, to match their dealing. Now pray assist me with the rock salt."

I could not stop sniffling. "I knew you would never sell the Black Devil, Auntie," I said.

"I have no love for the birds," my aunt said, staggering with the tub, "on account of their big bellies. But this concerns honor. Manifestly it is not a matter of buying and selling."

That night it rained. That was Tuesday. The next day also it rained. And so it continued. It was most inconvenient, going back and forth to the jail. On the Saturday morning my aunt said, "No more. We have had too much. You are tired of wetting your clothes and I am tired of drying your clothes. And it is bad for the material. I



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shall go today in person to confer with Señor Garcias and I shall liberate your uncle. Do you agree with this program of action?"

"I agree unanimously," I said.

My aunt went, alone, to the village. I remained in the home, attending to the duties. In the afternoon I went frequently to look down into the valley for my uncle and my aunt, and when I saw them, as small as two fingernails in the anatomy of the lowland, I started out to meet them.

My aunt was walking fast, bent slightly forward like a racer. My uncle was walking a step behind, carrying his bandurria. When he saw me he threw back his shoulders and began to whistle. When we got home we ate, and I must say the meal was excellent. My uncle said I was a cook of distinction. My uncle was extremely merry, watching my aunt's face and my face, bursting into snatches of song, making many of his old jokes in new ways, and talking without cessation. My aunt said little, and nothing to my uncle, but after we were in bed she began on him. Truly, I had not realized my aunt.

"All right," my uncle would say. "All right, I have promised. What further proof of my innocence can be required?"

"Your innocence! I admire that!"

"My future innocence," my uncle said with dignity. "My future innocence is not to be questioned."

My aunt would not be checked. She continued and continued. So much talk was unseemly from a silent woman. Finally my uncle sat up in the bed and reached over and picked me up and put me between my aunt and him. This was revolutionary, for we always lay in the order of getting up, my uncle in the inside of the bed, then my aunt, then me.

"Now let there be peace," my uncle said.

He lay with his back to me, and my aunt lay with her back to me, and I lay on my back between them. But despite this my aunt did not cease to speak. She was giving my uncle his last chance. This was made quite clear.

I had not said anything at all, not a word, but at last I said in an angry voice, "Would you kindly inform me how I am to sleep!"

"Yes," my uncle said. "Tell us, how is the child to get her sleep?"

"Hold your tongue, Uncle," I said. "Both of you. As for you, my aunt, if you open your mouth again I shall put my foot in it."

There was silence then, and my aunt said nothing more, but, except for my uncle, we did not sleep for a long time. . . .

For many weeks thereafter my uncle's behavior was an example to all mankind. He did not get up in the mornings, of course, but he assisted with the vines, carried water, milked the goats, and even repaired the aged hole in the roof. He did everything that my aunt told him. No sooner had she given him an order three or four times than it got done. The stiffness went out of my aunt's manner, my uncle became important again, and there was much for us all to laugh at. Altogether it was a privilege to live in so well-regulated a home.

THIS continued for a month, fully, then one day my uncle got out of bed in the morning A.M. He sat down at the table and ate with us.

"Paloma," he said to my aunt. This means pigeon, but it was my uncle's nice word for my aunt. "Paloma, I am going to the village. Fill me a tin of food." My uncle said this quite casually, as if it were the custom for him to be bolt upright at breakfast time talking of going to the village.

My aunt inclined her face, eating, so that you could see only the top of her head.

"I do not wish to go to the malodorous place," my uncle said. "But it is required. I have reason to believe that this is the month of September. It is now necessary for the notary to inscribe the form of entry so that the Black Devil may race again for the championship of Andalusia."

"Francesca could attend to the matter," my aunt said, "for this is the day that she is committed to make response to the priest."

"Impossible," my uncle said. "This is a matter for men. This is *business*."

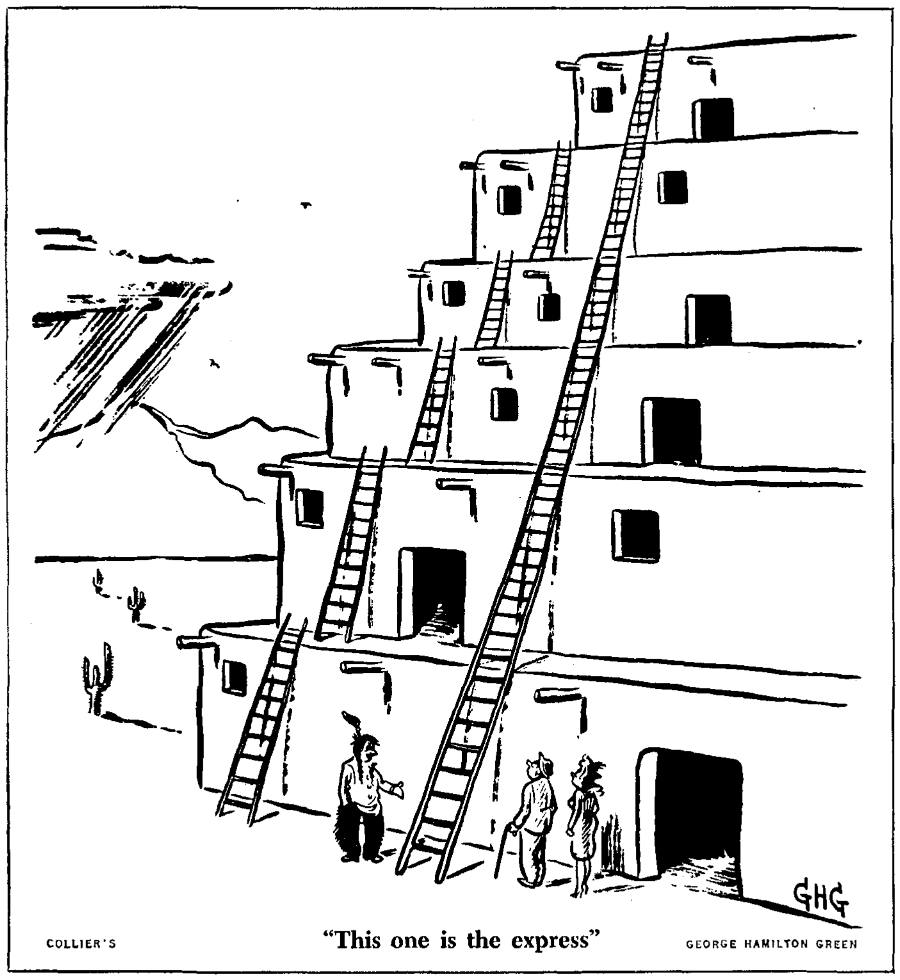
My aunt did not raise her face.

"I shall, therefore, require a dinner tin," my uncle said loudly.

"So be it," my aunt said.

My uncle left the house early. "There may be delays," he explained. "In a transaction of this nature there is need for much caution, but you may depend on me. I shall demand speed, and then I shall come home like an end of elastic."

I remained for an hour assisting my aunt, then I set out for the priest's house. When I



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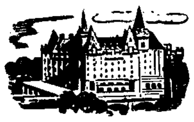

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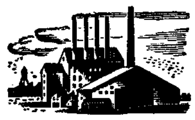

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arrived, the priest was in a busy mood and dispatched me in a few minutes. "You are a clever girl," he said. "You know it all."

I then went and stood at the *posada* door, looking for my uncle. Inside, there were many people but negative uncle. I next went to the notary's office. There was a young lady in the office, sitting behind a machine.

"He has been and gone," she said. "Your uncle, eh?"

"My only uncle," I said. I did not like her.

I now came to the conclusion that my uncle had returned home, but in this I erred. It was Carlota Nunez who corrected me. "If you are looking for your uncle," she said, "I saw him standing at the back door of a certain house."

"Was there anybody with him?" I asked.

"No, only La Rubia," Carlota said, "the blonde."

I was exceedingly dismayed.

"You can see the house from where we stand," Carlota said, and she indicated it to me. "If you proceed along the lane you will have a clear view of the back door. That is where your uncle is."

I RAN along the lane. My uncle was leaning against the doorway talking to someone. I could not see her, but I could see a portion of her skirt and I could hear her voice. It was La Rubia, indisputably.

"So, Uncle!" I shouted.

"Now, Francesca, beloved Frasquita," my uncle said, and he walked toward me making gestures with his hands, arranging a welcome on his face. "Good!" he said. "Excellent. At last I have found you. Splendid. I have explored each section of the street and now, happily, I have found you here." While my uncle was speaking he was wagging one hand behind his back to La Rubia. This was a signal for her to close the door and disappear, but she did not have the necessary intelligence to comprehend it. She poked her head around the door and exhibited her gold teeth, saying, "Hello, little girl." Smiling, the fat cat.

"I have nothing to say to you," I said. "And to you likewise, Uncle, I have nothing to say. But to my aunt when I return home I shall have much to say. Indeed, yes." And I walked away.

"Halt, Frasquita!" my uncle said, running after me. "You are entirely in error. I am innocent. Nevertheless, if you inform your aunt she will surely murder me at least. What have you to say to that?"

"It will be a regrettable incident," I said, "but no doubt we can find another man."

"Frasquita!" my uncle said, catching my arm. "Beloved Frasquita, consider my repeated kindnesses. Consider the songs I have taught thee! Consider the shoes with red heels. Consider all the glories I have promised thee. Frasquita, I implore thee!"

These were solemn words. An honorable girl could not ignore them. I stopped and contemplated my uncle.

"Angel of mercy!" my uncle said. "I am now witnessing the true child. You will not tell your aunt. You are about to promise!"

I looked into my uncle's eyes as an equal.

"I will not tell my aunt," I said, "provided I get her *mantón de mantilla.*" And I nodded my head in the direction of La Rubia.

"But what can a little girl like you want a veil for?"

"I want it for allure," I said, "naturally."

"And you will not tell?"

"I will not tell," I said, "if I get the *mantón de mantilla.* I promise it."

My uncle retreated to the house and spoke with La Rubia. They spoke in whispers and I could not hear what was said. After a few minutes La Rubia retired into the house and returned with a veil. My uncle bore it importantly to me. "Here," he said. "Take it. This incomparable article. It is yours, absolutely."

"Wait," I said, and I held the veil up to my face and looked through it. "This does not satisfy me, Uncle. I do not wish to own a discarded veil. I wish that particular veil which La Rubia wore on the fourth of August, last month."

My uncle stared at me.

"The veil that she wore in the *posada,*" I said. "That is the one I want. That is the only one which fulfills my conditions."

"The only one?"

"Verily," I said.

My uncle went back and spoke to La Rubia again. On this occasion they spoke for a long time, and when my uncle handed back the old veil, La Rubia threw it on the ground and stamped her foot. I walked to the end of the lane. I was not only nervous but afraid. I was terrified at the dimensions of my sin, but I was even more terrified that I would not obtain the veil. I stood with my back to my uncle and La Rubia, whistling.

Any person seeing me would have thought that I was unconcerned and idling, but really I was praying. I was praying with passion for that veil.

Eventually my uncle approached. He handed me a veil—the correct, the *posada,* veil. "Francesca," he said sadly, "I do not know where you could have learned such badness living in our saintly home."

I did not attend to him, I was too busy fingering the veil.

"Now you will not tell!" my uncle said. "You have promised."

"I will not tell," I said. "But you are to come home immediately."

"It is out of the question," my uncle said. "I must first placate La Rubia. Be reasonable, Frasquita. She is violently enraged. She might herself go and demand the veil from your aunt."

"In that case," I said, "you may have a half hour. But no longer. Note, if you are not home a half hour behind me I shall tell my aunt this entire history, regardless. That is my speech."

My uncle looked at me. "You are certainly a little old bad girl nowadays, Francesca," he said. He did not understand that I was growing up, that I had learned to treat him with a firm hand. I left him and, holding the veil carefully, walked, a stately figure, up the lane. I did not run till I was round the corner, out of my uncle's sight.

Out in the valley I ran and skipped and danced. I tried on the veil and sang. "I have a *mantón de mantilla,*" I sang. "A beautiful real veil of my own." Oh, I was happy!

For perfection I required only to see myself in the looking glass. When I thought of the looking glass I thought also of my aunt who owned it, and a sensation manifested itself in my stomach. I decided that I would put the veil in a box and bury it until such time as my uncle won the championship of the entire world and provided me with a drawer of my own. Buried was the only safe place for the veil. Anywhere else my aunt would certainly find it.

APPROACHING the house I hid the veil up the back of my skirt and walked with decorum. I went to the shed behind the pigeon loft and took out a small box which had served to carry eggs, and I placed the veil in this box. I took the spade and paced eight steps from the shed, and I dug a hole there and got the box and put it in the hole. I was covering it gently with earth when my aunt came round the side of the pigeon house and saw me.

"What is it?" she said. "What is the matter, Francesca?"

I was red as beetroot, at least, and I was dumb. When I tried to speak, the result was purely negative. No, nothing came. My aunt bent down and picked up the box and opened it and took out the veil.

"Francesca," she said, "where did you get this veil?"

I could not look at my aunt.

"Francesca!" my aunt said, shouting.

I shook my head.

"Go to the house," my aunt said. In all my life I had not heard my aunt use this particular voice. It froze my interior solid. "Precede me to the house at once."

We went into the house and my aunt closed the door and I stood looking at her feet. "If one had told me with the voice of a saint I should have said that one lied," my

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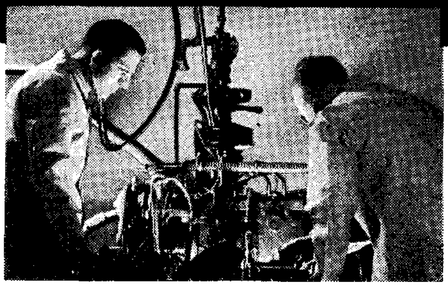
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aunt declared. "I would not never have believed that my Francesca was a thief. Are you now going to tell me from whom you stole it, this article, this costly *mantón de mantilla?*"

I said nothing. I had no power of saying.

"Lie on the bed," my aunt said.

I lay on the bed with my nose pushed hard into the blanket, and my bottom up, ready. I waited for a long time. When nothing happened I looked between my legs with one eye and saw that my aunt was sitting at the table, weeping.

"That thou shouldst thieve!" she whispered.

"I did not thieve it, Auntie!" I said. I was weeping myself now. "I did not, I did not!" I had seen my aunt with tears in her eyes but never before had I seen her abandoned to weeping. She was no longer angry. The hardness had gone out of her and all her sharp angles were curved and drooping. That was the terrible thing. "Truly, truly, Auntie," I said, and I ran to her and hid my face in her lap and she put her hand on my head and I told her the whole history then.

MY AUNT did not say anything for a very long time, but I felt the stiffness returning to her bones. "Enough of this folly," she said at last, and she slapped the back of my neck. "We have a serious affair on our hands. It is necessary to terminate your uncle's habits for truly the last time. If he is obedient he will be here soon. We must hasten. Go and fetch the Black Devil. I have decided on it."

"The Black Devil!" I said, lifting my head and staring. "What are you going to do, Auntie?"

"Verily," my aunt said, "a bird in the pot is worth a hundred flying. Get the Devil."

"No!" I said. "No, no, Auntie. Some other bird."

"No other bird," my aunt said sharply. "The Devil. Go and fetch him."

I could not do it and I could not bear to see it done. When my aunt herself went to the pigeon loft I left the house and ran with velocity till I came to the stream and could run no farther. Then I lay on the sloping moss with my hands full of it and seriously wished that I was dead. I lay for a long time, long enough for my aunt to have plucked and roasted the corpse, and for my uncle to have returned and eaten it, then I went slowly back to the house.

My aunt was standing looking down into the valley. There she was, fixed, like a statue. Hearing me, she turned and nodded her head. "He is coming," she said, and together, without speaking, we entered the house.

I kept my face averted from the fireplace. I was very frightened, and my aunt, too, was frightened, for her movements were entirely unusual. "We ought not to have done it, Auntie," I said.

My aunt opened and closed the oven door, making much noise, then she arranged the eating implements for a second time.

"I am scared, Auntie," I said. "Something terrible may happen. My uncle may even hack you with the ax. He is a very passionate man."

"That is undeniable," my aunt said. "But he is also a reasonable man, when sober. He understands justice, I hope."

"Nevertheless, I wish we had not done it."

"Chist now!" my aunt said. "He is coming closely!"

My uncle came in whistling. He walked to the fire and warmed his rear and spoke to us in jocular terms. An exhausting day, he declared. A day of intricate paper work. "There is no other thing like documents," he said, "to tire a man. Hey-ho, behold the stiffness of my wrist. But eventually the business was concluded, and I now take pleasure in announcing to you that the Black Devil is entered and that our fortunes are again assured."

My aunt brushed past him and opened the oven door and withdrew the unrecognizable body of the Black Devil. I did not look.

"Ha!" my uncle said. "Quail! Good!" and he rubbed his hands together and sat down at his place. The truth could not occur to him because in our house we did not even eat the pigeons. "Excellent," he said. "But is it only a single quail?"

"We have previously eaten," my aunt said, her voice strange.

"Well, well," my uncle said. "It is a long time since I have satisfied myself with quail. Did we receive this gift presumably from the wife of Redhand Garcias?"

My aunt did not reply and my uncle picked up the bird and tore it asunder and began to eat. I watched, fascinated. I did not want to watch, but my eyes were fixed. It was a fearful spectacle.

"Good." my uncle said, his mouth full of the priceless bird. He looked up and saw me and nodded, winking. "Very good," he said. "Exquisite. Although one must mention truly, that it is not a youthful bird. *Qué pasa?* What is the matter with you, Francesca?"

I could not speak, and when my uncle put an entire leg in his mouth, crunching, I could not bear it any longer. I could not simply contain my emotion and I clapped my hands over my mouth and began to cry.

"Women!" my uncle said, and he bit hard into the bone. He looked at me searchingly, to see if I had told, and then he looked at my aunt. My aunt was standing by the fire, rigid, her breasts drawn up, her hands clasped in front of her and the bones showing through her flesh everywhere. My uncle took the leg out of his mouth and surveyed it, then he addressed himself to my aunt. "What is the matter?" he demanded, his eyes shifting quickly from my aunt to me and back to my aunt again. "Speak up, woman. Is it some fatality? Is it sickness among the birds?"

My aunt said nothing. Still staring, my uncle put the leg back in his mouth. "It could not possibly concern the Black Devil?" he said.

I closed my eyes. "Have mercy, God!" I said.

The next thing there was an explosion inside my uncle's mouth and he cast his chair aside and ejected himself through the door like a gunned rabbit.

"He has gone to the pigeons," I said. "Oh, Auntie, what will happen to us now?"

"It will be all right, it will be all right," my aunt whispered. I think she could not produce a bigger voice. She was trembling like a machine, you could hear her, and her face was fit for the shroud. I put my fingernails into the flesh that was nearest, and it bled and I did not know it. And we just stood, and waited, and listened.

AFTER a long, long time we heard the door of the pigeon loft. We heard my uncle's steps on the path. At last he entered.

He had no weapon in his hands, and he did not look angry and he did not look surprised. He did not look anything. He sat ordinarily down and pushed the plate away from him. He did not speak, and my aunt and I did not speak, my uncle small and sorrowful and my aunt just standing and me watching them both. Then my aunt addressed herself suddenly to my uncle. "You still possess the Young Devil," she said.

My uncle was not expecting speech and it seemed that the words took a long time to reach him. At last he said, "No, no, you would not. . . . I beseech you! . . . You could not do it, *mujer!*"

"I have not declared for doing anything," my aunt said. "I have made a statement, simply. I have said that you still possess the Young Devil, and that is plainly true," and she walked out.

My uncle put his arms on the table and hid his face in his arms and wept. A revolution was in progress. A great change was taking place in my family and in all of us within the family, but I did not know of it until my uncle raised his face and spoke.

"One must make allowances for her, Francesca," he said. "Your aunt is a very passionate woman."

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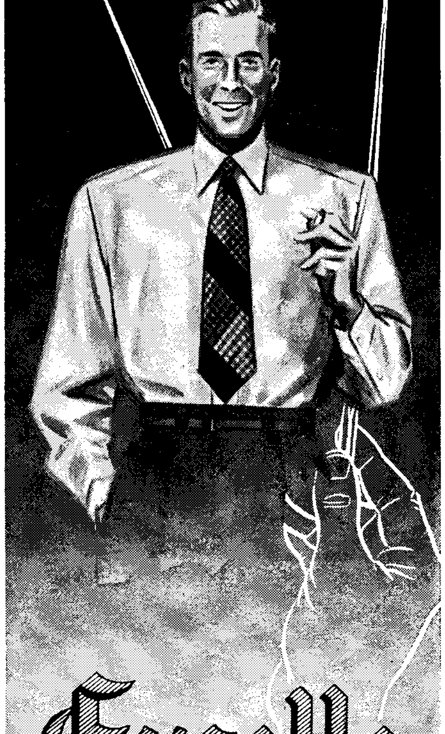

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HESSON GUARD

MILANO

One Hungry World

Continued from page 19

A man who has lived for a month or more on 1,500 calories a day, can do no work. Running exhausts him and walking becomes a painful stumble. It is almost more than he can endure to stand in a queue for two and a half hours, as do the citizens of Bucharest, to buy a small loaf of tasteless bread with straw in it. In Bucharest, they queue up daily for bread since not enough flour can be accumulated to sell more than one day's ration at a time.

Contrast our daily menus with those of the Poles on whom there are no vital mealtime statistics, but whose lands have twice been overrun by contesting armies and who are in some localities among Europe's hungriest. Contrast our daily feeding with that of millions in Soviet Russia where 40 per cent of the best farming regions were battlefields and where workers in heavy industry—next to soldiers, best-fed in the country—subsisted on 1,900 calories a day, or about twice the allowance of the balance of the civilian population.

Italy has been living through the worst food crisis in its modern history. Her wealthiest citizens, with access to the black market, have been able to scrape together a little more than 1,500 food calories a day, while less-fortunate compatriots, whom we call "normal consumers," starve on from 300 to 900 calories. Aside from Norway, Denmark and Sweden, the better-fed countries of continental Europe appear to be the Netherlands, Belgium and France, although in these lands, whose people have not yet recovered from their wartime hunger, rations of even the most fortunate are a little below health standards.

As yet there has been no actual mass starvation in Europe, but in several countries there may be before the new crops mature unless food supplies are steadily moved in, and certainly widespread hunger and malnutrition have condemned almost a whole generation of European children to inferior health for the rest of their lives. Years of hunger have dwarfed them. UNRRA representatives have talked with children who appeared to be no more than seven or eight years old, but who actually were twelve and thirteen. In one instance, a boy carried by a French girl was thought to be a baby about seventeen months old until he turned and spoke several words. The child was five years old, yet could not walk.

Underfed Children Cannot Study

In America, children are given lunches at school. In many countries of Europe, children are too hungry to respond to instruction, teachers are too hungry to teach and parents are too weak to help them with their lessons at home. In America, children are given milk at school. In Greece, bread soaked in olive oil serves as a substitute, and when the first load of UNRRA grain reached the small Yugoslav village of Vlasencia, the village president observed quietly:

"Our children eat every other day."

In normal times, Europe obtained a large part of its grain foods from what then were surplus-producing countries in the Danube Basin and North Africa. The Danube countries of Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria annually exported an average of more than a million tons of wheat before the war, but now their populations are among the hungriest in Europe and millions of tons of grain and other foods must be imported if their present rations are even to be maintained. North Africa, which normally produced two million tons of grain for export yearly, this year needed to bring in two million tons to keep its people from starving to death. The usual French grain crop of eight million tons last year fell off to four and a half million, while the harvest in Italy failed in about the same proportion.

There were two principal causes of the sharp drop in European agricultural production. The first was drought, the severest in modern history, which seared farm lands on both sides of the Mediterranean, drying up crops in North Africa, Spain, France and the Balkans and even moving as far north as Poland. The second was a critical shortage of fertilizers. Crop production in Europe would have been meager with the best of weather, because the soil of Europe, like her population, is hungry. European soils, cultivated for centuries, depend upon fertilization to be productive. The war shut off fertilizer supplies. The effect upon the soil was cumulative. In the first year of the war, the unfertilized lands yielded nearly normal crops. But in subsequent war years, the soil lost its fertility and production dropped.

Things That Ruined Harvests

The war itself—the fact that farm lands became battlefields—was a deterrent to crop growing, although not so much as one might suppose. Lack of machinery, draft animals and labor were greater factors in making European harvests lean. Still another cause of low crop yields was the agrarian revolution in Eastern Europe—Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Prussia, Poland—where large estates were broken up and the land turned over to the peasants, who little understood farm management, whose farms frequently were too small to be productive and who, anyway, had been half starved and so long in servitude that they could not be blamed for eating the better part of their own short crops.

Right after the Japanese surrender, some European countries, flushed with victory, went on what to their gaunt populations was a food binge. Daily rations were increased on the assumption of their leaders that peace would bring plenty of food. The increase wasn't much; just enough to make the daily diet a little more filling. But then came reports of shortages here and there. As the reports spread, people who had food stocks began to hoard and shortages worsened. Finally, when authorities realized they were confronted with a major food crisis, that crisis had already been aggravated by the issuance of extra rations and by hoarding. Famine, frequently, is self-propagating.

A general breakdown of inland transportation over the world has further intensified hunger. In many countries, there were areas of plenty in the midst of famine simply because there were no means of moving food. For a time, our own relief efforts were impeded by a lack of ocean shipping, and, early this year, by our inability to muster enough boxcars to move wheat from Western states to the Eastern seaboard.

We had fewer cars at the end of the war than we had at the beginning. And those that were left were worn by years of hard wartime usage. At least half of them were 25 years old or more. Breakdowns were frequent. To make matters worse, cars were piling up in the East as there was little westbound traffic to take them back to the Western grain roads where they originated. As a result, we found it enormously difficult to move wheat from the bulging elevators of the Dakotas to the East in time to meet our shipping schedules. But with the co-operation of the railroads and the waterway operators and by institution of a car-priorities system, we were able to come within about 300,000 tons of filling our three-million-ton quota for the first quarter of the year.

If Europe were the only land of hunger, the world food situation would be serious enough. But as bad as are the shortages there, the food crisis in other areas of the globe is likely to be worse.

Ninety per cent of the world's rice crop is produced on the "coattails of Asia"—in Burma, Siam and Indo-China. Depending upon it to make up deficits in their own cereal production are China, Japan, Malaya and India. But the 1945-46 crops in the world's rice bowl were short. Burma, for

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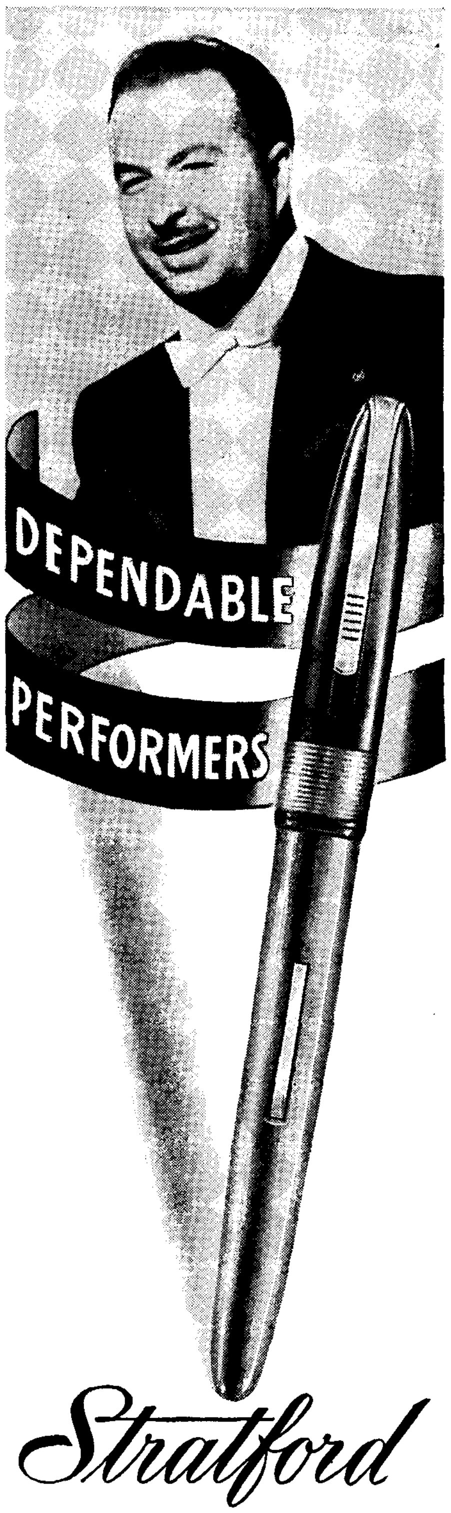

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Here's a pen with *writability* that matches its handsome design . . . with *dependability* that belies its low price. And the new Stratford Regency has such luxurious extras as a smart, wide band . . . a snap-action, recessed clip . . . a flick-of-your-thumb lever filler. Plus a remarkable capacity for ink! It's available in distinctive duo-tone color combinations or solid colors. All told, you're investing your dollar wisely in a Stratford Regency.

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instance, normally the world's greatest rice exporter, may have for export no more than 100,000 tons this year. The shortage will be felt most acutely in India.

For generations, millions in that unhappy land have not had enough to eat. They have existed in a delicate dietary balance between life and death. To tip the balance toward death for many areas that were nearly always on the verge of famine, all that was needed was a short grain crop in some of the surplus-producing regions. Rice comprised about one third of the national diet. But there is no surplus in the rice bowl, and drought and storms have ruined crops in southern and northwest India. So with hunger facing 100 million Indians in a disaster that may exceed the famines of 1931 and 1943, India asks for wheat from the Western World. Without it, from five to ten million of her population will die.

Dire Toll of Famine in China

Ten million people, perhaps more, are starving in China. Some—we do not know how many—already have died. More will die before the midyear harvests, since in that war-ravaged country transportation is so hopelessly disorganized that the race with food supplies against death cannot always be won. There are hunger areas in Hupeh, Kwangsi, Kwangtung and Kweichow provinces, but in none of them is the want greater than it is in Honan province. It was here, to stem the last Japanese push in 1945, that the waters of the Yellow River were released to flood two million acres of land that had supported three million Chinese.

Hunger, as much as the atomic bomb, brought the Japanese to their knees. It was hunger enforced by the Allied blockade that cut off 15 to 20 per cent of imported foods the country normally consumed. It was hunger, multiplied by a 25 per cent drop in domestic production due to miserable weather and soil exhaustion. If the islands import over one million tons of food, the Japanese will eat only 1,000 calories a day. Even for a small people, that is a near-starvation diet.

Meanwhile, in the Union of South Africa, drought, which sharply reduced the 1944-45 corn harvest, has continued through the 1945-46 planting season, and food supplies are expected to be the shortest in many years.

It would be understandable if Americans permitted warborn hatreds to prevail in deciding to let our former enemies—the Japs and the Germans—get along as best they can. There is not enough food in the world adequately to feed our friends, let alone our enemies. As a government official said to me the other day: "If we send food to Japan, whom are we going to take it from? Our problem is how to divide a food deficit."

Quite apart from the humanitarian aspects of the question—which, to me, are compelling—feeding our former enemies simply is good business. If we don't feed them, we are most certainly going to be faced with serious trouble—food riots, revolution. That would mean we would have to use more troops to police those countries, and we would have to send larger amounts of food to feed the troops. In the long run, undoubtedly, it would be a better utilization of our supplies to feed them to the hungry in enemy countries. But there is another reason for feeding the people we fought. We went to war to keep freedom from being swallowed up by tyranny. You can't interest hungry men and women in democracy.

Sometimes I am asked what can be done to make future famines impossible. It has been suggested that the principle of the ever-normal granary be made to work on a global basis, that world food be stockpiled in surplus years to feed hungry peoples in years of crop failures. But such a proposal, it seems to me, does not get at the heart of the problem. You attack hunger in countries like India, where the threat of famine is ever present, by alleviating poverty, by more effective utilization of the soil and by raising dietary standards.

But global hunger of the magnitude we are now witnessing is the product of global war. It was war that exhausted the farm lands of Europe, that drew heavily upon the fertility of our own farms, that disrupted transportation systems on four continents. At the end of every great conflict, the world learns that the price of war is famine and disease and death. Let us hope that this may be remembered before the next war starts.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

something there." The lady explains that she had just read Amy Porter's Weep No More, Kentucky.

AND we have just notified a gentleman that we shall not subscribe to a fund to "restore the self-respect of eight million Germans by sending them a few of life's luxuries." He asks us to "think of Germany tomorrow." That, we told him, is exactly what we're suspicious of.

FOR some reason not any too clear to him, Mr. Vernon H. Springsted of Schenectady, New York, has just received from OPA a memorandum about beef, veal, lamb and mutton cuts. Somehow he associates it with a news item which tells him that the per capita consumption of whisky in Washington is the nation's highest: "The excess loin (lumbar) fat shall be trimmed by you from the inside of the full loin upon a flat surface meat side down removing all fat above a flat plane parallel with the flat surface supporting the full loin on a level with the full length of the protruding edge of the chine bone."

BUT Mr. Elmer G. Housecraft of Billings, Montana, who has never written a letter to the Internal Revenue Department received this: "As of this date and this date only your statement is confirmed provided nothing of a predated nature or anything which may develop after this date shall appear to alter circumstances governing this letter of this date. This letter will not be confirmed after date. Any further correspondence will be referred by you to A-2708-BL-000730 at Washington, D. C."

AND Mrs. Julia Knott LaTourette of Kokomo, Indiana, protests that "many foreign love potions are being innocently sent to young American girls by our armed forces overseas." Just what happens to the girls is not made clear by Mrs. LaTourette but she fears possible consequences. Just to be safe she wants the practice stopped. "Our boys," she says, "ought to bring the potions with them and hand them to our girls. This would be the more gentlemanly thing to do."

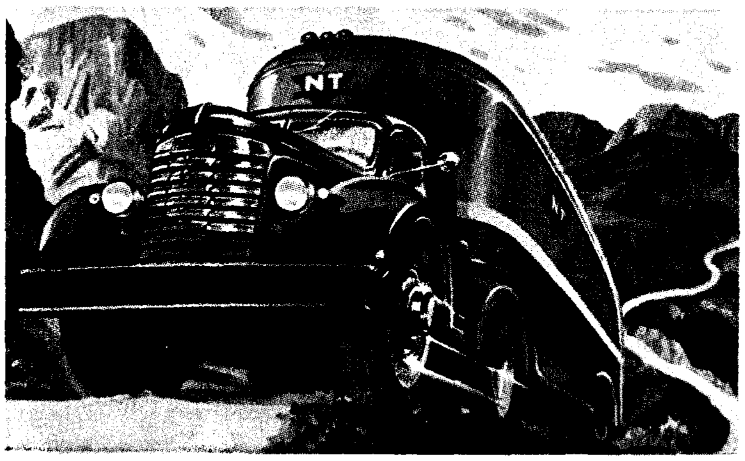
A SAN FRANCISCO photographer advertises: "Your picture taken while you wait." And a poultryman advertises in the Desert Barnacle (Coachella, California): "As Tender As A Maiden's Kiss! Fat Young Fryers." Also a sign in a tavern near Springfield, Illinois: "No Interference With Arguments Permitted Here." And that's about all along that line except a letter from Miss Betty Juno, Junior, of Toledo: "I am in high school. Please write and tell me what your magazine has the most of with thanks."

BUT here's one from a G.I.'s English bride who, after five months in America, is disgusted. No use going into great length about it here. Her final paragraph is interesting: "If it were not for the food and conveniences one enjoys in the United States and the comforts and pleasures I would return to England." . . . W. D.

Ask G.I. Joe about GMC Pulling Power

On every battle front G.I. Joe saw proof of GMC's pulling power. In South Pacific temperatures as high as 130 degrees, GMC "six-by-sixes" hauled huge loads through hub-deep mud and sand. In Europe, GMCs played the leading role on the famous Red Ball Express. In Alaska's ice and snow, Burma's jungles and Italy's mountain trails . . . wherever heavy loads were pulled through heavy going . . . GMCs did the job.

G.I. Joe knows about GMC pulling power . . . and what he can tell you is mightily important to truck buyers. For GMC commercial trucks, in all models from ½ to 20 tons, have engines of the same basic design as their military brothers. They offer the civilian counterpart of the performance and stamina demonstrated by these GMC Army "Workhorses."



THE TRUCK OF VALUE **GMC TRUCKS** **GASOLINE • DIESEL**

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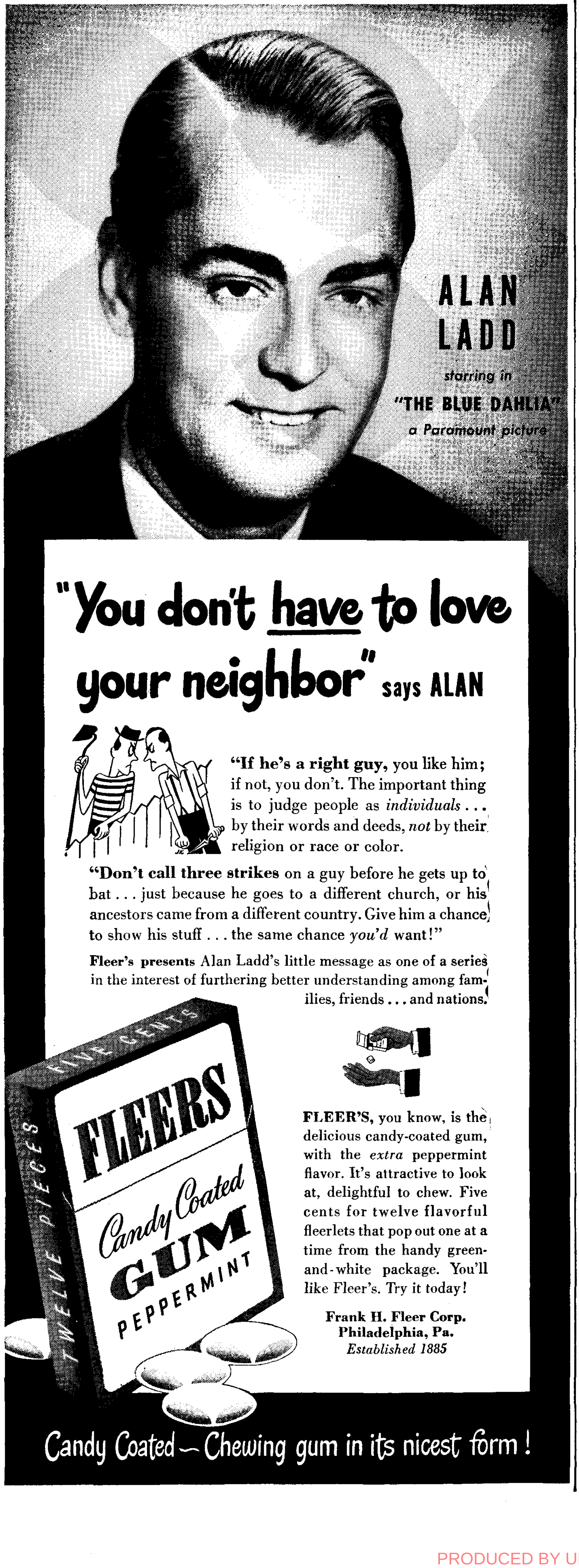

"You don't *have* to love your neighbor" says ALAN

"If he's a right guy, you like him; if not, you don't. The important thing is to judge people as *individuals* . . . by their words and deeds, *not* by their religion or race or color.

"Don't call three strikes on a guy before he gets up to bat . . . just because he goes to a different church, or his ancestors came from a different country. Give him a chance to show his stuff . . . the same chance *you'd* want!"

Fleer's presents Alan Ladd's little message as one of a series in the interest of furthering better understanding among families, friends . . . and nations.

FLEER'S, you know, is the delicious candy-coated gum, with the *extra* peppermint flavor. It's attractive to look at, delightful to chew. Five cents for twelve flavorful fleerlets that pop out one at a time from the handy green-and-white package. You'll like Fleer's. Try it today!

Frank H. Fleer Corp.
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Established 1885

Candy Coated — Chewing gum in its nicest form!

A Drive Through the Country

Continued from page 36

that she had ever had that feeling, the way that some old ladies do, that no one loved her any more. Despite that broken back of hers, she hadn't ever felt she was an invalid. But that was hard, sometimes, for me to realize.

"She'll sho be mad," old Classy said, and I got over fast.

I guess Grandmother didn't see me doing it. Slowly, leaning on Classy's arm, she clambered up. But once she'd gained the seat, she popped her whip, and off we went, making two little powdery wakes of dust as we went pounding out toward the covered bridge across the Cumberland.

It was a scorching day. As we drove on, hour after hour, I grew a little tired of it. One field was like another field, one pond another, and it did not occur to me that we were going any special place until at last we turned in through a gate.

"My cousin Ella's farm," Grandmother said. "She's your third cousin. Deaf as sin."

BACK through a lane of elms, we came upon the house. Red brick with limestone trim, it smelled, even as we were going through the door, of musty plaster and dry-rotted wood. As if it were a house no longer used; as if it had stood empty there beside the Cumberland since they first built those red brick houses in the fifties. I helped Grandmother out of the buggy, and tied the horse to the hitching post. The front door was open and together we walked inside.

"Ella?" Grandmother called.

A man came from a room into the hall, moving on soundless feet. Slight, incredibly thin, his black hair hung down limply from the part upon the side. But he was not so startling to me until suddenly he grinned. "Miss Hattie—well, well, well!"

"Fait, you fool!" Grandmother snapped. "Don't smirk. Where's Ella?"

"Settin' in the parlor, Miss Hattie. Come to call?"

"To stay all night," Grandmother said. "This is my son Fred's boy."

He looked at me. And once again, with that same startling result, he skinned his teeth. "Well, well, well, well," he cackled as if he'd heard an overwhelming joke.

Grandmother jerked my arm. I followed her into a room that opened from the hall. The room looked choked. Pictures, all photographs, climbed the four walls, and the clutter of furniture made it difficult to get across the floor. Cousin Ella, ponderous ensconced upon a horsehair sofa, watched us through slitted fat. The corners of her mouth, gross and bewhiskered, pulled down tight.

"So you've come back?" she shrilled.

A voice behind us roared with laughter. It was Fait. "Grandma's been sayin' that for fifty years," he roared. "So you've come back? Seems like, Miss Hattie, she'd get smart by now."

Grandmother waited until Fait had left the room. Then she moved to the sofa, dusted it, and perched at Cousin Ella's side. She raised her voice. "How are you feeling, Ella?"

"Fine and dandy. Who's that little boy?"

"That's my son Fred's boy. You remember Fred."

"Fred?" murmured Cousin Ella. "No."

Grandmother said, "Joe's boy—Joe's first boy, the one named Fred."

"Oh, Joe," said Cousin Ella suddenly. She wobbled on the sofa like an irritated hen. "Hattie, how's Joe?"

"Now, Ella," said Grandmother patiently. "You know Joe's dead."

Cousin Ella's eyes glistened within their envelopes of fat. "I'm sorry to hear that. Joe was a handsome man." There was maliciousness in her voice. And pride. Or arrogance. "But not nearly so handsome as my brother Earl. Nobody was so handsome as Earl Winchester, I reckon."

"No," said Grandmother. Then, at last, "Ella, I'm staying here tonight. We're driving over to Fort Donelson in the morning."

"I wouldn't do that, Hattie. It's too dangerous."

"Not now, it's not," Grandmother said.

"I wouldn't do it, Hattie. You'll get shot. Earl says—"

Then suddenly, amazingly, her mouth snapped shut. The glisten faded from her eyes and she sat there, enormous, sullen, staring at her photographs. Something was wrong. Something they'd said, something they'd touched upon. At last she stirred. "Earl's dead," she said, whispering it. "My brother Earl is dead."

She got up heavily and wove her elephantine way through all that furniture, out of the room. Grandmother sat there silently. A shadow from an elm outside the house lengthened into the window and across the photographs upon the walls.

"Look, son," Grandmother said, pointing. It was a colored photograph on tin, standing upon a rosewood table. "That's Earl Winchester. And that girl with him—that slim, pretty girl—that's Ella. Long ago."

The man was dark. Something of Fait in his face, but only something. Fait was not handsome. Fait looked weak. The man shown in the photograph looked hard in the way that dashing men are hard, a pleasing way. The camera had caught him staring straight ahead. It was a reckless face. A face that in a woman might have been called beautiful.

"Earl Winchester," Grandmother said. She looked at it a moment more, a moment that somehow was sad, but not painfully sad, as if the poignancy of what she thought had long since passed. And finally she said, "Now, they'll be having supper. They're expecting us."

I slept that night upon an iron bed that Grandmother made Fait drag into the room they'd given her. Grandmother's bed was brass. It was a heavy, ornate thing, built high, and she looked like a small, lost doll as she lay in it, smiling down at me.

"You said your prayers, yet, son?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "I did."

"I didn't see you kneeling down."

"I said 'em standing, ma'am."

Grandmother shook her head. "Sometimes they might be all right standing, son. If you were in a battle or were riding somewhere fast. But when you've got the time, you get down on your knees. Now get down, son. And pray for your Cousin Ella and for poor Fait. He's not right bright, you know. And pray for Cousin Ella's husband, Jim. He built this house for her. He bought this fancy bed. He would have done most anything for her. Those Winchesters were very charming people, son. And they're your kin."

"Yes, ma'am," I said. I knelt and then I prayed.

WHEN morning came, we went downstairs. Fait had gone to watch some digging done, and Cousin Ella was not yet out of bed. A Negro cook brought breakfast to us. When we had eaten, we left.

We drove all day, taking the roads that hugged the Cumberland, not hurrying. It was at sunset that we reached Dover, where old Fort Donelson had been. Grandmother made me tie our horse, and then we walked, taking our time, until we reached the high ground where the fort had been. Grandmother stood there looking down across the Cumberland.

"Right here," she said, "we lost."

I didn't understand. I wasn't even sure that she was talking to me.

"It wasn't any place to put a fort," she said. "Of course; the way a fuddle-headed general looked at it, this fort could throw a blockade on the Cumberland. And if Fort Henry over yonder on the Tennessee had held—if both had held, we could have kept the rivers. But over at Fort Henry, General Grant slipped transports past and landed upstream there. You see that slope beyond those woods? Well, that's where Grant put them ashore."

She peered into the haze, that haze of summer with the dust pressed down by twilight on the woods. I stared with her.

"Of course," she said, "if we had really had our minds made up, if we had meant to die to hold the fort, it might have made a difference. When you get older you can read a lot about it, son. The thing is that when Grant landed down there and then cut in behind Fort Donelson, our men could see at once that it was bad. Some meant to fight, some thought the best thing was to surrender. So they did both—they fought a while, and good, and then they quit. And when the forts fell, that finished the Confederacy. It took a while, of course—four years of marching all the way from Mobile to Paducah, back and forth—but when the forts fell, that was that. We never really had another chance. Because we'd got that habit of retreating, son. Winning a battle here and there, but always backing up. How many times . . . ?"

She stopped. The river flats were darkening. The blackness crept toward us from the woods. And unexpectedly she said, "Earl Winchester could swim across the Cumberland."

"Grandmuh," I said admiringly, "that's quite a swim."

"Indeed it is. Well, let's get on—untie that horse and you can drive a while. We'll ride ahead to Brother Emory's tonight. He's your grandfather's younger brother. Time that you knew him."

We drove northeast, once more crossing the black molasses of the summer Cumberland. The night was still, except when tree frogs made those pitiful, thin songs that somehow you don't hear unless you try to listen. In the dust, plopping, our horse's hoofs made slow, tired progress toward Kentucky. Then the moon rose.

"Turn right," Grandmother said, "until you hear the barking of the dogs."

That seemed a queer direction. But it worked. We passed along a lane, beside a split-rail fence, breathing the honeysuckle air until quite suddenly a hound bayed in the distance. There was a roll to it, a cadence of increasement, closer through the night. More hounds and more of them.

"In through that gate, son. Never mind the hounds. They're not man hounds, though once when Brother Emory was young he trained a pack for chasing runaway darkies. Go on, son."

A lantern flickered brightly. "Halloo, there?"

"It's Hattie, Brother Emory. Drive on, son."

We reached the house. It had a cool and country look, a rambling clapboard structure smothered with its vines. Outside the door, laying about him with a whip, sending those yelping hounds away from us, stood Brother Emory. To me, right then, he looked the way that I had always thought that God would look—so tall that I could not distinctly see his face, only the bony parts of it, the high white forehead and the thin, white beard. His hand, swinging the whip, looked like the hand of fury as it slashed across the lantern's glare.

"Come in, Miss Hattie. Come on in. Blast these dogs! Miss Hattie, aren't you travelin' mighty late?"

"Yes, Brother Emory. We've been to Donelson."

"Then you haven't ate? Come in, come in—there's plenty left. And who's this boy?"

"Fred's boy. My grandson—"

"Joe's grandson," added Brother Emory. "I can tell. He's got the same bulldoggy face. I'm mighty glad to see you, son."

"Thank you," I said.

He put the lantern on the steps, shifted the whip and held out his hand to me. I guess I stared at it. The thumb was gone. And then, impatiently, those ironlike four fingers crushed my palm.

"Step in, step in," he said, opening the door. "An' while you're dustin' off, I'll take care of this poor, tired horse."

WE WENT inside. It was the same in there as it had seemed when I first saw it, cool and comfortable, and built as if each room were added when there was a need for it. Grandmother went directly to a bedroom, poured water from a pitcher in a bowl, and motioned at me.

"Wash that face. And next time, don't stare at a man's maimed hand."

I washed.

"Not that Brother Emory would mind," Grandmother said. "He chopped his thumb off accidentally with a tobacco knife. But it's bad manners to stare at things that seem irregular. Don't notice them."

I said, "He noticed my face."

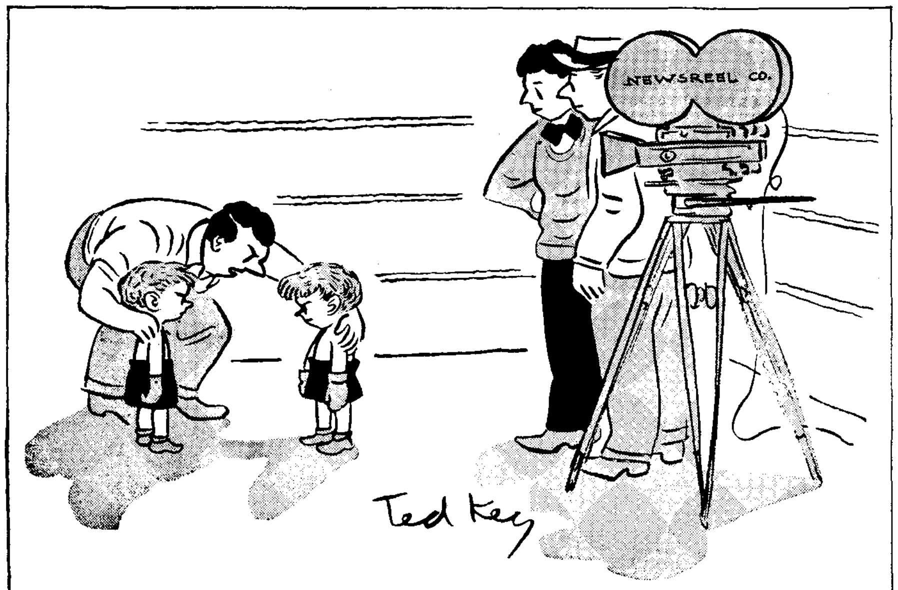
"You think that's irregular? It's just the same as Joe's face was—square-cut and strong. A solid man. Not handsome, but a solid, steady man. And that's the kind of blood you've got, that's strongest in you. Son, you're the same as Joe."

I swelled at that. With pride. For all that I had ever heard about my grandfather made it seem complimentary. A gentle, patient, solid man—a strong and steady man whom people loved.

"Miss Hattie?" It was Brother Emory, calling from the living room. We went out there. He led us back into the kitchen where he'd laid out a joint of meat and bread and milk upon the table. "I'll get some jam," he said, "and pickles. Course, I could get that good-for-nothing Walter up to cook some vegetables, but then all day tomorrow he'd complain—"

"It's plenty, Brother Emory," Grandmother said. "More than enough."

We three sat down. Close up, Brother Emory's face was more breath-taking still. His deep-set blue eyes twinkled in that bony, godlike face. The Welsh in him, the



"Now remember, when the man gives the signal, *you lose your pants*"

COLLIER'S TED KEY

Now, a minute'll make you the handsomest man you've been in years!

In just 60 short seconds, Son, you can now get all the scalp-tingling stimulation, the Hollywood-Here-I-Come good looks that you've missed all these years! BECAUSE . . .

Vitalis and the "60-second workout" are back!

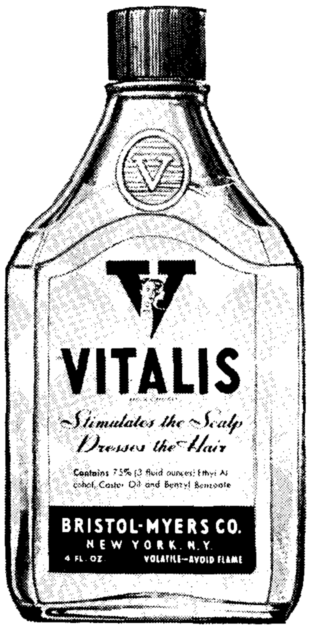
Yes, Vitalis is back! Now you can get *genuine* Vitalis at your nearest drug counter. Get some today . . . and start tomorrow with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." Treat yourself to the handsomest head of hair you've had for months and months!

Vitalis and the "60-second workout"

Just one minute to look magnificent! 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your tight, dry scalp (this routs loose dandruff, prevents dryness, helps retard excessive falling hair.)

Now . . . 10 seconds to comb, and look at you! Ever think you could look *that* good? Get that bottle of Vitalis today! Look handsomer than ever tomorrow!

Product of Bristol-Myers



We've come a long way since the "Highball"

THE first railway signals ever to be established on an American railroad were installed in the early 1830's on the old New Castle and Frenchtown Railroad, long a part of the Pennsylvania Railroad System.

Until then, a locomotive engineer had only a time card to guide him — there were no signals, no telegraph, no communication between stations, no way to transmit orders to a train.

But the spirit of railroad progress soon corrected that!

At stations along the line, poles were erected with crossbars projecting over the track — to which were attached pulleys and ropes.

As a train approached in the distance, the station agent ran up a big ball — much as you would hoist a flag.

White ball run clear to the crossbar meant "clear track." Black ball, run half-way up, meant "stop!"

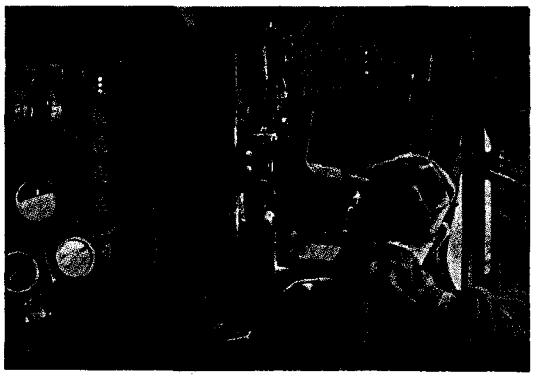
Thus was born a phrase famous in railroading even in this day ... "highball" — or clear track ahead.

In rapid succession over the years followed a host of improvements in the science of railway signaling — many of them pioneered by the Pennsylvania Railroad. The semaphore ... the block signal system, inaugurated first on the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1863 ... interlocking switches ... automatic block signals ... centralized train control ... position lights ... cab signals ... and many others, the latest being the train telephone.

Now what have these forward steps meant to the American people? *The safest travel developed by man!*

Today, as the Pennsylvania Railroad begins a second century of transportation progress, its research and engineering staffs strive to adapt the latest discoveries in electronics and other fields to its signal and communications system, and thereby give passengers and shippers even better, safer service.

THE TRAIN TELEPHONE. Latest advance, it enables an engineer to talk to another train, a wayside station or a conductor back in a freight caboose—all while his train is pushing on.



CAB SIGNALS automatically reproduce the wayside signals —a great aid to the engineer on stormy, foggy nights.

AUTOMATIC POSITION LIGHT SIGNALS on cross-track bridges tell engineers the state of every track.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

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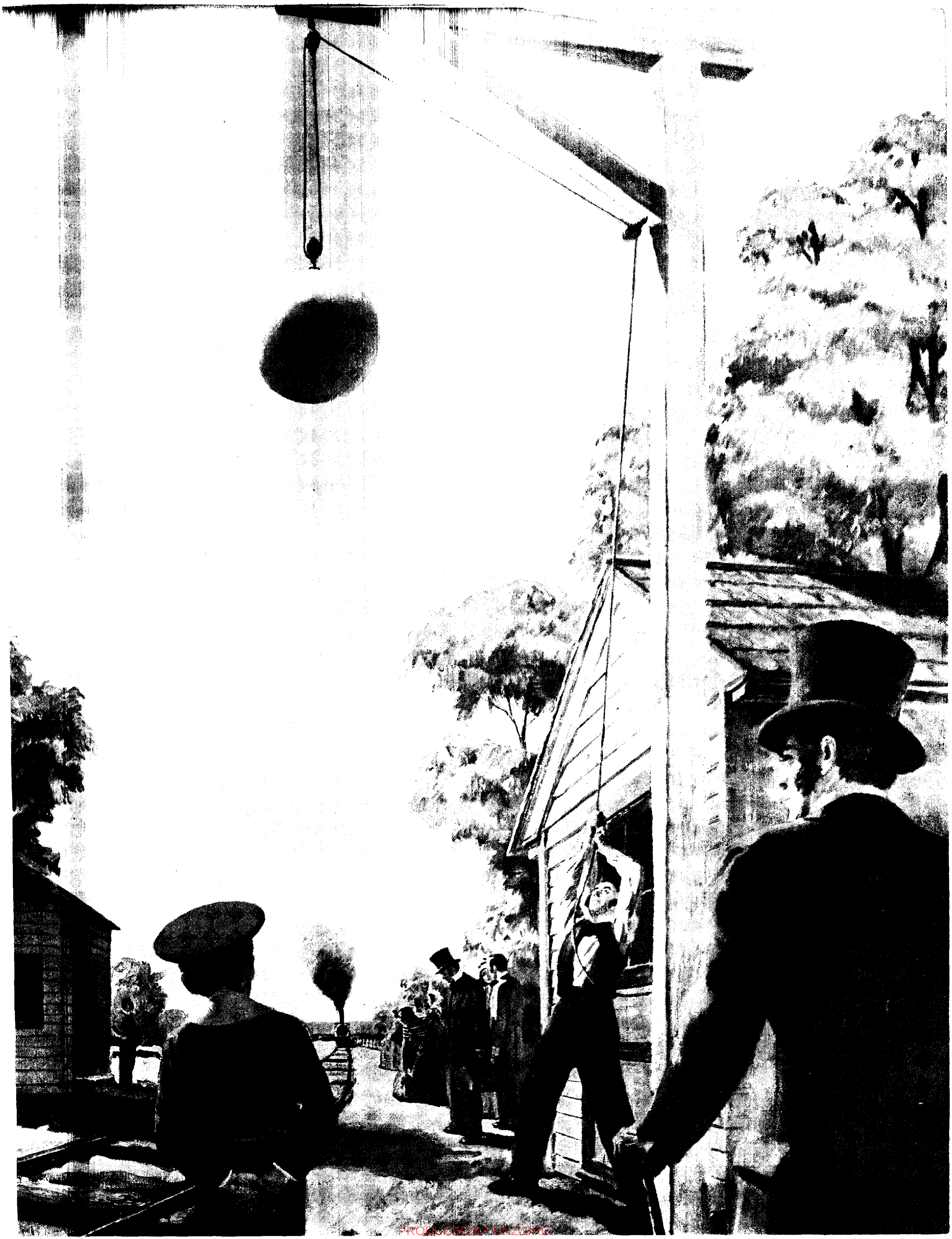

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

humor that went with sublimity. "Don't see you much, Miss Hattie, nowadays," he said. "Course, it's far."

"I'm getting too old, Brother Emory. I'm past seventy."

"You sho' don't look it. 'Cept, of course, your hair. Although I kind of like it best the way it is, all silvery. I never dreamed—"

Grandmother made a clucking, well-pleased sound.

"I didn't though," said Brother Emory. "When Joe first married you—let's see. Sixteen, weren't you?—I never thought that fiery hair of yours would turn out silver-white. You looked like fire itself, settin' a horse, makin' him take a fence, those little milky hands of yours a-tuggin' on the reins. Reckon I was almost in love with you myself. If Joe hadn't been my brother, or if I'd seen you first—"

Grandmother's fork clanged on her plate. She said, "We stopped by Cousin Ella's on the way."

"Did you?" And all at once the twinkle went out of his deep-set eyes. Something that was like ice came into them. "All well, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, all well. Of course, poor Ella doesn't hear a word you say. And her mind wanders."

"Always did."

"And Fait—well, Fait's no help."

"Miss Hattie—why in Christendom must you bring them up? You know my sentiments on Winchesters."

"But they're my cousins."

"They're yours, Miss Hattie. But not mine. I've got no use for any of that tribe. I used to feel right sorry for poor Jim, marrying into them. It must have been a blow to him when Earl ran out—"

"Yes," said Grandmother. "Yes."

They looked at me. Both of them looked, as if they were amazed to see me there. They'd gone far back, before my time and even my own father's time, back to a day when my grandmother had been jumping fences on a horse. Red-haired. Sixteen. That must have been—this much I knew from family talk—during the War, after Fort Donelson fell, but not much afterward. For I had heard that my grandfather, fighting out of Donelson with Forrest's men, when they refused to join in the surrender, had stopped just long enough to marry my grandmother. Then he'd gone back to Nashville and the cavalry, and all those years of marching back and forth.

"Yes," said Grandmother. "Let's not speak of that."

Brother Emory leaned back. The kerosene lamp's shadows gave somber magnificence to his craggy face. When he spoke finally, his voice was very low. "My dear," he said, "with so much time, I should not think that it would hurt. I've never spoken to you on this matter before. It was Joe's business. But you should know. He was a polecat, dying as a polecat should. Drunken in a shameful place in Hopkinsville—"

"Let's not say any more about it, Brother Emory."

He nodded solemnly. "I'm sure you're tired. You'll want to go to bed."

"If you don't mind. Good night."

Not then, but afterward, I thought it strange that my grandmother did not caution me that night to pray for Brother Emory. After our visit with the Winchesters I had anticipated that. Instead she marched me straight to bed. She didn't speak to me, and I was smart enough to let her be.

THE next morning after breakfast, we drove out through the hounds, now lying placidly, licking their fence sores in the sun. The last we saw of Brother Emory he stood there gaunt and towering, waving at us with that four-fingered hand of his. And I could see he wasn't one to need my prayers.

That day was like the day before, a long, slow drive. Grandmother talked of what she saw, not of what she thought. Except once. When we were stopping at a cluster-ing of houses, to buy some lunch, she took me by the shoulder.

"Listen, son. Some of the things we said last night might be bewildering. The man who died in Hopkinsville was not your grandfather. It was Earl Winchester. After the War, Earl went to California. He caught tuberculosis out there and he started home, and when he got to Hopkinsville he died of it. Whatever Earl was, he was not a drunkard. Course he drank, but Brother Emory distorts these things, remembering. Once he and your grandfather Joe went hunting Earl, meaning to shoot him if they cornered him. That was when Earl was passing through here on his way to California. He'd been with Lee back in Virginia." Her eyes looked past me then, and I could see that she was thinking back, remembering. "They didn't catch him," she said finally. "There was a rainstorm and he got away in that. It's good they didn't. Earl was a dead shot with a pistol, son, and no matter what so many people thought—what I thought when I married Joe—he wasn't scared of anything that breathed. Well, that's all, son. Tonight we'll make it on to Hopkinsville."

IT WAS night before we got there. Grandmother knew exactly where to go, as if she'd been there many times before. It was a rickety two-storied house, built jam against the street. Above the warped, unpainted door there was a sign bearing the single, faded word, "Rooms." It looked common and cheap. "Po'tacky"—here men down to the last shreds of their self-respect would go. Grandmother pulled her shawl up tight around her broken back. Her mouth was grim, pinched with distaste. Yet I knew that Grandmother never shied away from poverty. At last she knocked.

Somewhere, back in the house, a sharp voice cried at us. "All right! All right!" It had a waspish, harried quality that was more pitiable than mean. Footsteps came frantically. And then the door was opening. A scrawny, yellowed face, its wrinkles seeming all to focus on the purselike mouth, thrust out.

"Miss Hattie!"

"Good evening, Cora," said Grandmother, making not a move.

The face relaxed. Something distressed went out of it. There was a whining sort of eagerness in how she spoke.

"Won't you come in? I've got some coffee on the stove—back in my room, of course. My, you look nice—if I'd of knowed that you was coming I'd of—my, you're looking nice. This way, Miss Hattie, straight ahead and back behind them stairs. Although things is a mess—"

We followed her, past doors with battered metal numbers on them, past the stairs. A strongly acid smell was over everything. A human, ugly acid. Age and dirt. She rushed ahead of us into her room and swept some clothes and papers from the chairs. Upon a small trash-burning stove, making the heat within the room almost unbearable, an enameled pot was spouting steam.

"Set here, Miss Hattie. Set here, little boy. Now if somebody hasn't meddled with my cups—"

"Don't bother, Cora," said Grandmother.

"But it's no bother, ma'am." She scuttled frantically about, pawing into the heaps of things that seemed to be on top of every article of furniture within the room. "Fact is—well, don't many ladies stop to visit me. Jest men. And I get sick of 'em. Gets drunk. Gets into fights. It ain't an easy life, Miss Hattie, running a hotel."

"Cora, I'm sure it's not."

"It really ain't," Cora said. She stopped and stared at us, a cup encircled in her clawlike hand. "And it ain't really a hotel," she cried. "It's a—flophouse!"

The bitterness of it was shocking. It was sickening. She sat down suddenly. "Miss Hattie, you're the only decent person ever speaks to me. You'd think, now that I'm old—now that things ain't the way they used to be in here—folks could forget. My age, it's lonesome. Still, I've lived—"

"Yes, Cora. Certainly."

"Excuse me, ma'am. The little boy, of

course. Reckon I'm coarse and callous—shouldn't talk so much. But what I mean is this, the only two real kind and gentle people that I've known, that wasn't really looking down on me, I reckon, was you—you and Earl Winchester."

Grandmother held her hand out for the coffee cup.

"You and Earl Winchester," said Cora with a quick rush in her voice. "I knew the minute that he came in here he wasn't like the other men that used to come. Course he was sick—I could see that. Reckon he didn't even know what kind of place it was. Not that it would of made much difference, sick as he was. It was the first thing like a hotel that he seen, and he had to lay down somewhere fast. The trip from California had wore him out and started up one of his hemorrhages. 'I'm going home,' he says to me that day, 'and all I need's a little rest. I've not been home for fourteen years, not since the day that Grant marched on Fort Donelson. But now,' he says to me, 'no matter what, I'm going home.' "

Her voice ebbed out. She teetered in her creaking chair, staring wide-eyed at us. Wide-eyed, the way a woman looks at other people's troubles. All at once she sobbed.

"And that's jest what he did," she said, her hands squeezed tight. "Because it's home for all of us. There's room for all of us up there, the saint and sinner and the good and bad. For all of us the Lord says there'll be room—"

She stopped. Quickly, she dabbed both palms against her eyes. "But you ain't tried your coffee yet, Miss Hattie. Bet it's cold. Would you—? But I reckon you'll be moving on tonight?"

"Thanks, Cora, yes. We have engaged some rooms."

Cora stood up. She seemed impatient now. "Well, it's been nice. It's always nice. Since the first time I saw you, after I'd sent the message to you that he'd died, the way he said to do—and gave you all them papers telling what he'd done since he swum out of Donelson . . . the fighting that he'd done back in Virginia, ma'am, his commission and the nice things that was said by Lee. . . . He wanted, ma'am, particularly for you to see them things, although the war'd been over ten years then—well, all them papers and his sword—"

"For Cousin Ella," said Grandmother.

"Ma'am? Well, you know, ma'am. It's sure been nice. Come by to see me when you can, Miss Hattie. Course at our age that won't be often now. Nor for much longer. Goodby, ma'am."

"Goodby, Cora," Grandmother said.

WE WALKED out of that sordid, smelling house into the warm, clean summer air. We didn't speak until we reached our buggy, waiting at the hotel where Grandmother meant to stay.

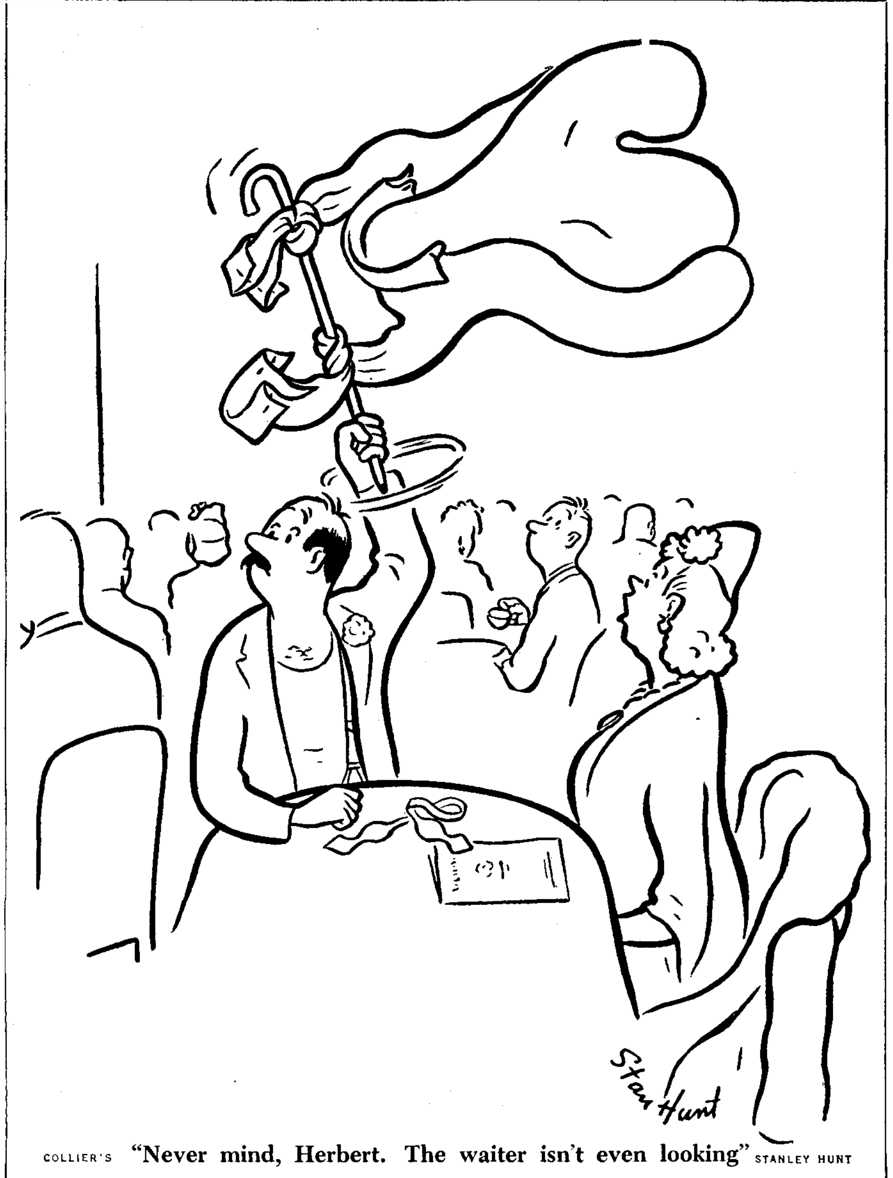
"That's not a pleasant place to visit, son," she said to me. "But if you've got the courage and integrity that ought to be in you, you'll find it possible to stomach what you must."

"Yes, ma'am, Grandmuh," I said.

She pulled her white shawl tighter. "Now, I'm tired. Tomorrow we'll see Dunbar's Cave. You'll like that, son. When I was just about your age, we used to love to play in there, Earl Winchester and I." She paused, her blue eyes catching light that shimmered from the hotel door. "You heard what Cora said? That after Earl left Donelson, he was in all that fighting in Virginia? All those last years he was with Lee, and I was living here, married to Joe and seeing Joe whenever General Forrest gave him leave—my first three children born in time of war. You understand that all that time, Earl was with Lee?"

I nodded. Then we went inside. . . .

The next day was the last of that long drive. For me, it was the best. A cave was something that a boy could understand. We walked far back into that timeless dust, that dust crusted on top where it was damp, hearing the ghostly scrabble of our feet on



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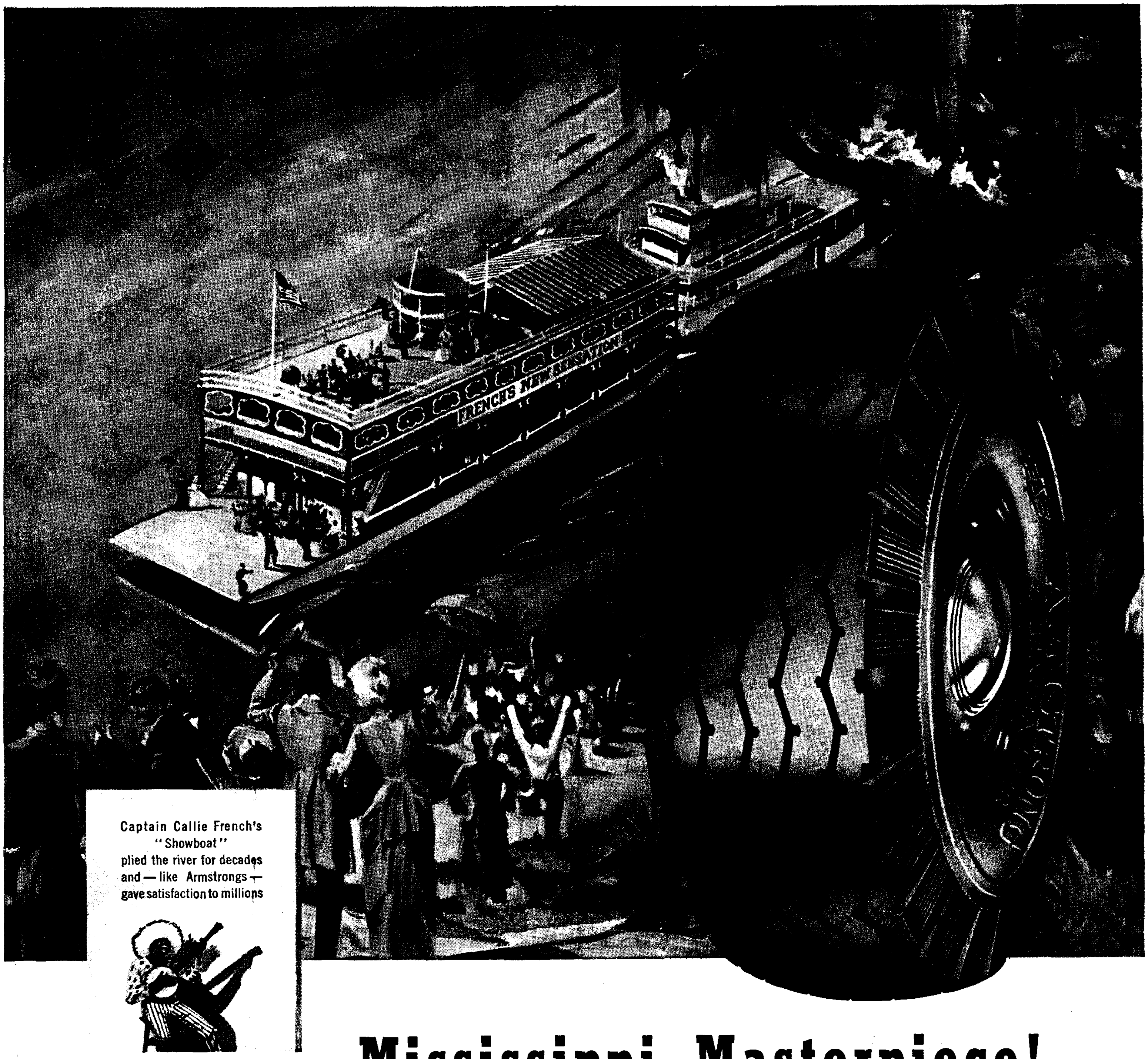

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Specialists in Quality Tires and Tubes since 1912 • Plants: West Haven, Conn. • Natchez, Miss. • Des Moines, Iowa stone. And it did not occur to me that this was like the other days had been—that all this dust, this age, this ghostliness was like our visit back at Donelson, or in that crowded sitting room with Cousin Ella or with Brother Emory, or that dank, smelly house in Hopkinsville.

To me, this was simply a cave, a wondrous, awesome thing of folded stone, highlighted by the torch our guide was holding up for us.

"There's something," said Grandmother, pointing at a wall.

THE guide shifted his torch. It was a heart, carved deep into the wall, now blurred with trickling seepage from above. And two encrusted words: "Hattie & Earl."

Grandmother stirred. "I used to ride out here," she said. "My father used to have a farm not far from here. But after I was married to Joe and moved into Clarksville—well, not often then. It was such a ride, and I was busy, having all those children. Tennie and Laura, Fred and all the rest. Fred was a baby when I broke my back. Broke it the last time that I ever rode out here." Her hand touched mine, and she was looking down at me. "I fell," she said, "trying to jump my horse across a creek. I lay there in the rain all night. It was the longest night—the longest night I ever spent. Let's get on, son."

Somehow, the cave had lost its interest. That heart carved in the stone and those two words, and then the thought of my grandmother lying helpless through that night—not what she said to me just then so much as what she didn't say, the things that I began to guess—shaped things. And all of it was falling suddenly into place. It frightened me. It was as if someone had pulled a curtain back a little from a long-closed room.

And still I wasn't sure, not even later, just at night, as we stood silently beside my grandfather's grave. I was not sure until I read the two letters, after Grandmother was dead. . . .

I found the letters in that shuttered room in my grandmother's house in Clarksville, in that old walnut wardrobe shoved against the wall. My name was written on a piece of paper slipped beneath the ribbon that was binding them. They had been written in that fine, exquisite Gothic way of writing that has passed, the S made like an F, that made them hard to read. And then the ink had almost faded through the delicate, pale yellow of the paper.

This, dated February 20, 1862, was written first:

"Dear Cousin Hattie: Only a fool fights where his foe decides, and we were fools to hole up there in Donelson. Only a coward calls it cowardice to use your brains. I chose to swim the Cumberland, not to wait there for Genl. Grant. It is for you, of course, to choose the man you love. Your most obedient, Earl Winchester."

The second bore the date of August 10, 1865, four months after Appomattox:

"Dear Cousin Hattie: Tonight I'm passing through, going to California. I don't think that I ever shall return. I could not bear to live so close to you, because of what has passed. But for the sake of what there could have been had you not listened to ill reports of me, had you not been so precipitate after the fall of Donelson, can you tell me a last goodby? Tonight at eight I'll be where we so often met when we were children, at Dunbar's Cave. Your cousin, Earl Winchester.". . .

That was all. There still were gaps. There would always be gaps I could not fill, and maybe it was just as well. There was heartbreak and bitterness, a man who acted as he thought was sensible, a woman who believed the worst report of what he did. A woman who was wrong, and lived to know that she was wrong. All that so long before that I could never fill those gaps, never completely know the full of it. But I remembered how we'd finished that long drive, the night we'd stood by my grandfather's grave.

"Joe was a gentle man," Grandmother said to me. "A kind and patient man with me. He understood that sometimes I did things that I'd regret. I always made my mind up fast, exactly as I felt. Acted that way when I decided suddenly to marry Joe instead of Earl. And always afterward, Joe understood."

I READ the stone. I stood embarrassed. She looked so tiny and so frail, that white shawl tied around her broken back, the moonlight on her hair.

"There's one thing that I never could tell Joe," she said at last. "And so I tell you now. You're almost Joe. And standing here, where he's asleep, it's most like telling him. I want to say it straight—get it clear out of me. I meant to go to California once. Leave everything and go. That was the night I broke my back. And so I lay there in the rain, thinking what I had almost done—what I'd have done to my three children that I had by then, and to Joe. And it was horrible. A blinding thing that nothing—nothing—ever could have made up for. And all that stopped me was the slipping of a horse—"

I saw her head bend down. And then she said, "No, son. It was, I think, the all-wise hand of God."

THE END

See You in the Movies

Continued from page 11

fenced. "The postman wants me to file a report. Lot of long forms and stuff."

"I'll wait."

The girl shot me a swift help-me-out-of-this-brother glance. "Come on," I told her, replacing the mail pouch on my shoulder. "Follow me."

We moved down the block. "Must we really fill out some forms?" she asked.

"As a matter of fact, I don't know. This is my first day on the job."

"You're not a regular postman then?"

"Now I am. For the summer. They're shorthanded at the post office. I'm glad to be earning some extra money for my last semester at college." We turned the corner into the block of houses where I was to begin delivering.

"I could help you earn a lot more money than you're getting at this job." She was looking up at me, hard.

"Sure, we could go partners dreaming up a new way to crack mailboxes—or would you prefer banks?"

"See, see what I mean!" she exulted. "That look, how you talk, your every gesture! Certainly you've acted somewhere."

"No."

"College dramatics perhaps?"

"No!"

She shrugged. "It doesn't matter. You're what we in the business call A Find. You don't have to know how to act. We'll teach you."

I shifted the pouch grimly. "Look, sister, I like being a postman. The exercise is good for my next year's football. I get through early and that means my girl and I can go swimming every afternoon. The pay is okay. I'm happy. Goodby."

Her hand on my arm held me. "You're making a great mistake. You've got what it takes. The looks, the build, everything. Where do you think Robert Taylor started, Bob Montgomery, Van Johnson, Gable?"

I didn't know and didn't care. Journalism, that's what I was studying at Berkeley, that was my intended lifework.

"Here," she said. Suddenly fishing into the little purse she thrust two pasteboards at me. "See our première tonight. And while you're watching it, think of yourself up there. Think!" Head high and shoulders squared, she walked off as if my refusal to be what she said I could be constituted a mortal insult to the honorable profession of hamming.

I didn't recognize the girl from a spook, never remembered seeing her on the screen. Maybe she was an up-and-comer. Catherine, of course, who fooled around with club dramatics, would know. Catherine and her fellow members of the Zonita Society followed such things pretty closely. I put the Annie Oakleys in my pocket and moved along.

CATHERINE and I had known each other and I guess been in love ever since we were able to prove we'd become products of civilization by chucking our first mud pie. But this night when my black tie and I arrived at Catherine's she gave me the cheek when I kissed her—an undeniably lovely cheek, yet very cool indeed at such times as Catherine decided it should be cool.

It was the tickets. I had told her over the phone how we'd fallen heir to them and, though she obviously didn't resent taking full advantage of them, she did resent the source of the beneficence.

"It sounds awful fishy to me, Joe Turnbull," she said, slipping into the mink coat her father had bought for her eighteenth birthday. "The biggest première of the year and a girl you say you never met before just up and hands you two tickets to it. Who is she, what does she do"—Catherine's eyes narrowed a trifle—"and what is her interest in you?"

I hadn't of course told Catherine about Goldilocks wanting to make an actor out of me. Enough was enough. "Just a screwball, that's all. I don't know anything about her. I'll never see her again."

"Won't she be there tonight, at the première?" I could see she was by no means convinced.

I shrugged.

"Maybe she's someone important in pictures and you just didn't recognize her," Catherine suggested.

"Could be.". . .

I watched the screen intently but I didn't see her. The picture was a melodrama, lots of suspense. There were plenty of character and bit parts. But unless she was made up as the charwoman or was one of those people you never really see who sit in the background or walk past the camera for atmosphere she wasn't in it.

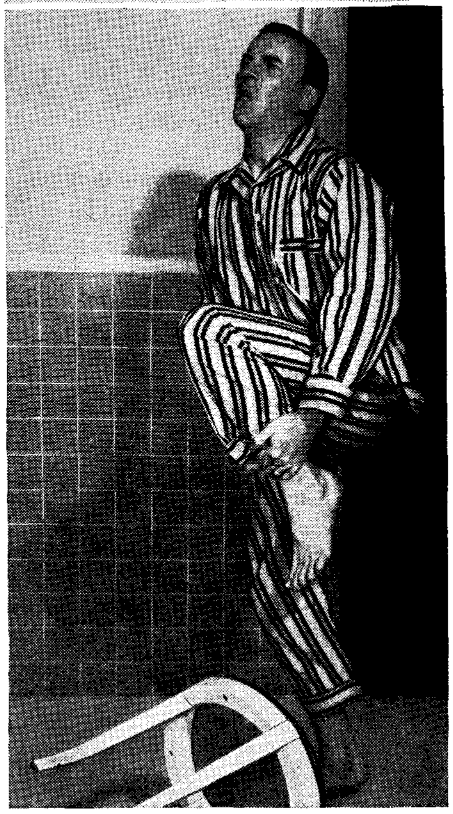
The lights went up. Catherine said it was wonderful and why hadn't I nudged her and let her know which one was the girl who'd given me the tickets. I told her the girl wasn't in the picture.

The theater cleared slowly for there were many important people here who obviously were not walking a mail route tomorrow and thus were in no rush to get home, or anywhere else. They chatted away unhurriedly, a lot of easily recognizable stars among the throng, blocking the aisles. We got the fish-eye a few times, from people I suppose were trying to fit Catherine or me into the business and my collar got small and warm.

It didn't bother Catherine, though. She was getting a big boot out of it. As if being here were a custom rather than the first such event of her life. Her coal black hair was done in an up-do tonight that made her seem older. And as she looked about coolly, confidently, I realized she had turned on the "Austerity" valve. When she turns on this valve she makes every guy within sight feel that under the cool, challenging exterior there's a flame flickering that ought to be kindled into a roaring inferno and that he's just the boy to take care of this particular arson job.

Finally we reached the street. I inhaled great deep draughts of fresh night air. "How about a soda?" I asked.

Never neglect a barked shin



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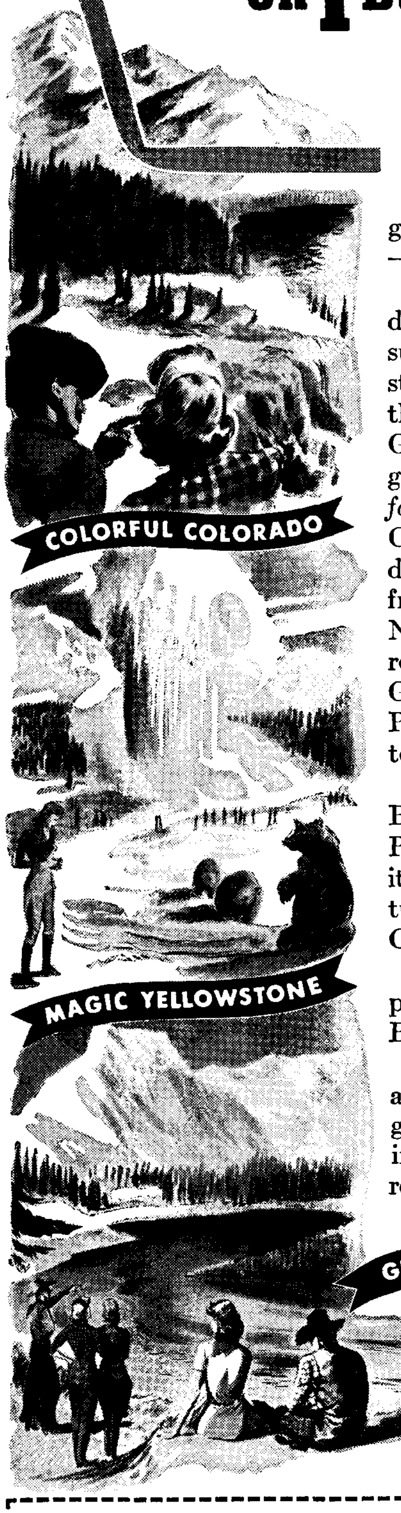

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"Soda? With me in a brand-new evening gown! I want a drink."

"A what?" We never drank, except maybe toddies around holiday time. It was bad for football, and Catherine disliked the taste of it, even camouflaged. But this was a Big Night so I said okay, making sure the eighteen bucks which comprised my full spending budget for the rest of the month was still there in the rented evening-pants pocket.

THEN I saw her! She was standing next to this great big guy in an opera hat, talking up to him. She looked very small next to him and her blond hair, falling to the shoulders of the little black velvet cape, swung animatedly as she expostulated and threw glances my way.

"Duck!" I hissed, and grabbing Catherine's arm I sped her through the crowd. Out of it, we kept moving rapidly up the street.

"What's the matter?" Catherine asked in bewilderment.

"The girl," I explained. A night club was only a couple of steps off and I got us into it, fast.

Soft music was drifting out from the orchestra half hidden behind a revolving rainbow-colored fountain in the center of the floor; the lights were low; the humans jammed together at the small tables and packed on the dance floor were having Fun. We were squeezed into a corner so we could have Fun too.

Catherine, seeing a pink-looking concoction in a tall glass on the next table, suggested we have the same. I gave the nod and the waiter went off after them.

"I like it here," Catherine stated, letting the mink drape back over her chair. "It's one of Hollywood's very smartest places." Her eyes were starry and the soft lights did indescribably beautiful things to her cameo-like face and bare shoulders.

"Let's dance," I suggested.

"All right," she said. "Then I want to hear the truth about that girl, Joe. Why you're afraid of having her meet me."

We found and held a spot where a fake palm tree was growing out of one corner of the floor and it was possible to turn around occasionally without losing your shoe from the ankle down. Her head lay against my cheek and I knew she was by far the best-looking girl in the place, but my mind was only vaguely on this. It was going to sound awful silly telling about how the movie girl said I was A Find.

The music stopped and there was nothing to do but go back to our table. Only I saw now as we approached that it wasn't our table any more, not exclusively. The little blonde was sitting there, smiling up toward us, and next to her was the big Latin From Manhattan.

"That's her," I murmured to Catherine.

And then we were there, and the waiter was putting down four of those pink things instead of two. The big guy derricked himself out of his chair and there were introductions all around. She was Lucy Jean Lee and the big suntanned joker with the varnished pompadour and sideburns was Al Prentiss.

"Mr. Prentiss is casting director of Major," Lucy Jean announced.

I grinned, sickly. We sat down and, as is usual in such cases, made conversation: Did you like the picture? Oh yes, it was a fine picture. Fine performances. Enthusiastic audience. Wonder about the critics though. Et cetera. In between we learned that Lucy Jean was an assistant to the casting director's fourth assistant who was the talent scout, or something like that. Anyway, her job was at a rung of the ladder not far removed from common soil.

Only Prentiss didn't talk. He sat there staring silently, almost broodingly, across the table, his hand slowly twirling the long stem of his glass.

THE pieces began to fit into an understandable pattern. Lucy Jean worked for Prentiss; Prentiss worked for Major. That was a Major flicker we'd just seen. Somehow, the little blond screwball had buttonholed Prentiss into coming here, to have a look at me. We'd ducked them, but not completely.

"I think you may have something this time," Prentiss stated abruptly, lifting his glass and polishing off the drink. "Have her come out for a test tomorrow."

We stared.

"Her!" Lucy Jean exclaimed. "It's him I wanted you to meet."

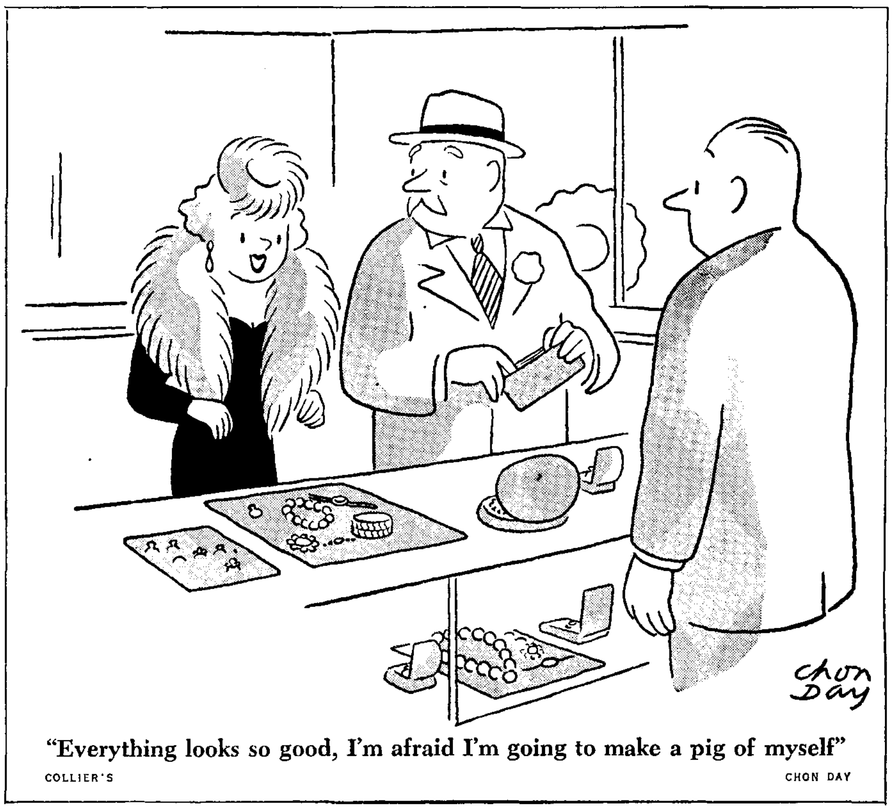
The jumbo rose, stuck out a bearish brown paw. "Nice to meet you," he said. He turned to Lucy Jean. "Have her out in the morning." And he strode off.

Goldilocks looked as if she'd been on a railroad express that had just jumped the track. I dragged out the laugh which I save for just such occasions and then she joined in what seemed to be a good joke on both of us.

But Catherine didn't understand. "I don't think it's *that* funny." Her voice cut sharply through our laughter. "I might surprise both of you, you know."

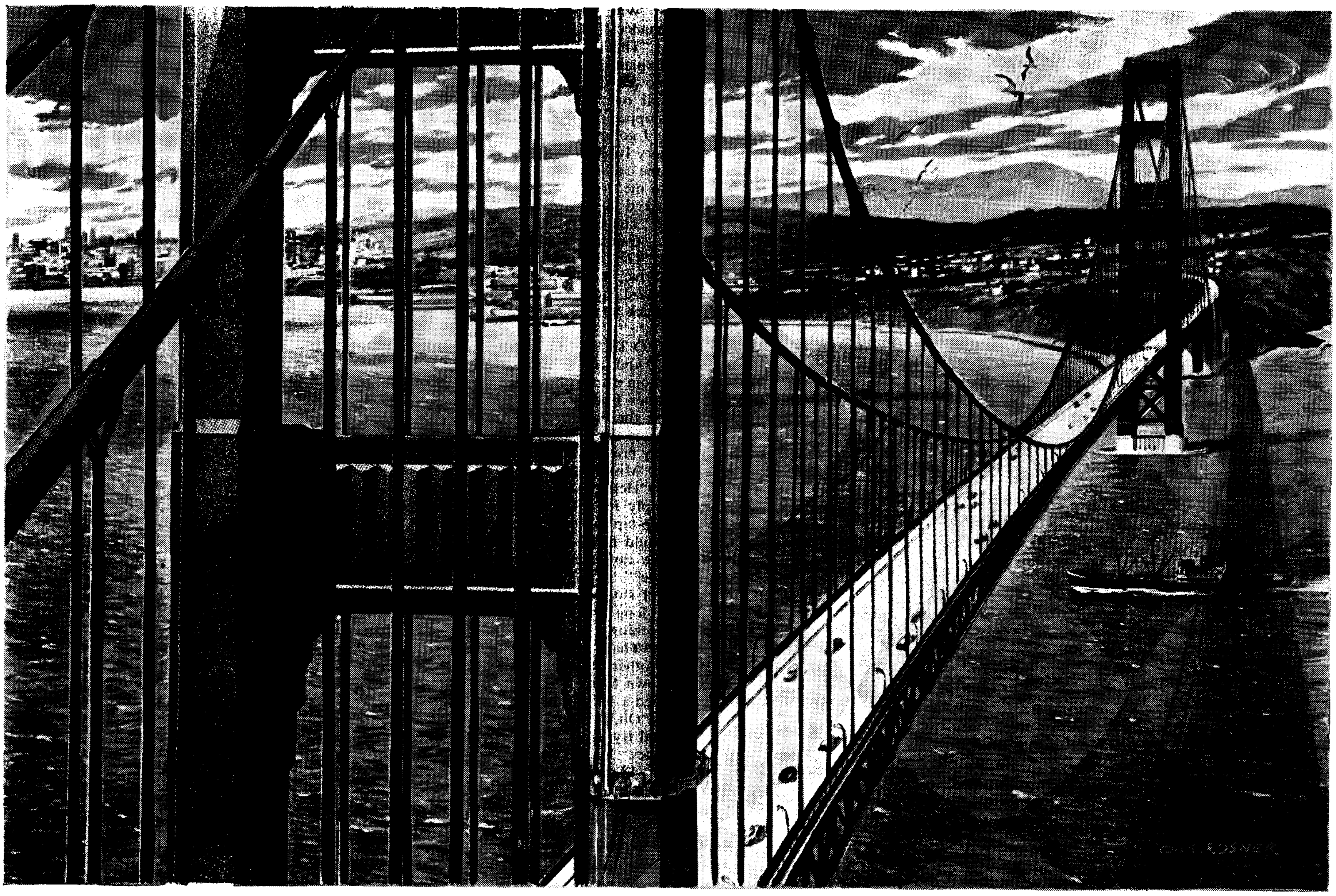
I straightened my face. "You're really going out there tomorrow?"

"Of course," she snapped. "You're acting like a—like a dumb postman I can sing. In dramatic class I outwalk and outtalk every-



"Everything looks so good, I'm afraid I'm going to make a pig of myself"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY



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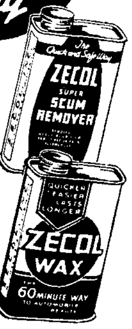
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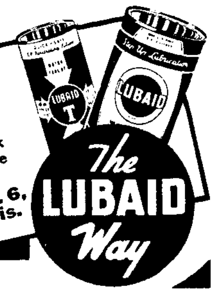
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one else. The mirror says I have a photogenic face. Why not?"

I knew she was sore so I let the postman crack slide. "Catherine's the star of the Zonita Society," I told Lucy Jean who was looking hard at Catherine, studying her.

"If my test's a success Miss Lee can claim the credit for having brought me to Mr. Prentiss' attention," Catherine said, talking to me, but the words obviously meant for the movie girl.

"Thank you," Goldilocks said, "you'll just about save my job for me if you make good, Miss Darrell." And they smiled at each other, sweetly, the way girls do when they're about to take the nail polish off and sink the talons deep into the nice warm flesh. I buried myself in the remains of the pink drink.

Catherine said it'd be a good idea if we left now because she wanted to get as much sleep as possible for tomorrow. That was fine by me. When we reached the street I asked Lucy Jean if we could drop her but she said no, she didn't live far; she bid us good night and walked off. I thought for a moment that she seemed lonely walking off into the night and for some unfathomable reason felt sorry for her. She was such a little dunderhead, lacking entirely the sureness and strength of a girl like Catherine.

During the drive back Catherine's head lay against my shoulder and she was unusually quiet. When we reached her home she said, "Wish me luck, Joe."

"Sure. Luck. Lots of luck, Cath." I went to take her in my arms but she touched her lips against mine and almost before I realized it had slipped out of the car and was on her way in.

I sat there for awhile looking at the closed door. Well, after tomorrow she'd be over it; she'd be Catherine again.

But she didn't want to go to the beach, or play tennis or do anything we used to do. On the phone there was a vagueness in her tone which I'd never noticed before. And I began to wonder.

I WAS still wondering on that third day of not seeing Catherine when, coming off duty, I heard, "Hey, postman!" Turning, I saw Goldilocks Lee sitting there at the curb in a beat-up old roadster.

She didn't look beat-up, though. She looked fine, bright as a morning sun off the ocean. "What're you doing in this territory, again?" I asked, going over.

"I'm looking for Catherine's house," she said softly. "I got lost."

"So you parked the car here and just waited."

"Yes. I was hoping to see a policeman, and then you came along."

"You didn't know this was my route?" I asked.

"Of course. Do you think I'm stupid?" She smiled as if she knew exactly what I was thinking, and for the first time I noticed the dimples.

I got in next to her, directed the way. "Have you heard how Catherine's test turned out?" I asked.

"I saw it." She took a right turn. "I think it's very good."

"What does Prentiss think?"

She shrugged. "We're not talking any more. I quit this morning."

"Quit! Just when you're on the verge of making A Find!"

"Oh, he knew I dragged him in there to take a look at you, not Catherine. He says your chin is too square, your eyes not right, your nose puggy. He says you stink, photogenically speaking, and I stink too without any reservations whatever."

"He needs a pop on the nose."

"Exactly. So I gave him one."

"You *what?*"

"Popped him on the nose. If he hadn't been sitting down I'd never have made it, of course, he carries the thing so darn far up. As it was"— she shrugged— "I just made it."

"Girl bites man." I had to grin. She grinned with me and a lot of the tightness inside me disappeared.

"Will that maybe wreck Catherine's chances?" I asked hopefully.

"That's what I wanted to see her about. Explain what happened so she—" She slowed down for a corner and something fell out of the bottom of the car. We stopped moving, abruptly.

I got out and looked. There was the battery lying in the street but still hanging by one cable on the floor board. I felt her next to me, looking also. "What's wrong?" she asked ingenuously.

"The battery fell out of its cradle."

"Can we put it back?"

"Get inside," I told her, "and when I shove the battery up through the floor board, hold on to it until I can arrange a quick temporary fix of the cradle, maybe."

SO THERE I was lying under the car, legs and feet sticking out, grunting for enough room for leverage to push the thing up, when I heard a familiar tap-tap-tap of heels on the pavement. Then I saw and recognized the shoes, the legs. Catherine. I held my breath. Maybe she'd pass . . .

"Miss Darrell."

"Hello, Miss Lee," I heard Catherine reply in a low throaty Zonita key. The tap-tap approached very close. Now I could feel her eyes trying to sear through the car's metal. "Is that you under there, Joe?"

I stopped breathing entirely. There was a long frightening moment of absolutely nothing.

"That's not Joe, Miss Darrell. It's my brother Bill. Bill," Lucy Jean's voice called down to me, "meet Miss Darrell." I wiggled a hello with one foot.

"Oh," Catherine said. The stare continued trying to sear through. But I knew as Lucy Jean had known, that Catherine would never gamble on taking a look. Suppose I *was* Bill? Lucy Jean was bluffing and Catherine couldn't possibly call the bluff. Ah, women!

I heard Lucy Jean explaining about what had happened at the studio and in a little while Catherine's shoes went away.

"Why'd you tell her it wasn't me?" I hissed up through the hole in the floor board.

"You don't want to lose her, do you?" she hissed back. "Such a beautiful girl, and maybe she's going to be a star too."

There was no answer to that. "Okay; make sure she's not watching when I slide up out of here."

We got the battery more or less in place and the loose cable attached.

"Now," I instructed, "see if it's all right. But for Pete's sake, don't run me over! Make sure the emergency's on."

She laughed as if that was a big joke, hit the accelerator a couple of times. The motor coughed into action. I rolled over and looked down the street. Catherine was nowhere in sight. I crawled from under, kept low and, feeling like I'd just murdered my favorite grandmother, jumped into the car. Lucy Jean shot it out of there, nearly wrapping it around a pole taking the nearest corner.

"Whew!" she breathed. "That was close." She didn't mean the pole, of course. "We won't have to go to Catherine's now."

"No," I agreed "we won't."

"You're angry," she said quietly. "I've got you in Dutch with Catherine. I'm sorry."

Suddenly, perhaps at the contriteness in her voice, the gentleness, I wasn't sore at all any more. I thought: What the hell! Catherine's giving me a bad time, so why not?

"Let's go swimming," I said.

She shook her head. "No."

"Why not?"

"Catherine."

"She ran out on me, didn't she? She's turned me down three days running, cold as a mackerel."

"So you need solace, someone to tell your troubles to. A crutch. And little ole Lucy Jean Lee happens to be around."

"Maybe. Let's go swimming anyway."

"She wasn't dressed for the beach," Lucy

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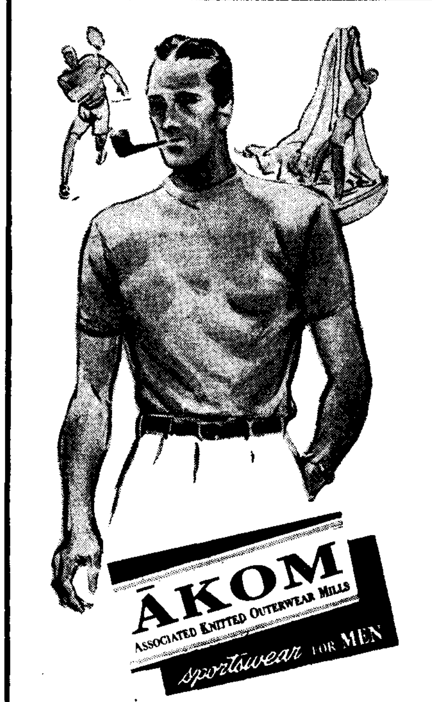

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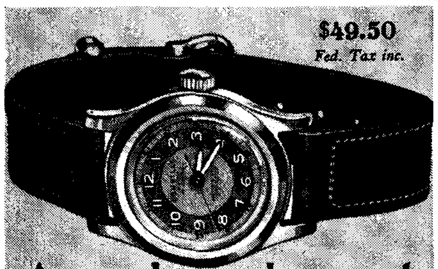

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Jean mused. "Very much dressed up. Very pretty. But not for the beach. More like a cocktail party maybe. She's been running out on you just because of this test?"

"It's a nice day," I said. "Why waste it?"

I felt her eyes on me for a long moment. "Do you carry your trunks in your pocket, or do we pick them up somewhere?"

After we picked up my trunks we stopped a moment for her suit. The roadster chugged along very politely and talking came easily and there we were before we knew it at the beach.

Now there are girls and girls and bathing suits and bathing suits but never had I seen one of each that belonged together so absolutely as Lucy Jean Lee and her bathing suit. I mean she was built for it. And somewhere along the line the designer must have known, when he made it, that this was for her. When she came down toward where I was waiting, the heads pivoted in her direction like at a tennis match, only they stayed right there on her.

"Let's swim," she said, putting on her cap, apparently totally oblivious of the minor furor she'd created merely by walking through a few yards of sand.

We went out into the water and I thought, as we dove into the first breaker, how Catherine always liked to laze around on the beach for an hour or so before going in.

We dunked plenty but in between she told me how she'd come to Hollywood from St. Louis hoping to break into pictures, but she wasn't a good enough actress and so had taken a regular job—the one which had just blown a tire at Major. "Nothing ever seems to go smoothly with me," she said. "As long as I can remember, ever since my parents died, I seem to have been walking around with my roller skates in one hand constantly dropping them on my very big big toes."

I glanced at the toes which were not big at all, as big toes go. "What're you going to do now?" I asked. "About a job, I mean?"

"Get another . . . And what about you, Joe?"

I told her about school and football and how I was taking journalism and wanted to go with a newspaper and beat a typewriter ribbon to ribbons when I got out next year. "You see," I finished, "you should have tried to sell me as a writer instead of an actor." Then we talked about writing and books, of which she had read a surprising number—maybe even more than me—until suddenly the sun fell into the water and it was time to go home.

Only we didn't go home, not right away. I didn't feel like going back right away so after we got dressed I suggested hot dogs. She said okay if I'd let her pay her own but I talked her away from that one by pointing out that we were out on her gas.

After the dogs we walked down along the boardwalk to the amusements. We didn't go on any, just had fun watching the others. We stood there vicariously enjoying the thrills of the Tumble-Bug and suddenly I realized our shoulders were touching and her hand was in mine and I couldn't remember how or when this had happened, only I knew there was nothing vicarious about what I was feeling. She turned to speak and I guess she read in my face what I was thinking and feeling because she said, quietly, "We'd better go, Joe. It's getting late. I have a date." The last sounded as if she'd tacked it on.

THAT night I tried to reach Catherine but gave up after ten. When I called the next A.M., her mother said she was sleeping late and explained that of course I understood she was tired after the strain and excitement of signing a motion-picture contract, etc. But why didn't I come over for some iced tea when I got through work? She'd tell Catherine. I said I'd be there.

Catherine, sitting out on the porch waiting, waved down to me as I approached and I took the steps two at a time. "Hi, Cath," I greeted.

"Joe!" she exclaimed, wriggling out of my arms. I frowned at her and she added, quickly, with a nervous little laugh, "Mother will—"

"Your mother knows I kiss you," I reminded her.

She took my hand, pulled me down next to her on the settee. "Isn't it thrilling, Joe?" she sighed.

"Sure," I said. I realized I hadn't put the proper umph into it and repeated, "Sure, it's great, great. Another Bergman, huh?"

"And you laughed at me," she reprimanded. "I'll show you. I'll show all of you!"

"I was only kidding."

Her eyes had a faraway-look glint in them, as if already focusing on an Oscar.

"Feel like some tennis, Cath?"

She didn't hear me so I said it again.

"Not this afternoon, Joe. A ride maybe, up along the ocean."

I saw that she wanted to sit back and dream, dream about what had happened to her and was going to happen to her.

"We could stop at the Picadille on the way back," she suggested. "And if you liked, we might go dancing later." The Picadille was one of those tony joints where the drinks start at a buck. The dancing would be at the Wilshire, no doubt.

SUDDENLY I realized she had everything planned, and I saw that Catherine always had done the planning, the leading. When we went to the beach I preferred swimming a lot but didn't go in much because she preferred just lazing. At tennis whenever there was doubles she invariably arranged the partners so that Catherine Darrell's team would win. In high school, I could remember now, looking back, that it was Catherine who'd decided when and when not we should make a hop; she had decided which frat I should join; it was Catherine—

"Did you hear, Joe?" Her voice reached me as if from a great distance. "I asked whether you were interested in a drive?"

Inside, the telephone began ringing.

"Yes, I heard, Cath." *What's happened—what's happened to you, Joe Turnbull?* I said to myself.

"Catherine," her mother was at the door, "it's for you."

She got up and went in.

No, Catherine hadn't changed. I had. For the first time I was seeing her as she'd always been—a strong, self-reliant girl who would never need a Joe like me, or any Joe for that matter, for some time to come. She'd be too busy with other things, with herself, a career. No matter what, a man would always be a running mate to Catherine Darrell, a backdrop for her, nothing else, nothing more.

The porch door opened, closed. "It was the publicity department," Catherine said. "They want me at a party tonight. But I told them—"

"You've got to go, Catherine, of course," I cut in.

She seemed surprised. "They would like me there if I possibly can arrange it," she admitted. "Perhaps you would like to go with me, Joe, instead of dancing."

I kept looking at her, comparing her, as I knew now I must have been doing unconsciously all these past few days, with Lucy Jean.

"That was me under the jalopy yesterday," I said.

She smiled up at me, with her eyes. "I know that, Joe," she said, and there was no resentment or jealousy, no nothing in her voice.

We both knew then. Two kids who'd known each other a long time weren't kids any more. We'd found something deeper and more important than each other. I stuck my hand out.

"See you in the movies, Cath. All the best."

I let her hand go, moved quickly down the steps and along the road feeling very light and relieved and happy.

It was only twenty minutes over to Lucy Jean's house. I'd take the tennis things along just in case.

THE END

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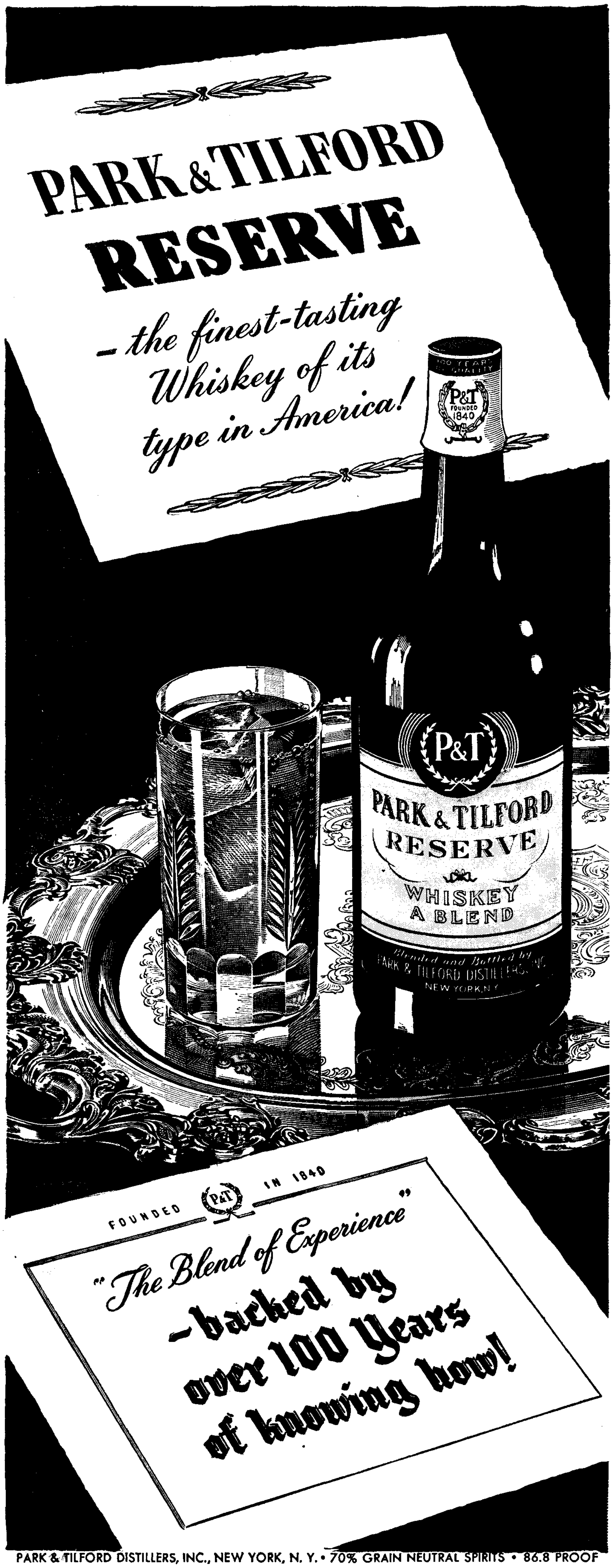
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Message to Americans

Continued from page 15

are people who try to put our relations on a kind of honeymoon footing, as though we were lovers who have once had a tiff, and now want to make it up and live happily ever afterward. The one point of view has always seemed to me as wrong as the other, because at rock bottom our partnership must rest not on personal likes and dislikes, but on certain quite solid facts.

One of these is that we have a common heritage of thought and belief on almost everything that matters. Another is that while we shall always have our disagreements, and they may sometimes be acute, we want the same things in the end. A third—and here I can speak with some experience—is that when a difficult and perhaps contentious question has arisen and we have sat around a table to discuss it, so far we have never failed to arrive at a settlement.

I have often thought, too, that opinions or comments which some of us are inclined to think are anti-British are really pro-American; and that others, which some of you may consider anti-American, are only pro-British. Both you and we have a perfect right—and indeed a duty—to stand up for our respective countries; but what neither of us likes is an apparent readiness on the part of the other to put the worst, instead of the best, interpretation on our words or actions.

It was a great corrective for that tendency to leave Washington, as opportunity offered, and see something of the country to which I was accredited. By the time these words are printed, I shall, I hope, have visited every state in the Union. I did not do this simply to break a record and achieve a score reached, as far as I am aware, by no other Ambassador of Great Britain. I did it because I was quite certain that if I were to try to understand the whole of America, I must see as much of it as was compatible with the claims of my work in Washington.

The work of an Ambassador here is a two-way business. He has to interpret Britain to Americans and America to Britons; and I do not believe he can carry out either part of these duties satisfactorily if he spends all this time at his desk in the Embassy.

I could not, within the limits of an article, even begin to describe my journeys. Every state and the people of every state are different; yet one thing they have in common—an immense and ungrudging hospitality to a visiting Ambassador. I began by thinking that I might be a trouble to my hosts; but if I was, no one would have guessed it from the way they treated me, and certainly in no other country in the world could such pains have been taken to ensure that the visitor saw everything there was to see, and saw it in the most delightful and comfortable circumstances.

And in this vast and varied land there is so much to see. I do not mean only such famous places as the Grand Canyon, the Yosemite Valley, or Niagara Falls, which as spectacles are surely unsurpassed anywhere. I am thinking, too, of the great industrial centers where I was privileged to watch the might of America hammering out the doom of the Germans and Japanese; the shipyards, which had so large a part in winning the battle of the Atlantic; and the Army camps and air-training stations.

Whenever the war news was not too good or matters were not going too smoothly between our countries, the finest antidote for any lowness of spirit was to board a train and go out to some of these places; for there, rather than in Washington or London, you got an unshakable assurance of a common purpose and a coming victory.

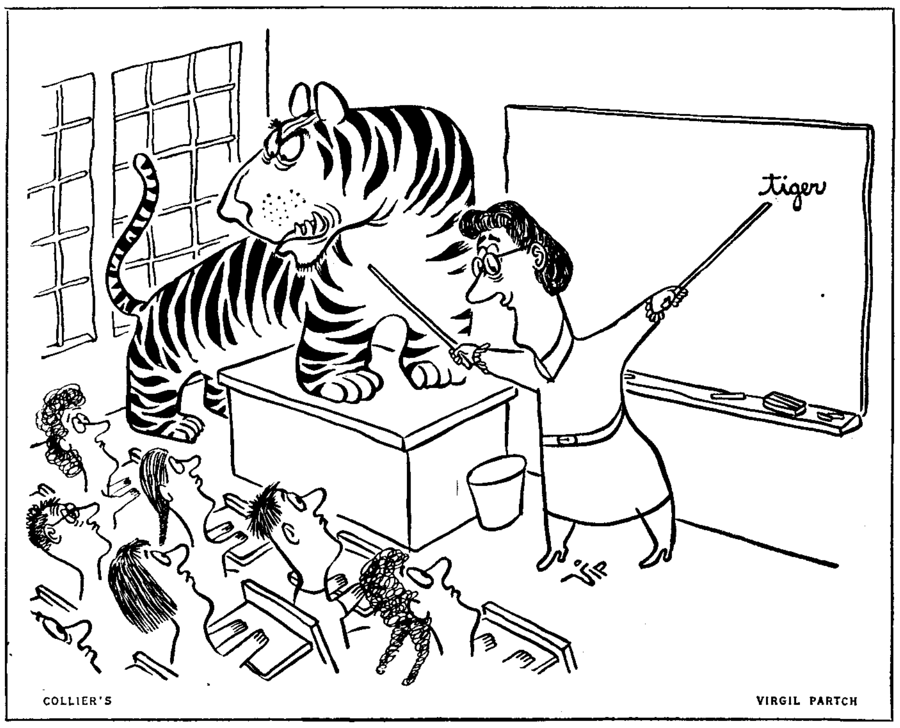
Rubbing Elbows with the People

I have no doubt, too, that such journeys were good for the perspective in other ways. I suppose that just as every tadpole thinks himself a king in his own pond, an Ambassador in his Embassy may come to believe that he is more important and better known than in fact he really is. If so, he has the remedy—to leave his office and get around the country. A G.I. once thumbed a ride from me in my car. As we drove along we talked, and he seemed anxious to know what I was doing in this country. At last I told him I was the British Ambassador. He thought this over for a moment and then said, "Then your name is Kennedy?"

On another occasion I was given an excellent dinner by a club in a city of the Middle West. Afterward the members asked me questions and I tried, as well as I could, to answer them. When we came out, my secretary overheard the following between two of the members. The first said, "It has been fine having the British Ambassador here, and I wish he would come more often." My secretary pricked up his ears for the answer, thinking he was about to hear some favorable comment on my recent performance. What he did hear was, "Yes, we haven't seen a steak like that in the club for two years!"

In the same niche I place my recollection of the man who wrote to my son, "I always thought the British were apt to outsmart us until I listened to Lord Halifax. Now I know it isn't true!"

There was yet another value in those jour-



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

"The only new Radios that give us *both* a Thrill!"

Think of all the places where this amazing model would fit

NEW INVISIBLE RADIO WITH THE *PHANTOM DIAL*

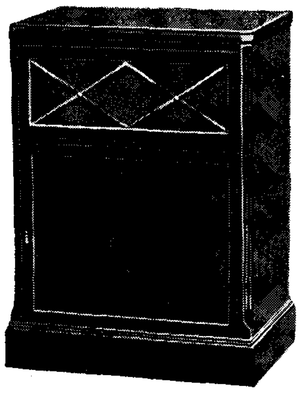
OFF! *It's a Sheraton end table*

ON! *A compact, easy-to-use radio*

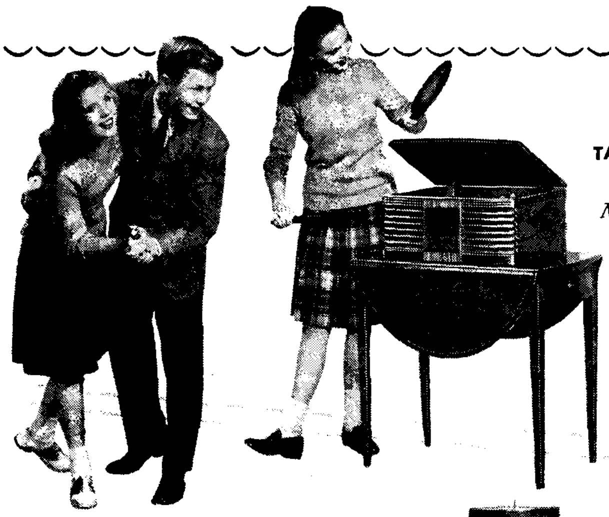
Never have radios been so fit for your home

With heirloom quality outside and aviation quality within, these superb instruments mark a widely welcomed change in radio and radio-phonograph design. Their styling is completely new—a gracious blending of classic and modern that makes them fit into *any* home as gracefully as a carefully chosen chair. Their size is another delightful surprise—each is compactly designed to be in scale with all your other furniture, yet each console radio-phonograph holds records galore! And performance is truly thrilling—a brilliant reflection of the electronic wisdom gained in building half a billion dollars' worth of advanced radio equipment. You'll get more *out* of Bendix Radio because we put more *in* it—more "looking" and "listening" pleasure than you've ever known before!

NEW CONSOLETTE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH



Fits anywhere there's space for a chair and holds 100 records too

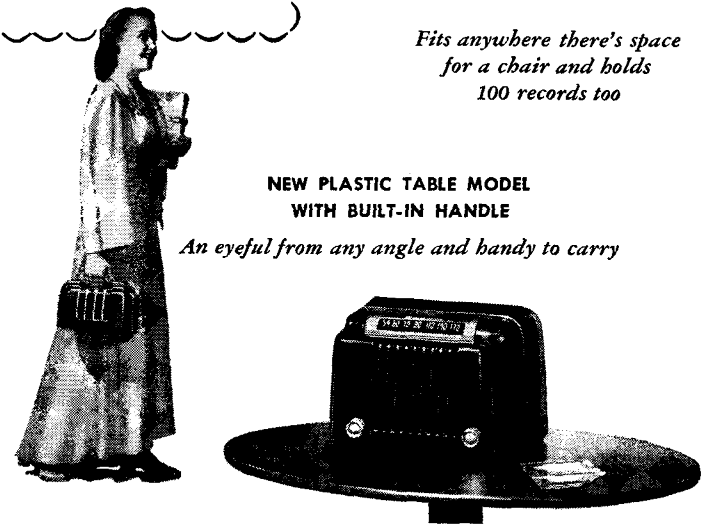


CONTINENTAL STYLED TABLE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

Makes any room fit for fun

NEW PLASTIC TABLE MODEL WITH BUILT-IN HANDLE

An eyeful from any angle and handy to carry



NEW CONSOLE RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

Styled and proportioned to fit graciously into any decor

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$5 to $5^85
SOME STYLES HIGHER

Style 6533. Two tones of tan, with cool air vents.

Style 6523. The classic tan and white wing tip.

Fortune
SHOES FOR MEN

RICHLAND-DAVIDSON SHOE CO.
A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORP., NASHVILLE, TENN.

neys; and here, if I may, I would speak not as British Ambassador, but as one who in five years has come to have a deep affection for the country and the people. No one can be here long without running up against some of your internal problems, or without hearing a good deal about the difficulties of the future—the possibility of inflation, of another depression, of labor or racial or constitutional troubles, and so on. I have never been able to share the gloom I sometimes found when these matters were discussed.

Of course you are going to have plenty of troubles—we all are—during the coming years; but when a people is sound, these troubles are not fatal. And if anyone has a doubt of the soundness of the American people, let him shake the dust of the great cities off his feet and get out into the country and the small towns. For there he will find the roots of America growing as steadily as ever in the past.

Like His Farm Folk Back Home

Among other experiences of the kind, I recall a meeting of farmers on a July evening near a little town in the irrigated lands of Idaho. I spoke to them from a farm wagon. The farmers, and their wives, numbering thousands, stood or sat on a grassy slope, with the setting sun behind them; between my audience and myself was a tiny stream by which children played and into which they periodically fell; and at that moment I felt as near to America as to my own folk in Yorkshire. Those people are not the kind to fall into panic or sell their freedom for a mess of pottage; and there are quite a lot of them in this country.

Just consider what has happened to you in the last century. For decades you kept your doors open and a vast army of men and women poured in. They came from a score of countries; they spoke different languages; they had different religions; they had widely varying traditions of cultural and social life. But their children are Americans. They retain many of the marks of their origin, but they all have the common denominator of Americanism. It is something hard to describe, but easy to recognize. I have seen it in Texas and in Wisconsin, in Maine and in California. Whatever the differences, the common denominator is always there.

In England we are proud of what we call the Elizabethan Age and of the Elizabethans themselves, with their high spirit of adventure, their confidence in themselves, their country and their purpose. I have often thought of Americans as having entered on their Elizabethan Age, with all that the term implies. Over and over again in these last years we have seen the signs of it; as in the landings on Pacific islands, and in General Patton's extraordinary drive from the coast of Normandy to the Rhine, and in the astonishing exploits of your young airmen over Germany and Japan. The forefathers of the men who did these things came from every country in Europe, but the men themselves were Americans of the Elizabethan breed; and they will make the future of their country.

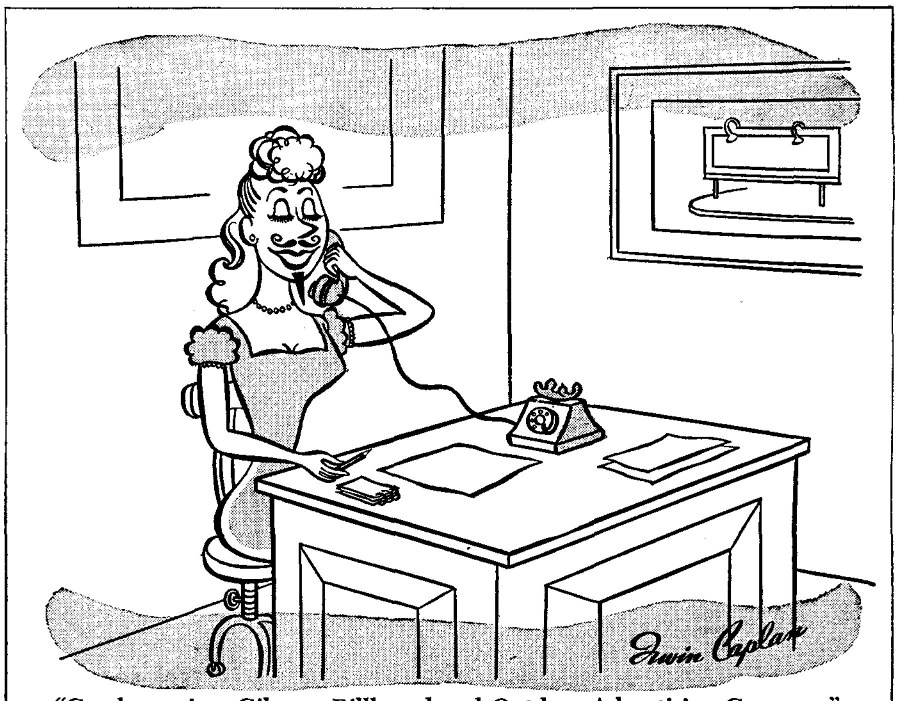
I know, of course, that that is not the whole story. The other day, when I was in the Middle West, I was talking to a professor in one of the universities. He told me that lately he had been asking all his students what they would do if they were suddenly presented with a million dollars. He expected a variety of enterprising answers; they would start new businesses or industries, travel, do this, that or the other with the money. He was slightly disturbed to discover that the majority would merely invest it in Victory Bonds.

For America's sake, and for the world's, I hope that this is not the general experience; and I do not believe that it is. Security is not everything in life and those who consciously seek it are very often the last to find it. Of infinitely greater value than any craving for security is a man's readiness to take risks and stand upon his own feet. If ever Americans were to lose their spirit of adventure and that confidence in themselves and their country they have inherited from the pioneers, they would have lost everything. But so long as they retain them, nothing will go fatally or even badly wrong with America. Adventure and self-confidence may get them into a heap of troubles but will always get them out.

To leave a land where one has lived for more than five years is always a sad business; it is doubly so when a man has had so much kindness as we have been shown and made so many good friends as we have made in the United States.

But as I go, I am taking with me two possessions which I mean to keep. The first is an immutable faith in the power and greatness to which this land and its people will surely rise, if they are ready to accept the responsibilities the future will lay upon them. The second is that if the United States and the British Commonwealth, holding fast to what they have learned in the hard school of war, will now go forward side by side in the wider comradeship of the United Nations, they will render a service without price, not only to themselves, but to all peoples in all lands. Separately they may indeed become the prisoners of Giant Despair in Doubting Castle. Together they have it in them to move mountains from the path that leads to a world of freedom and peace.

THE END



"Good morning, Gilmore Billboard and Outdoor Advertising Company"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

Starting Now...

Families all over America are reviving that good-natured controversy over where to spend their long-postponed vacation. Everyone wants to go to a different place. Dad says, "The car won't stand a long trip and our pocketbook won't stand an expensive one." Mom says, "If you think I'm going to stay at home another year, you're wrong." "Bobby-sox" Jane says, "Surely there must be some way to go." And little Jimmy chirps, "Ya' know ya' promised!"

DAD'S CHOICE: The salty spray of the sea. "How about the seashore?" he says. "Just imagine us there, fishing, swimming, sailing, lying in the sun, relaxing . . . ah, that's what I really call a vacation!"

MOM'S CHOICE: The big City with its tempting shopping districts. "No hot stove to slave over, no dish-washing . . . just hours of thrilling window shopping and easy living. Now that's my kind of a vacation!"

JANE'S CHOICE: The National Parks by way of Hollywood. "Gosh! Horseback riding, swimming, sight-seeing and dancing. All that, and maybe 'Frankie' too. Now that's a vacation that's 'groovy.'"

JIMMY'S CHOICE: The Indian Country. "Oh, boy! Indians, the wide open range and a real pinto to ride. I can pretend I'm Kit Carson, and just think, I'll be walking on the same ground he did. Bang! Bang! 'Don't fence me in,' gimme that kind of a vacation, Mom, and I'll wash behind my ears every day."

Here's your solution, folks. Every kind of a vacation you can think of is located on one of these lines. And it costs so little to travel by Trailways bus. Maybe you can visit every one of those spots the family wants to see, on one trip or on separate trips . . . and still stay within Dad's budget.

There's a friendly Trailways travel expert near you. See, 'phone, or write him for helpful travel information. He'll show you how you can really see and enjoy America . . . at "scenery level" in comfort, with convenience and at a cost so reasonable that everyone can afford a "Victory vacation" now!

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Nothing To It

BY JIM MARSHALL

Making movies is as easy as building a skyscraper, asserts Benedict Bogeaus, who's breaking a few Hollywood idols proving his thesis

Ben produces pictures he likes to look at, which explains why Paulette Goddard stars in his latest

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN

INTO the mystic mazes of the movies two years ago there crept an influence. This influence started to spread the heresy that pictures were primarily intended to give entertainment and make money. At this manifestation of low ideals, prominent Hollywood faces blenched and there were mutterings in high places.

But the influence, an independent producer surprisingly named Benedict Bogeaus, went right ahead. Following his unorthodox principles, he made himself a string of money-makers, including The Bridge of San Luis Rey, Dark Waters and Captain Kidd.

All of this was unnerving to the high priests who had always cried out that they worked merely for art's sake, to uplift suffering humanity, to encourage the comity of nations and maybe slip a little political propaganda into a love scene, here and there.

Mr. Bogeaus had irritated them from the first. The slim, dark 40-year-older started by announcing brashly that there was too much hocus-pocus about making pictures, too much mysticism about art and too much dough spent on epics that turned out to be yawn-makers from the Palace in Eastport, Maine, to the Cabrillo in Santa Monica, California.

In fact, said Bogeaus, loosing all holts, all anyone needed to make profitable pictures was a hatful of capital and some common sense. It was as easy as building a skyscraper—and not much different, if you fractioned it down.

These were strong words, especially from a man who was comparatively new to Hollywood. Up to then Bogeaus had been, among other things, an apartment-house contractor in Chicago, a zipper manufacturer in Philadelphia and a war-material producer in Los Angeles.

Ben Bogeaus' father was a Chicago contractor, in the chips one year, flat broke the next. During one period of depression the kid promised himself that when he grew up he'd never go broke in the contracting business.

So he grew up, made money, lost it, made more, and finally went broke in the contracting business. This was in 1929, when it was no distinction. He was 25 years old, had owned 11 Chicago hotels, which he'd parlayed up from a few bricks and some spare cement. His Dun & Bradstreet rating was in the millions. Then, suddenly, he had no rating to speak of. And no millions, either.

After the crash, Bogeaus swept up the pieces and decided he'd live in France, where it was cheap. So he went to Paris and started wandering about Europe. This led him to Berlin, where he got mixed up with some movie people and produced a picture called Daughter of the Regiment. A guy named Hitler was beginning to throw his weight around, so Bogeaus went back to Paris and produced another picture there.

Somewhere along the line he ran into a German gadget—a toothpaste-tube cap that snapped itself shut and didn't have to be screwed back on. He found out how many million tubes were used each year, awarded himself one tenth of a cent royalty for each trick cap and bought the machine for making the caps. It wouldn't work for him. It turned out that the Germans couldn't make it work, either, but had forgotten to tell him.

Between Europe and America our young hero now managed to make and lose money with some regularity. He was making some in 1939—enough to buy a zipper factory in Antwerp. Things racked along until the war started. Then Bogeaus crated up some zipper machinery, coaxed two Belgian zipperists along and caught a boat for Argentina. He finally wound up in New York with the machinery and the Belgians, a print of his German-made picture and the negative of his French film.

The American climate or something got into the Belgians and a hasty glance at the books one day told Bogeaus he was selling for a dime zippers that cost him $3.25 apiece. He abandoned the whole thing. Then he bethought him of his films and settled down, happily, to merging one German film and one French film into one American film. The thing had novelty, but nothing much else. It disappeared almost without a trace.

Bogeaus took foot in hand for California, to rest up and try to get zippers and movies out of his mind.

When the war started he began operating a tiny one-room plant making camera gadgets for the Army. It expanded and he couldn't get new factories up fast enough. About this time General Service Studios, a movie plant, covering a Hollywood block, was up for sale by its owner, Western Electric. There were five huge sound stages, a good power supply—and no tenants, most of the movie makers figuring the end of the world had come and that no one would ever look at a movie again. Bogeaus bought the layout, moved in machinery and went on making war gadgets on the ex-sound stages.

Million-Dollar White Elephant

In a few months, however, his new plants were ready to operate and he moved the machinery out of the sound stages into them. This left him with a million-dollar movie-making layout eating its head off. The only logical thing to do seemed to be to go ahead and use the plant to make movies. So he did.

When he decided to make a movie (like building a skyscraper) he inquired about money, and everybody said: "That's easy. You go to a bank." So he went to a bank and said: "I'm going to make a movie. How about a quick half million? In medium-sized bills."

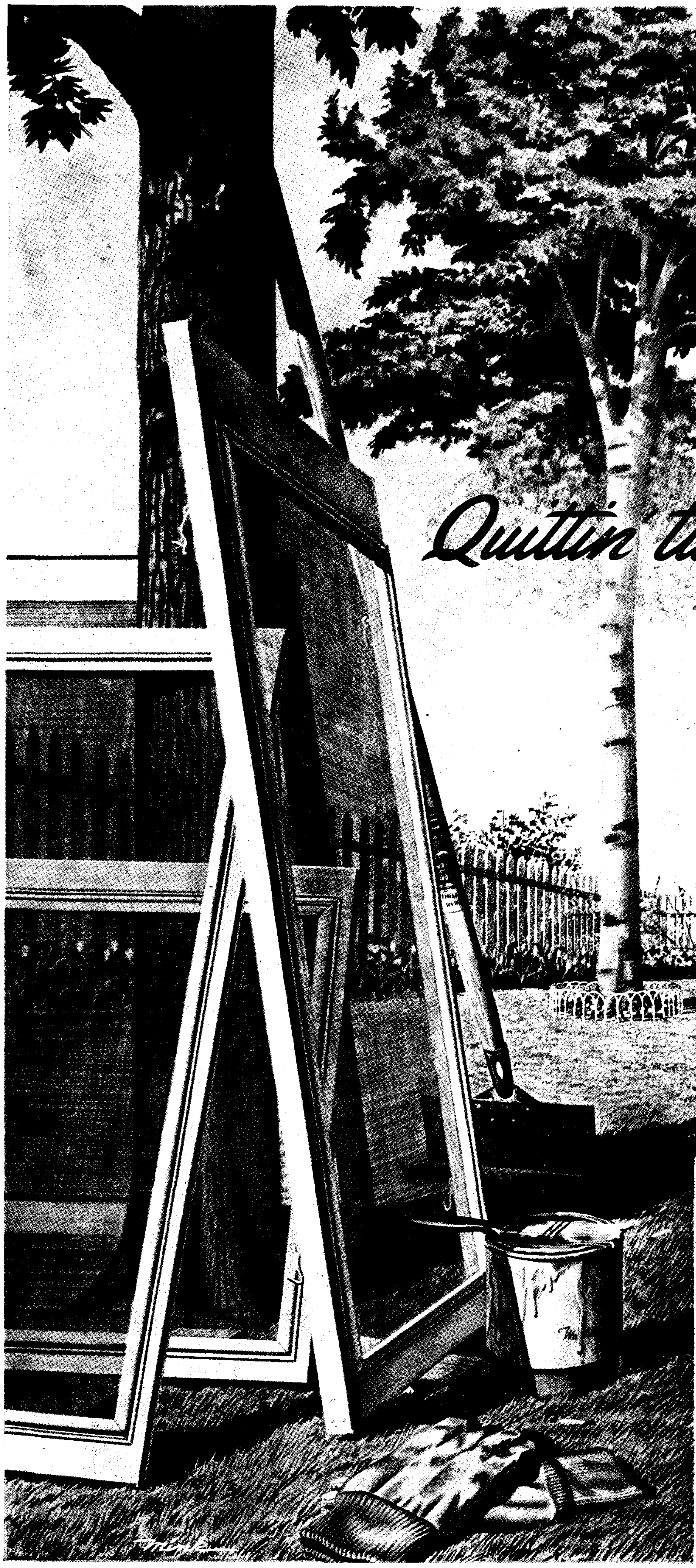
The bankers asked if he'd ever made a movie and he covered up the German and French debacles and said No. This got him on the merry-go-round: No movie, no dough; no dough, no movie; no movie, no dough. . . .

He got hold of a few friends and they put up ten grand here, twenty there and finally he had a kitty to work with.

When Bogeaus decided to become a film magnate he had little notion how to go about it. His European experiences, and what had happened to his one venture in New York, hadn't taught him much. Everybody offered him advice, most of it expensive. But it appeared that, to make a movie, you had to have a script.

Bogeaus hung around long enough to find out how scripts were produced—and

(Continued on page 96)



It's fun to go out
When the sun's about
And fix a screen or two.

And it's fun to go in
When shadows begin
And fix a cocktail, too.

H. E. Kelley

Quittin' time is cocktail time

...And Cocktail Time is Old Thompson Time, for "Thompson" makes them *good*. There's no secret why. It's because Old Thompson is blended in Kentucky by Glenmore and you taste the Glenmore touch-of-quality in every sip....Try Old Thompson in your next drink and meet the one blend that makes them the way you like them—everytime!

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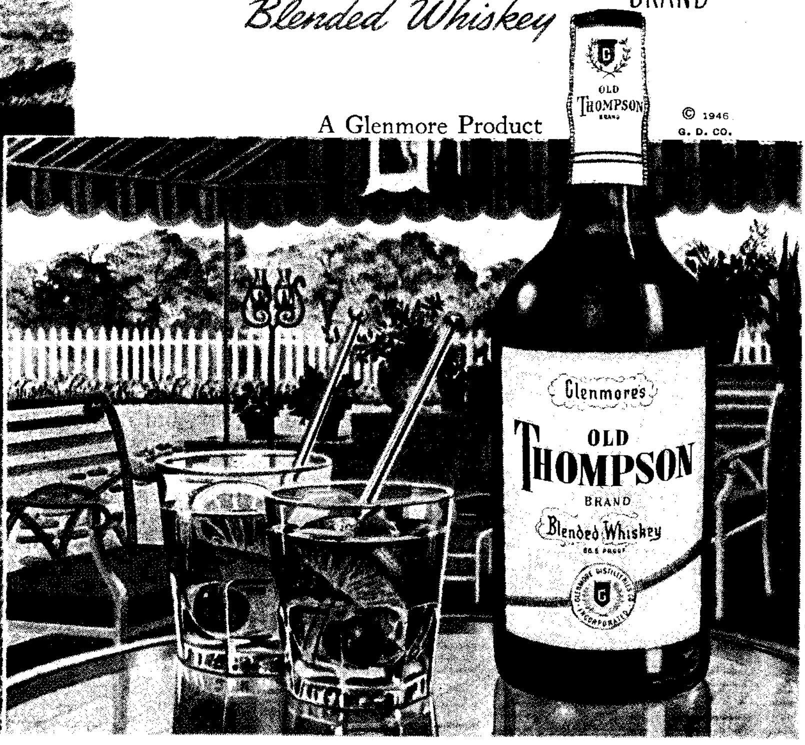


A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

Brass Hats and Blue Pencils

Continued from page 24

the attitude of some members of the War Department and a vast and influential section of rear-echelon generals and colonels made Stars and Stripes an organ of propaganda, the synthesis of the very thing American soldiers were fighting.

Mostly it was the Army's Information and Education Division, through its orientation section, which tried to make Stars and Stripes thump the propaganda drums. But glory-seeking colonels and generals, errant wearers of shoulder stars who feared exposure of their errors, and just plain meddlesome "brass" also had their try at editing by edict.

Fortunately, there was one exception to the generally low estate to which Stars and Stripes fell before the end of the war—the Mediterranean edition. Under the guidance of Lieutenant Colonel Egbert White and his successor, Lieutenant Colonel Robert Neville, the Mediterranean Stars and Stripes existed—until recently at least—solely to serve the soldiers who read it. White and Neville refused point-blank to take the propagandists' orders, and General Mark Clark, commanding the theater, backed them up. But since the end of the war, the Mediterranean edition, too, has had censorship troubles.

In London, however, it was different. The trouble began with a pair of shoes.

Private Livingston's Appeal

To the paper's offices one day late in 1942, came a plaint from Private Dewey Livingston. Dewey wore, he wrote, size 13EE shoes. But his unit quartermaster could find him none. Could Stars and Stripes help? The sergeant on the desk tossed the letter to Private Charlie White, a rewriteman from Bean Blossom, Indiana.

In the next and succeeding days, Charlie appealed in stories for a pair of shoes for Private Dewey Livingston. Soon the paper was flooded by letters from soldiers who couldn't find shoes to fit them; the feet ran up to 15EEE. It became obvious that somewhere along the line there had been a slip-up.

Immediately from Major General (later Lieutenant General) John C. H. Lee, then chief of the Services of Supply in the ETO, came a written order: Stars and Stripes would cease immediately publication of all such stories; General Lee's Services of Supply was being put in a ridiculous light. The S & S staffers protested, but General Lee refused to listen. The paper's nominal officer in charge, Lt. Col. Ensley Maxwell Llewellyn, of Tacoma, Washington, refused to stand with the staff. The staffers were soldiers first, he said, and newspapermen second, no matter what General Marshall had ordered.

That was the opening wedge. From that comparatively minor incident, just about every colonel and general in the rear-echelon areas of command took heart.

Editing by Injunction

The enlisted men on the staff fought them, but much of the interference was successful. From headquarters, the night the wires carried the charge that the late General George Patton had slapped a hospitalized soldier in Sicily, came an injunction to Stars and Stripes: the story was not to be printed. The sergeants, privates and corporals had decided to ignore the order, when Lieutenant Colonel Llewellyn appeared in the office and personally banned the story.

The next day every civilian paper in England and every radio newscast reported the affair, but the soldiers' own paper carried, by order, only the Army's official denial! A day or so later, when the Army finally admitted not only that the original charge was true but that Patton had been reprimanded, Stars and Stripes had nothing more to say.

"Kind of missed a story the other day, didn't you?" was the query that greeted staffers. They had no reply.

Up to the time of the European invasion, a colonel from ETO Headquarters might try to force the paper into a crusade to make the combat air crewmen dress more fastidiously when on London leave, but the sergeants and the corporals and the privates simply refused and the threatened courts-martial didn't materialize. A colonel responsible to General Lee might order his name inserted on the editorial page masthead of every edition as "publications officer," although all he knew about Stars and Stripes was what he read at the breakfast table of his London hotel. But none of the staff cared who got the glory and in the main the paper was telling the story of the war the way it happened.

Strangely enough, in those days when all the fighting in Europe was in the air, not one of the public-relations officers of the Eighth or Ninth Air Forces, or their commanders, or any other general connected with the war in the air ever even remotely suggested that Stars and Stripes print the story of this successful raid or withhold the story of that bad defeat. Invariably, the complaints, the interferences, came from people who weren't shooting at anyone, and at whom no one was shooting.

But then came D-Day, and the war moved across the English Channel. A self-chosen handful of ordinary reporters evaded a high-falutin plan to corral them all in the port of Bristol and went to the Continent with the paratroops, the Rangers and the doughboys. Some of them went without official travel orders, which put them in a technical status of being absent without leave. Others wangled orders and "thumbed" their ways to the ground war.

And while the staff was busy covering the war, the Information and Education section of the Army moved in, bag, baggage and brass, to take direct control of Stars and Stripes from the top.

Immediate supervision of the paper was handed to Major (shortly afterward Lieutenant Colonel) Arthur Goodfriend, former women's-wear fashions writer from New York, who was head of the I & E's Orientation Section.

Goodfriend was a likable and sincere guy; but then there were sharp differences of opinion as to the merits of the job he set out to do. He began penning editorials directed at channeling the thoughts of the several million Americans in Europe. Propagandizing one's own side with one's official point of view may be all right. But there seems almost no question of the impropriety of feeding that propaganda through an organ the soldiers had come to trust because it had been devoid of propaganda

Encouragement for Kibitzers

And as soon as the editorials along the orientation party line began to appear, those rear-echelon officials who had already started kibitzing, and scores more who hadn't quite dared, took heart. The letters column, however, remained inviolate. Goodfriend joined the staff in fighting off attempts to censor honest expressions of G.I. opinion sent to the B-Bag. Indignant generals might put pressure on T/5 Lou Rakin, who edited the column; but Goodfriend backed him to the hilt.

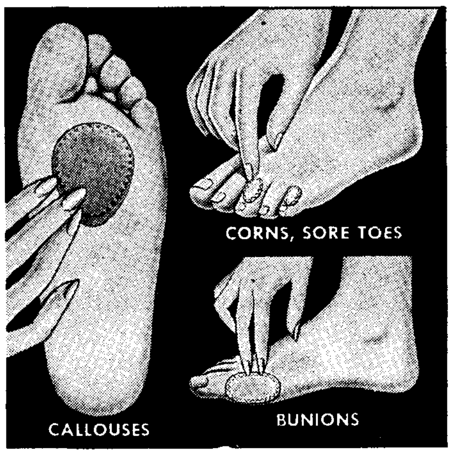
The result was that the B-Bag remained free from officer interference. It was always a fight, of course, and the enlisted men often stood completely alone. But even so, they won a few rounds.

A brigadier general in charge of the Information and Education program in the ETO strode into the paper's editorial rooms in Paris one December evening in 1944. He had just swapped his colonel's eagles for a star, and he was going to visit General Eisenhower on the morrow. He had no idea for the night's page-one headline.

To Bob Moora, then managing editor of the Paris paper, he made one of the most preposterous suggestions in newspaper history. The Germans had that day pushed

"I'd marry you in a minute, if we didn't have to get a blood test, get a license and wait three days for the cooling-off period"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER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CALLOUSES, BUNIONS

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back the American Armies in the opening Battle of the Bulge; enemy parachutists sworn to get Eisenhower were behind our lines and a military curfew had been enforced. That was the news. Yet the general wanted the main headline in the paper Eisenhower would read before his visit the next day to be—GENERAL IKE STRIKES.

Moora was amazed but patient. He explained why he could not possibly run the headline.

The general was firm. As he talked, Moora recalled well how once before he had been banished to the paper's "provinces" for refusing to accede to editing by edict, how another managing editor (ED. NOTE: Bud Hutton, one of the coauthors of this article) had gone to flying with the bombers as a gunner rather than submit to generals saying, "Run this" or "Don't print that."

These and other cases Moora recalled, and he looked at the new general and said no, he'd not print the headline because it wasn't the news. If the news ever warranted it, Moora said, he'd print it. But not tonight.

The General Gets a New Idea

The general retreated. He waited a week and then was back in the editorial rooms over which he held control by virtue of his rank and Army discipline. This time (and 300 miles away the men of Bastogne were dying in the snow) he had a new idea. He wanted Stars and Stripes to carry little boldface lines between stories, in the fashion of the Buy Bonds slogans at home, reading: "HAVE YOU KILLED YOUR GERMAN TODAY?"

What port workers, ordnance men, clerks, medics and the millions more who were miles and miles from the sound of a gun would think of this query, the general failed to explain, or what the men in the snow up yonder would think of such a question asked from the comparatively warm security of Paris.

Fortunately, the general made his suggestion in such a loud voice that all the G.I. newsmen in the office heard him. Their guffaws were so spontaneous and raucous that the general sensed he must have said something wrong. He retired in confusion.

The newspapermen turned soldier had won a couple of skirmishes. But they could not cope with the editorials which daily appeared from Arthur Goodfriend's typewriter. The editorials were intended to "make G.I. Joe think." They called him "G.I. Joe" to his face.

Most of the things Goodfriend espoused in his daily editorials, which were never signed, were right and just. That, however, seemed beside the point: The soldiers had come to accept what they read in Stars and Stripes as straight goods. Now they were urged to do this, not do that. Someone hundreds of miles from where men were dying was telling those men, and the ones who would die tomorrow or the next day, how to think, what to say, how to feel.

On the editorial page one morning appeared a little gem entitled So You Wanna Go Home! From Paris, which was more than 200 miles from the nearest enemy machine gun at that moment, the editorial denounced soldiers who might be "wanting to go home." It shamed them for such thoughts and excoriated all who might at night "lift their heads from tear-stained pillows."

Tear-stained pillows.

From every fighting front of the war came an instant response. Who the hell, the doughs wanted to know, was raising whose head from tear-stained pillows? Had the author of So You Wanna Go Home! ever been near the war? Did he know anything about a foxhole?

Pillows, indeed, tear-stained or no!

Combat generals at the front were as indignant as their men. One of them wrote to his old classmate, Ike Eisenhower, and wanted to know by all that was holy what was Stars and Stripes trying to do to the morale of his men.

Combat reporters such as G. K. Hodenfield, who had landed D-Day morning with the Rangers, hung signs around their necks next day as they covered the front: I'M FROM STARS AND STRIPES BUT I DON'T WRITE THE EDITORIALS.

Whole divisions were all for marching en masse on Stars and Stripes. Reporters going to veteran outfits which had lost a lot of friends since D-Day palmed themselves off as reporters from Yank, the Army magazine, or maybe from some civilian paper or wire service.

Goodfriend was taken aback by the reaction. He decided that he was wrong and the staff and the soldiers were right, so he offered to resign as officer in charge of the paper. But General Oscar Solbert and the other one- and two-star generals up the line to General Lee wouldn't let him. The editorials continued.

Resentment grew, however, until General Eisenhower took a hand. He sent for the man running the paper. Goodfriend was out of town. His assistant, Captain Max Gilstrap, received the summons. With Gilstrap to see the Supreme Commander went the sergeant who was managing editor at the time.

General Eisenhower wanted to know about the editorials: Who was responsible for them? They were raising hob with the fighting man's morale. The sergeant and the captain explained they went into the paper over protest of the staff.

He had never interfered with Stars and Stripes, General Eisenhower pointed out, but he felt there ought to be no more such editorials. The paper had always shown good sense—in such matters as news stories about officers, for instance. What was the S & S policy on that?

"Sir," explained the sergeant, "we figure a general has just as much rights in Stars and Stripes as a private."

The Supreme Commander took a quick double-take, reiterating as the session broke up that he felt the So You Wanna Go Home! editorials should cease.

Elated, the captain and the sergeant returned to the office. Here was a restatement of their Magna Charta from General Eisenhower. Joyfully the staffers went out of the office to spread the tidings.

Eisenhower—an Interpretation

But within 24 hours, the inverted pyramid of colonels and generals balanced atop the weary masthead of the soldiers' newspaper had "interpreted" for the enlisted men of the staff "just what it was that General Eisenhower really meant when he said that." The editorials would continue.

Here was a direct, straightforward order of policy from the Supreme Commander of the theater being deliberately countermanded by a handful of colonels and lesser generals. And it was being done verbally, in Army parlance, VOCO (verbal orders of the commanding officer).

VOCO was a dandy device for the brass that ruled the soldiers' newspaper. It could be given without witnesses, was just as binding as a written order, and—just in case—there was no record, no trace.

The staffers found it impossible to get back up through the chain of colonels and generals to see Eisenhower again for a long time. They managed it once more, however, through the guts of one of the Stars and Stripes colonels who knew what happened inside a newspaper, Lieutenant Colonel Fred Eldridge, before the war, and now, a reporter on the Los Angeles Times.

Eldridge knew he could never get an appeal to General Eisenhower through the chain of command which Army protocol demands be used for communications to superiors. Master Sergeant Bill Estoff, of Syracuse, N. Y., however, was an old-time pal of Navy Captain Harry Butcher, Eisenhower's aide. Estoff took Eldridge's letter to Butcher, who showed it to Eisenhower.

Straightway came an order from Ike warning all and sundry to "lay off" the paper. "Even I don't interfere with Stars and Stripes," he wrote Lieutenant General Ben Lear, who had declared a one-man war on the paper's G.I. editors. To his credit, never

Tough
BUT OH SO GENTLE

When you install new piston rings, it will pay you to get Hastings rings. They *stop* oil-pumping, *check* cylinder wear, *restore* engine performance. Ask your motor specialist.

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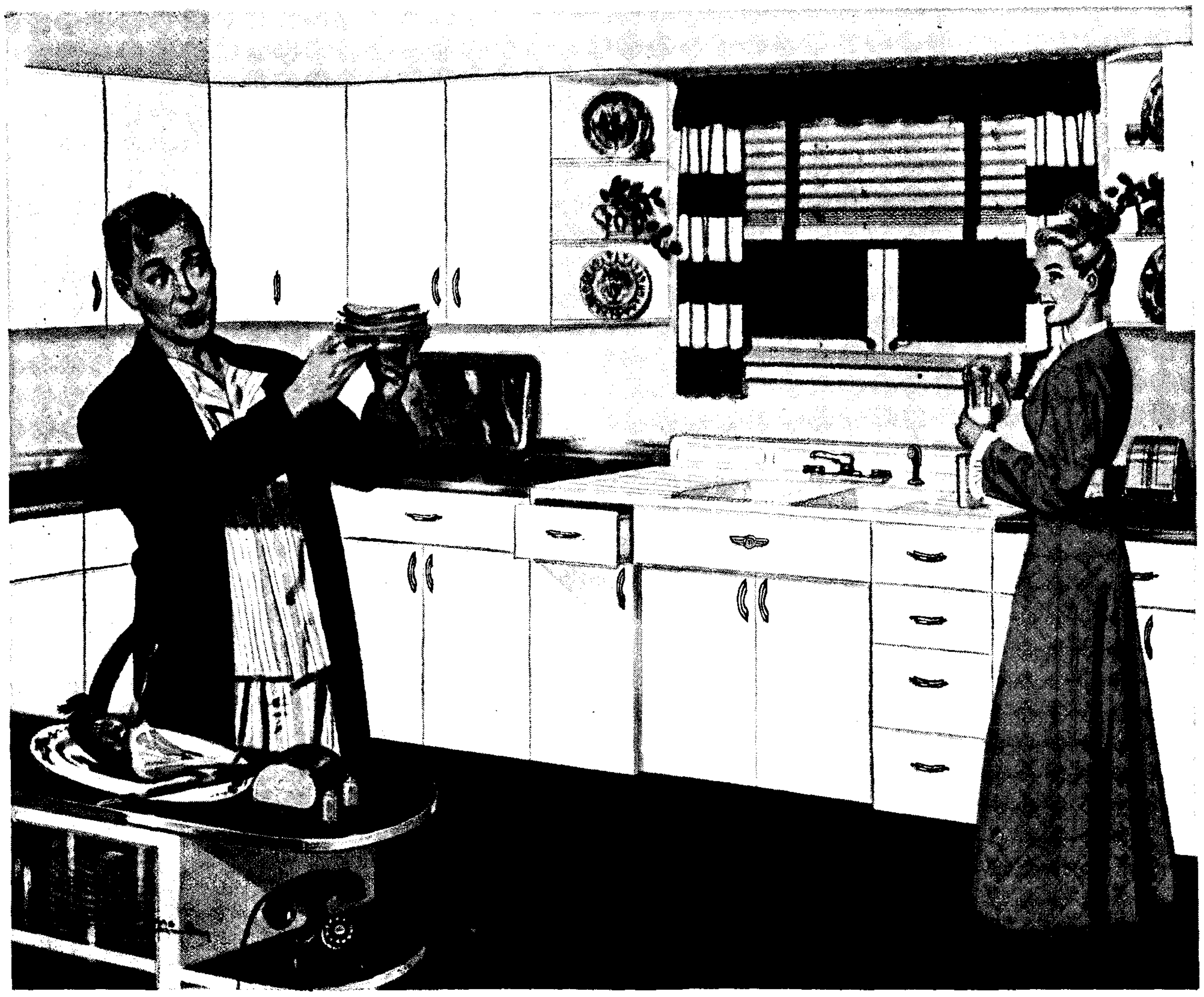
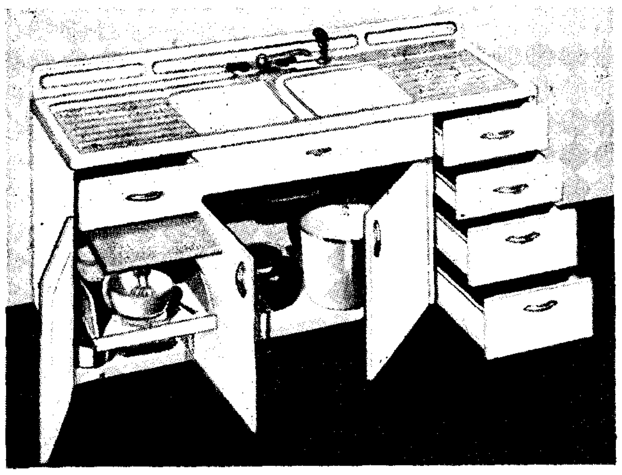
HASTINGS STEEL-VENT PISTON RINGS
TOUGH ON OIL-PUMPING GENTLE ON CYLINDER WALLS

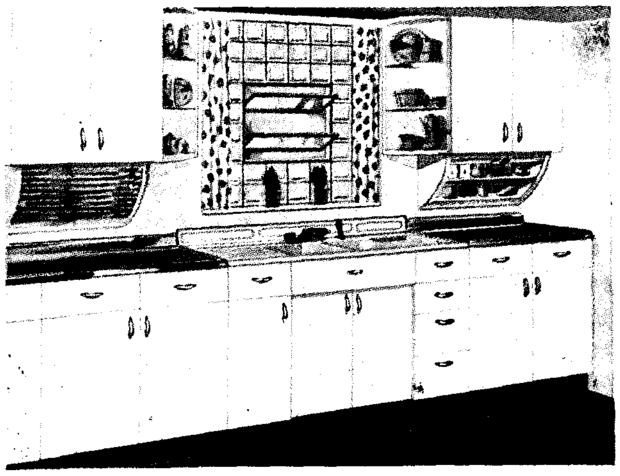
This thrilling kitchen can be yours and it's well within your budget



Change your kitchen into this attractive, convenient room, at small cost and *without expensive remodeling*. You can do it easily with Youngstown equipment, and you buy only as many units as you need. The beautiful Youngstown Kitchen shown here, fitted with spotless enameled steel units including a modern twin-bowl sink, convenient wall cabinets, and roomy floor cabinets, can be installed quickly and easily in your present kitchen, or in a new home. The cost is *less than $12 a month* on F.H.A. payments.



Two-thirds of your kitchen work is done at or near the sink. Imagine how much easier it would be with a modern Youngstown "KITCHENAIDER" like this, with porcelain enameled top and well planned drawers and storage spaces to keep everything within easy reach. *As little as $3.75 a month* will put this handsome work-saver in your home.



Keep utensils where you need them and you will save thousands of steps. Just add Youngstown wall and floor cabinets near the "KITCHENAIDER" and you will have a good-looking time-saving group. This arrangement for a $6500 to $7500 house will go well with any range and refrigerator, is quickly installed, *costs about $7 a month.*

Youngstown Kitchens

BY MULLINS

IMAGINE having a beautiful kitchen like this . . . with plenty of convenient working surfaces and storage space . . . where every kitchen task is easier.

Well, here is your chance to make that dream come true, in your present home or the new home you plan to build. Gleaming white enameled steel Youngstown units, made to the finest quality standards, will fit with your present range and refrigerator, or can be arranged to suit any new plan you may have.

You will get the latest type of cabinet sink with many time-saving features, and all the floor and wall cabinets you need. And the entire cost will be just a few dollars a month!

These low prices are possible because Youngstown Kitchens are produced in quantity, in the traditional American way. Like everything else you buy for your home, your purchase of Youngstown equipment helps maintain national prosperity, by keeping men and dollars at work.

You'll have a grand time planning your exciting new kitchen with Youngstown equipment! We have just printed a colorful, practical 20-page booklet, full of ideas and suggestions that show you how to do it. You also get 46 miniature cut-outs of cabinet sinks and cabinets. Just mail the coupon with 25c in cash (no stamps please) and find out how easy and inexpensive it is to have a convenient and attractive kitchen.

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Porcelain Enameled Products, Large Pressed Metal Parts, Design Engineering Service

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Send me your book on Youngstown Kitchens and the 46 miniature cut-outs. I enclose 25c in cash.

I plan to remodel ☐ build ☐

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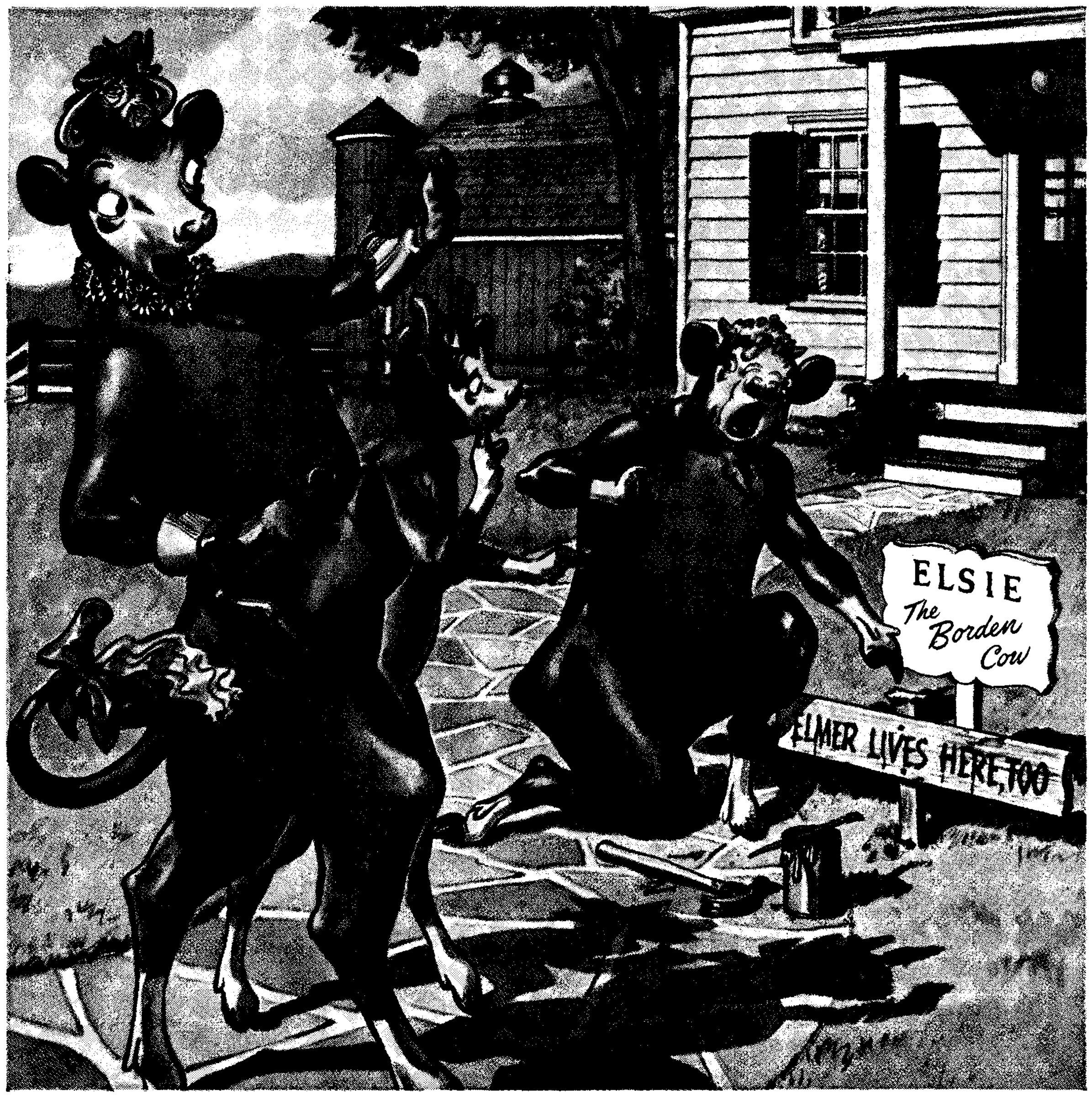

ELSIE
The Borden Cow
ELMER LIVES HERE, TOO

"But, dear, everyone knows who wears the nose ring in our house!" cried Elsie

"OH, THEY DO, DO THEY?" mimicked Elmer, the bull. "Then, why do folks point at me and say, 'There goes Elsie's husband'?"

"But, angel," protested Elsie, the Borden Cow, "everyone knows *you're* the head of the house, and a wonderful one, too."

"Oh, I am, am I?" snorted Elmer. "Then, what's your picture doing on all those packages Borden puts out? Why isn't *mine* there? Why are people always writing you, and not *me?* Why do they sing about you on the radio—?"

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES ARE FLAVOR-RICH, PROTEIN-RICH!
Borden's Chateau

"Now, calm down, darling," soothed Elsie. "After all, Borden's makes foods. And who knows most about foods? . . . Why, the housewives! So, it's only natural that when they put a face on a package, they put *my* face on. And even when they don't put my picture on the package, they *always* put on that good, old Borden name. And folks really look for that name when they want foods they can depend on to be top quality, always the same. Take the name Borden's on those grand foods, *Borden's Fine Cheeses*—"

"You take the name," haw-hawed Elmer. "I'll take the cheese. And make mine Borden's Chateau. There's cheese food with real he-man flavor. Ought to have a he-man's picture on it—*mine*, for instance."

MAKE GLORIOUS CREAM SAUCES WITH BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK!
Borden's
MILK

"That's a fine idea, Elmer," said Elsie, "but it's a little late to change things. And, anyhow, I think you'll agree with me that a cow's picture *is* more appropriate on a product like *Borden's Evaporated Milk*. That's the milk so many doctors approve for infants. It's now richer than ever in Vitamin D—400 units to the pint."

GET YOUR VITAMINS IN THE NEW "MILK-CHOCOLATY" HEMO!
Borden's
Hemo

"Aw, go peddle your vitamins some place else," mumbled Elmer. "I'm not having any."

"But, dear," cried Elsie, "*everybody* needs lots of vitamins every day. And the very nicest way to get them is in *Borden's Hemo*. It's a glorious, *milk-chocolate* flavored drink that just teems with vitamins and minerals . . . food elements 3 out of 4 of us may not get enough of in our daily diet."

NEW BORDEN'S INSTANT COFFEE — FULL-FLAVORED AND SATISFYING!
Borden's
COFFEE

"Who's talking about diet?" exploded Elmer. "I'm hungry. I want to *eat*."

"Yes, Mr. Boss," smiled Elsie, "I'll bring you a snack, and with a good *name* on it, too. You see, I feel the way most women do: a maker's name is a sort of shopping guide. Without it, we'd be buying a pig in a poke."

"How in thunderation did pigs get mixed up in this?" stormed Elmer. "One minute you're telling me you don't want to run things, and the next, you're running away with the conversation. And you're always heading in one direction—Borden's."

"That's the very best direction to take," said Elsie, "when you're looking for really good coffee. For the new *Borden's Instant Coffee* is coffee as *coffee* should taste! It's rich and full-bodied. You make it in an instant. And no *grounds* for complaint, if you know what I mean!"

GREAT TREATS, BORDEN'S ICE CREAM— GREAT FOOD!

"Grounds," warned Elmer, "I'll have grounds for divorce if you don't turn off that Borden record."

"But, Borden's has a *wonderful* record," said Elsie. "When people see *Borden's* on a bottle, or a jar, or a package, they know they're in for the finest eating. For instance, *Borden's* on *Ice Cream* stands for grand, nourishing refreshment. Real food, too."

"Lay off, woman!" ordered Elmer. "If I'm the *head* of the house, I ask you—I *command* you—to get me something to eat, *pronto!* And make it good!"

"Certainly, darling," fluttered Elsie. "And it *will* be good—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

—if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

TUNE IN
GINNY SIMMS
IN A
GRAND RADIO SHOW
WITH COMEDY GUEST STARS
Friday Evenings, CBS

©The Borden Company

again did Lear raise hand or voice against Stars and Stripes.

Eldridge came to the paper after one of the nastiest incidents in the long war of news vs. propaganda.

Pending in Congress was the May bill, a measure which would have provided federal power to assign civilian workers to specific war jobs. The bill had aroused bitter opposition. The War Department wanted it enacted.

On the eve of a critical subcommittee hearing on the bill, Lieutenant Colonel Goodfriend sent to the desk of the Paris Stars and Stripes an editorial entitled THE MAY BILL IS THE MUST BILL. The editorial was slugged "must." The sergeant on the desk protested. Here was Stars and Stripes, in defiance of the Articles of War, endorsing pending legislation and getting itself involved in a political row.

"All right," said the colonel, "I'll make it an order. Print that editorial."

"But this thing presumes to speak for the soldiers in the ETO," protested the sergeant. "This says the soldiers want the May bill passed. The question of propriety aside, how do you dare to speak for the soldiers about legislation without having sounded out their opinions?"

Goodfriend could not be moved. The editorial was printed. Wire-service men saw its startling newsworthiness and cabled it back to the States. Congressional opposition to the May bill smelled a rat in the apparently coincidental appearance of the editorial and began to sniff it out.

A Voice Comes from Washington

Two days before the editorial was written, there had come from Washington an urgent telephone call. Over the transatlantic circuit to the assembled brass of the I & E Division had come the voice of a colonel in the office of Robert Patterson, then Undersecretary of War.

The War Department, the voice declared, wanted an editorial from Stars and Stripes, "the voice of the soldiers," on the May bill. Thus the "must."

The soldier-editors were boiling mad, but so was the May bill opposition when the Republicans standing against the measure heard of the transatlantic phone call. For 24 hours it looked as if the wartime honeymoon between administration and opposition was to be split wide open. The Pentagon swiftly sought a scapegoat. They hit on Goodfriend.

From the CBI theater they rushed Fred Eldridge, flew him to Paris to take over Stars and Stripes.

Solbert, however, and the generals above him (who had just awarded Goodfriend a Bronze Star Medal for his editorials and orientation work) managed to stall off the War Department until, with no action, the affair simmered down. Then Eldridge was installed as an assistant to Goodfriend, who stayed on the job.

The untiring efforts of the colonels and generals to play newspapermen continued. The list of incidents could go on for as much as the 20,000 words of type which each day went into the paper,

Vic Dallaire and Ed Clark could stay in Strasbourg after the Army had pulled out, and they could continue to publish their area edition of Stars and Stripes, thus reassuring the civilian population and calming their fears that the Germans might return; but Vic and Ed went counter to orders in doing so, and their officers could demand that they be disciplined. . . .

Private Pat Mitchell could go out and dig up reams of data showing that American soldiers were selling millions of cigarettes, destined for combat troops, on the Paris black market, but there always would be the I & E brass to forbid publication. . . .

Officers' Offenses Hushed Up

When the scandal broke anyway, and the paper reported on page one the convictions of enlisted men for their parts in the black-market ring, there always would be the S.O.S. hierarchy of generals to forbid publication of an officer's conviction for a similar offense. . .

General Marshall could announce that American soldiers in the ETO were to be redeployed to the Pacific to help fight the Japs, but there were colonels and generals in the I & E Division who would try to prevent printing of General Marshall's announcement on the ground it was "bad for morale.". . .

Alan Morrison, the paper's only Negro reporter, could roam across the war describing the combat of Negro troops, but let him once quote a lieutenant general's ineptly worded order discontinuing segregation of Negro troops—thus officially confirming it had existed as policy—and the general was on the phone demanding Morrison's blood.

That is the way it was, in increasing degree, for four years of Stars and Stripes publication in London, Belfast, Cherbourg, Rennes, Paris, Nice, Strasbourg, Liége, Pfungstadt and Altdorf in Germany. And recently in the Mediterranean, the entire S & S staff requested transfer when the major in charge was removed for protesting censorship.

For the Army knows what sort of newspaper it wants. And it knows how to get it, even if it has to fight all the enlisted men on the staff and a few sympathetic officers.

THE END

Call Them Mister

Continued from page 23

"Yes, sir," said Corporal Rome.

In a sense the colonel was right: it was musical shorthand. Rome was at work on a string quartet. He seems to have turned out an amazing number of such opera while keeping his ear glued to the receiver. It matters very little whether anybody else ever plays his compositions; he'll play them himself. Nobody ever has to coax Rome to a piano and nobody ever leaves while he's there. There are Rome addicts who swear that the greatest unpublished song ever written in America is his little number, We're the Boy Rangers of America, Between the Ages of Ten.

The featured comedian in the show is Jules Munshin, a very funny gentleman who spent four years with Army shows and can have a great career provided somebody stands around continually with a club to bash him when he gets hammy. Kept in his place, he is very hilarious indeed but he suffers from a common complaint of comedians induced by the first audience snicker. At this juncture he will wrench his arm off at the elbow to keep the laughs coming. The Call Me Mister operating group have plans that will make Munshin great in his field; either that or homicide.

The featured dancer is Bill Callahan, late of the Merchant Marine, an agile and attractive boy looking something like a Mickey Rooney who has gone to prep school. The singers are Lawrence Winters, a Negro baritone good enough to have sung with Stokowski, and Paula Bane, a blonde who entertained troops in Italy, North Africa and Alaska.

Altogether, an excellent thing. The latest management worry is that people will forget about the war so completely that anything G.I. will soon grow stale. This is nonsense. It is either a good show or a bad show. This is a good show and Mr. Arnold Auerbach, late T/5 U.S. Army, will have a long summer in front of the theater with a slightly modified sign:

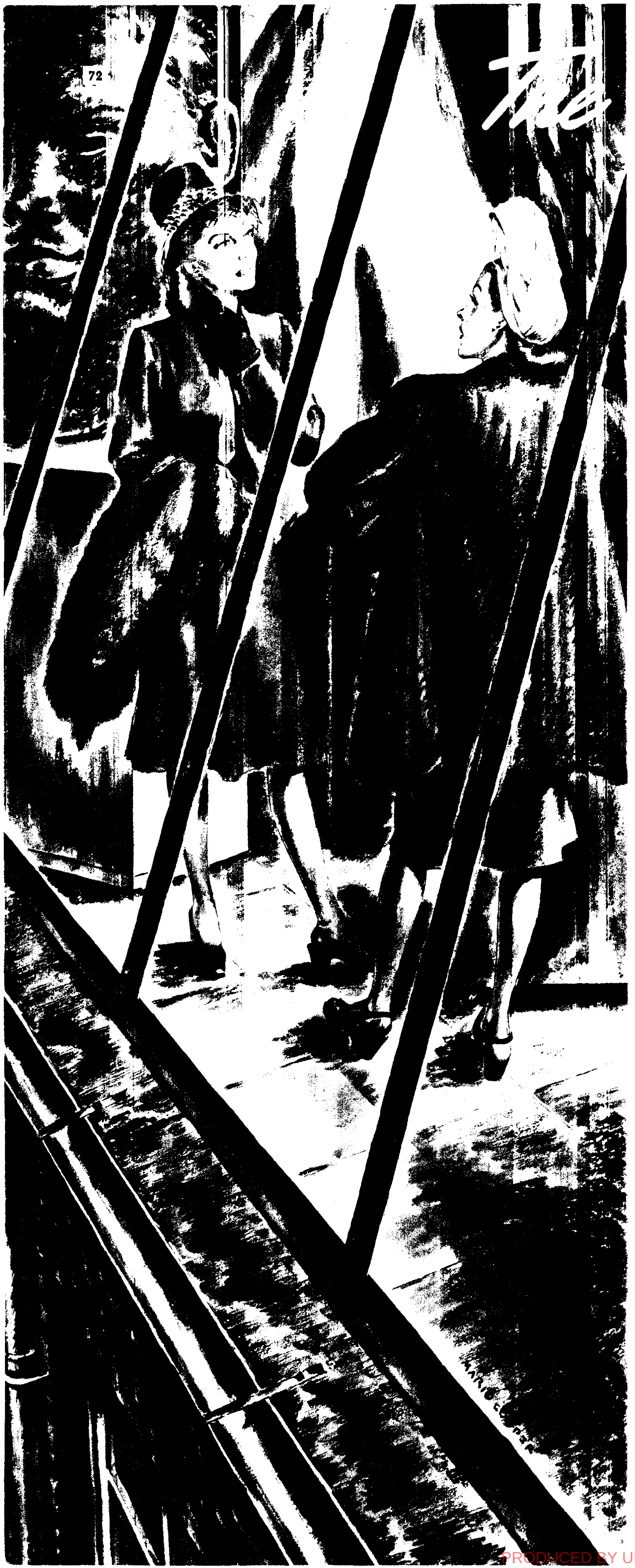
"Harold J. Rome is a lousy, happy millionaire."

THE END

Float thru Summer
COOL AS A POOL! . . . IN
The Spruce
BOSTONIAN Air-Cools
The Breezeway
Bostonians
FIT RIGHT · FEEL RIGHT
THEY'RE WALK-FITTED

Light as a ripple! Cool as a pool! "Air spaces" to let the breezes in! Refreshing . . . even when sidewalks sizzle! Treat your feet to comfortable, coolwise Bostonian Air-Cools today! $8.95 to $13.50. Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

Prices slightly higher in West.



"What's that?" said Midge, staring at the life-sized wooden figure. "It's rather frightening." "That," said Henrietta, "is the Worshiper"

The Outraged Heart

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

The Story:

M. Hercule Poirot had no sooner arrived as a luncheon guest of Sir Henry Angkatell than he found a murder on his hands: Walking down to meet Lady Angkatell at the swimming pool, he found Dr. John Christow lying dead by the pool with Gerda, his wife, standing over him, a revolver in her hand. But though every clue seemed to point to Gerda, and though Police Inspector Grange seemed certain of her guilt, M. Poirot was not wholly convinced. The ballistics expert had proved that the revolver Gerda held was not the weapon which had killed John Christow, and too many of the other guests of the Angkatells' week-end house party had been in one way or another involved with this man. There was the sculptress, Henrietta Savernake, John's mistress, who must have resented John's spending half the previous night with Veronica Cray, a movie star with whom he had been in love years ago. There was gentle, kindly Edward Angkatell who had loved Henrietta for years, and certainly had not been fond of John. There was young David Angkatell, who resented all the Angkatells for their wealth and assurance. And there was Midge Hardcastle who, in love with Edward, had angrily watched him yearn hopelessly for Henrietta. All might have committed the murder, yet equally all seemed innocent. But one important clue arose while M. Poirot was talking to Henrietta. As they sat together, he saw her begin to draw a rough sketch of a strange-shaped tree—the same sketch M. Poirot had seen twice before; once on a bridge marker the day of the crime, and again the following day, on the painted iron table by the pool. . . .

III

Voices came up from the woods below them. Henrietta said, "The inspector's men are looking for clues, I suppose."

Poirot said, "The real clues, Miss Savernake, in a case like this, usually lie in the personal relationships of the people concerned."

"I don't think I understand you."

"Little things," said Poirot, his head thrown back, his eyes half closed. "Not cigarette ash, or a rubber-heel mark—but a gesture, a look, an unexpected action. . . ."

Henrietta turned her head sharply to look at him. He felt her eyes but he did not turn his head. She said, "Are you thinking of—anything in particular?"

"I was thinking of how you stepped forward and took the revolver out of Mrs. Christow's hand and then dropped it in the pool."

He felt the slight start she gave.

"Gerda, Monsieur Poirot, is rather a clumsy person. In the shock of the moment, and if the revolver had had another cartridge in it, she might have fired it and—and hurt someone."

"But it was rather clumsy of *you*, was it not, to drop it in the pool?"

"What are you suggesting, Monsieur Poirot?"

"If there were fingerprints on that revolver, that is to say, fingerprints made *before Mrs. Christow handled it*, it would be interesting to know whose they were—and we'll never know that now."

Henrietta said quietly but steadily, "Meaning that you think they were *mine*. . . . You are suggesting that I shot John and then left the revolver beside him so that Gerda could come along and pick it up and be left holding the baby—that *is* what you are suggesting, isn't it? But surely, if I did that, you will give me credit for enough intelligence to have wiped off my own fingerprints first!"

"But surely *you* are intelligent enough to see, Mademoiselle, that if you had done so and if the revolver had had *no fingerprints on it but Mrs. Christow's, that* would have been very remarkable! For you were all shooting with that revolver the day before. Gerda Christow would hardly have wiped the revolver clean of fingerprints *before* using it—why should she?"

Henrietta said slowly, "So you think I killed John?"

"When Dr. Christow was dying, he said, *'Henrietta.'* "

"And you think that that was an accusation? It was not."

"What was it then?"

Henrietta said in a low voice, "Aren't you forgetting—what I told you not very long ago. I mean—the terms we were on?"

"Ah, yes—he was your lover—and so, as he is dying, he says 'Henrietta.' That is very touching."

She turned blazing eyes upon him. "Must you sneer?"

"I am not sneering. But I do not like being lied to—and that, I think, is what you are trying to do."

Henrietta said quietly: "I have told you that I am not very truthful—but when John said *'Henrietta,'* he was not accusing me of having murdered him. Can't you understand that people of my kind, who *make* things, are quite incapable of taking life? I don't kill people, Monsieur Poirot. I *couldn't* kill anyone. That's the plain stark truth. You suspect me simply because my name was murmured by a dying man who hardly knew what he was saying."

"Dr. Christow knew perfectly what he was saying. His voice was as alive and conscious as that of a doctor doing a vital operation who says sharply and urgently, 'Nurse, the forceps, please.' "

"But—" She seemed at a loss, taken aback. Hercule Poirot went on rapidly:

"And it is not just on account of what Dr. Christow said when he was dying. I do not believe for one moment that you are capable of premeditated murder—that, no. But you might have fired that shot in a sudden moment of fierce resentment—and if so—*if* so, Mademoiselle, you have the creative imagination and ability to cover your tracks."

Henrietta got up. She stood for a moment, pale and shaken, looking at him. She said with a sudden rueful smile, "And I thought you liked me."

Hercule Poirot sighed. He said, "That is what is so unfortunate for me. I do."

When Henrietta had left him, Poirot sat on until he saw below him Inspector Grange walk past the pool with a resolute easy stride and take the path on past the pavilion.

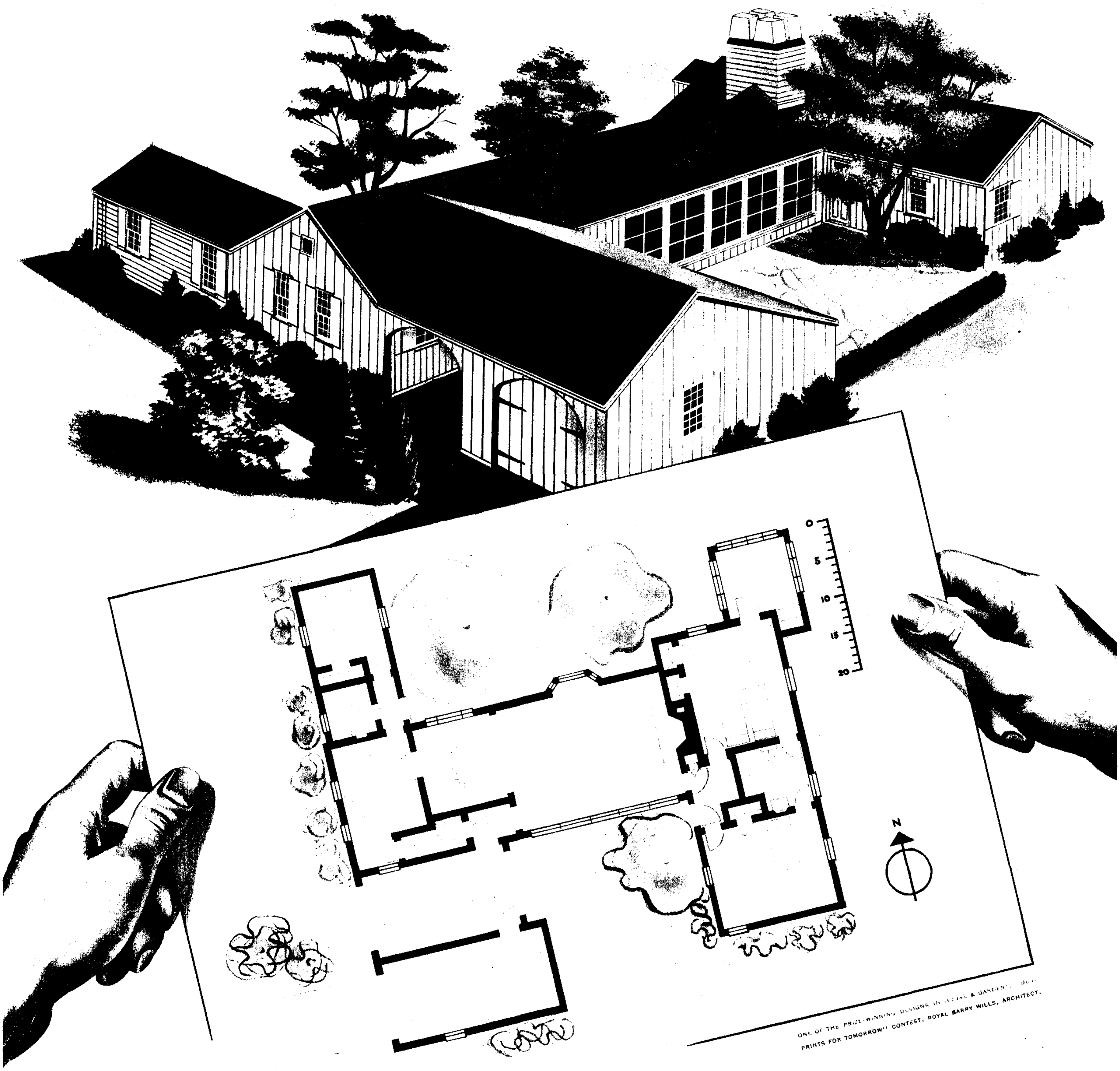
The inspector was walking in a purposeful way.

He must be going, therefore, either to Poirot's cottage, Resthaven, or to Dovecotes. Poirot wondered which.

He got up and retraced his steps along the way he had come. If Inspector Grange was coming to see him, he was interested to hear what the inspector had to say.

But when he got back to Resthaven

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



ONE OF THE PRIZE-WINNING DESIGNS IN HOUSE & GARDEN'S "BUY PRINTS FOR TOMORROW" CONTEST. ROYAL BARRY WILLS, ARCHITECT.

What is lacking in this house plan?

Don't strain your eyes looking for misplaced closets. The architect didn't make any mistakes.

The thing that is lacking in this house plan is life insurance covering the full amount of the mortgage. This mortgage protection makes it certain that the house will be "free and clear" even though something might happen to the breadwinner of the family.

Paying off a mortgage is only one of the good things that life insurance can do for you and your family. It can provide an education for your children, give your wife a chance to train herself for a good job if anything should happen to you — pile up money for your own use when you reach retirement age.

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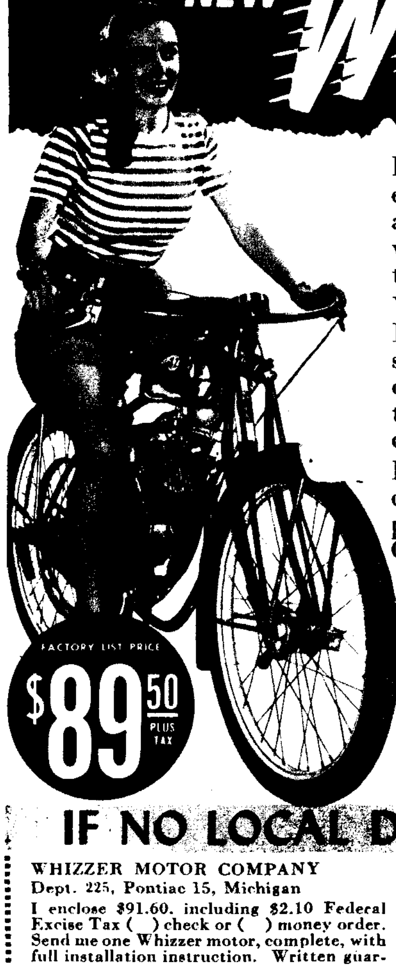

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Install a Whizzer on *your* bike! Get this convenient, low-cost, door-to-door transportation now! WHIZZER MOTOR COMPANY, Pontiac 15, Michigan.

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there was no sign of a visitor. Poirot looked thoughtfully up the lane in the direction of Dovecotes. Veronica Cray had not, he knew, gone back to London.

He found his curiosity rising about Veronica Cray. The pale shining fox furs, the heaped boxes of matches, that sudden imperfectly explained invasion of The Hollow on the Saturday night, and finally Henrietta Savernake's revelations about John Christow and Veronica.

It was, he thought, an interesting pattern. . . . Yes, that was how he saw it: a pattern.

A design of intermingled emotions and the clash of personalities. A strange involved design, with dark threads of hate and desire running through it.

Had Gerda Christow shot her husband? Or was it not quite so simple as that?

He thought of his conversation with Henrietta and decided that it was not so simple.

Henrietta had jumped to the conclusion that he suspected her of the murder, but actually he had not gone nearly so far as that in his mind. No further indeed than the belief that Henrietta knew something. Knew something or was concealing something—which?

He shook his head, dissatisfied.

The scene by the pool. A set scene. A stage scene. Staged by whom?

Staged *for* whom?

The answer to the second question was, he strongly suspected, Hercule Poirot. He had thought so at the time. But he had thought then that it was an impertinence—a joke.

It was still an impertinence—but not a joke.

And the answer to the first question?

He shook his head. He did not know. He had not the least idea.

But he half closed his eyes and conjured them up—all of them—seeing them clearly in his mind's eye. Sir Henry, upright, responsible, trusted administrator of Empire. Lady Angkatell, shadowy, elusive, unexpectedly and bewilderingly charming, with that deadly power of inconsequent suggestion. Henrietta Savernake, who had loved John Christow better than she loved herself. The gentle and negative Edward Angkatell. The dark, positive girl called Midge Hardcastle. The dazed bewildered face of Gerda Christow clasping a revolver in her hand. The offended adolescent personality of David Angkatell.

There they all were, caught and held in the meshes of the law. Bound together for a little while in the relentless aftermath of sudden and violent death. All of them had their own tragedy, their own story.

And somewhere in that interplay of characters and emotions lay the truth. . . .

To Hercule Poirot there was only one thing more fascinating than the study of human beings, and that was the pursuit of truth. . . . He meant to know the truth of John Christow's death.

VERONICA CRAY was not, somehow, at all what the inspector had imagined. He had been prepared for glamor, for artificiality, even possibly, for heroics. He would not have been at all surprised if she had put on an act of some kind.

In fact she was, he shrewdly suspected, putting on an act. But it was not the kind of act he had expected. There was no overdone feminine charm--glamor was not stressed.

Instead he felt that he was sitting opposite an exceedingly good-looking and expensively dressed woman who was also a good businesswoman. Veronica Cray, he thought, was no fool.

"But, of course, Inspector," said Veronica. "I'm only too anxious to help you."

"We just want a clear statement, Miss Cray. You came over to The Hollow on Saturday evening?"

"Yes, I'd run out of matches. One forgets how important these things are in the country."

"You went all the way to The Hollow? Why not to your next-door neighbor, M. Poirot?"

She smiled—a confident, camera smile. "I didn't know who my next-door neighbor was—otherwise I should have. I just thought he was some little foreigner and thought, you know, he might become a bore—living so near."

Yes, thought Grange, quite plausible. She'd worked that one out ready for the occasion.

"You got your matches," he said. "And you recognized an old friend in Dr. Christow, I understand?"

She nodded. "Poor John. Yes, I hadn't seen him for fifteen years."

"Really?" There was polite disbelief in the inspector's tone.

"Really." Her tone was firmly assertive.

"You were pleased to see him?"

"Very pleased. It's always delightful, don't you think, Inspector, to come across an old friend?"

"It can be on some occasions."

Veronica Cray went on without waiting for further questioning:

"John saw me home. You'll want to know if he said anything that could have a bearing on the tragedy, and I've been thinking over our conversation carefully—but really there wasn't a pointer of any kind."

"What did you talk about, Miss Cray?"

SHE smiled pensively. "Old Days. 'Do you remember this, that, and the other?' We had known each other in the south of France. John had really changed very little—older, of course, and more assured. I gather he had become quite well known in his profession. He didn't talk about his personal life at all. I just got the impression that his married life wasn't perhaps frightfully happy—but it was only the vaguest impression. I suppose his wife, poor thing, is one of those dim, jealous women—probably always making a fuss about his better-looking lady patients."

"No," said Grange. "She doesn't really seem to have been that way."

Veronica said quickly, "You mean—it was all *underneath?* Yes—yes, I can see that that would be far more dangerous."

"I see you think Mrs. Christow shot him, Miss Cray?"

"I oughtn't to have said that! One mustn't comment—is that it?—before a trial. I'm extremely sorry, Inspector. It was just that my maid told me she'd been found actually standing over the body with the revolver still in her hand. You know how in these quiet country places everything gets so exaggerated and servants do pass things on."

"Servants can be very useful sometimes, Miss Cray."

"Yes, I suppose you get a lot of your information that way."

Grange went on stolidly, "It's a question, of course, of who had a motive—"

He paused. Veronica said with a faint rueful smile, "And a wife is always the first suspect? That is life, isn't it? But there's usually what's called 'the other woman.' I suppose *she* might be considered to have had a motive, too?"

"You think there was another woman in Dr. Christow's life?"

"Well—yes, I did rather imagine there might be. One just gets an impression, you know."

"Impressions can be very helpful sometimes," said Grange.

"I rather imagined—from what he said—that that sculptress woman was, well, a very close friend. But I expect you know all about that already?"

"We have to look into all these things."

Inspector Grange's voice was strictly noncommittal, but he saw, without appearing to see, a quick spiteful flash of satisfaction in those large blue eyes.

He said, making the question very official, "Dr. Christow saw you home, you say. What time was it when you said good night to him?"

"Do you know, I really can't remember! We talked for some time, I do know that. It must have been quite late."

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"He came in?"

"Yes, I gave him a drink."

"I see. I imagined your conversation might have taken place in the—er—pavilion by the swimming pool."

He saw her eyelids flicker. There was hardly a moment's hesitation before she said, "You really *are* a detective, aren't you? Yes, we sat there and smoked and talked for some time. How did you know?"

Her face bore the pleased, eager expression of a child asking to be shown a clever trick.

"You left your furs behind there, Miss Cray." He added without emphasis, "And the matches."

"Yes, of course I did."

"Dr. Christow returned to The Hollow at 3 A.M.," announced the inspector, again without emphasis.

"Was it really as late as that?" Veronica sounded quite amazed.

"Yes, it was, Miss Cray."

"Of course we had so much to talk over—not having seen each other for so many years."

"Are you sure it was quite so long since you had seen Dr. Christow?"

"I've just told you I hadn't seen him for fifteen years."

"Are you quite sure you're not making a mistake? I've got the impression you might have been seeing quite a lot of him?"

"What on earth makes you think that?"

"Well, this note for one thing." Inspector Grange took out a letter from his pocket, glanced down at it, cleared his throat and read: *Please come over this morning. I must see you—Veronica.*

"Ye-es." She smiled. "It *is* a little peremptory, perhaps. I'm afraid Hollywood makes one—well, rather arrogant."

"Dr. Christow came over to your house the following morning in answer to that summons. You had a quarrel. Would you care to tell me, Miss Cray, what that quarrel was about?"

The inspector had unmasked his batteries. He was quick to seize the flash of anger, the ill-tempered tightening of the lips. She snapped out, "We didn't quarrel."

"Oh, yes, you did, Miss Cray. Your last words were, 'I think I hate you more than I believed I could hate anyone.'"

She was silent now. He could feel her thinking—thinking quickly and warily. Some women might have rushed into speech. But Veronica Cray was too clever for that.

She shrugged her shoulders and said lightly, "I see. More servants' tales. My little maid has rather a lively imagination. There are different ways of saying things, you know. I can assure you that I wasn't being melodramatic. It was really a mildly flirtatious remark. We had been sparring together."

"Those words were not intended to be taken seriously?"

"Certainly not. And I can assure you, Inspector, that it *was* fifteen years since I had last seen John Christow. You can verify that for yourself." She was poised again, detached, sure of herself.

Grange did not argue or pursue the subject. He got up. "That's all for the moment, Miss Cray," he said pleasantly.

He went out of Dovecotes and down the lane and turned in at the gate of Resthaven.

HERCULE POIROT stared at the inspector in the utmost surprise. He repeated incredulously, "The revolver that Gerda Christow was holding and which was subsequently dropped into the pool was not the revolver that fired the fatal shot? But that is extraordinary."

"Exactly, Monsieur Poirot," Inspector Grange agreed. "Put bluntly, it just doesn't make sense."

Poirot murmured softly, "No, it does not make sense. . . . But all the same, Inspector, it has got to make sense, eh?"

The inspector said heavily, "That's just it, Monsieur Poirot. We've got to find some way that it does make sense—but at the moment, I can't see it. The truth is that we shan't get much further until we've found the gun that *was* used. It came from Sir Henry's collection all right—at least there's one missing—and that means that the whole thing is still tied up with The Hollow."

"Yes," murmured Poirot. "It is still tied up with The Hollow."

"It seemed a simple straightforward business," went on the inspector. "Well, it isn't so simple or so straightforward."

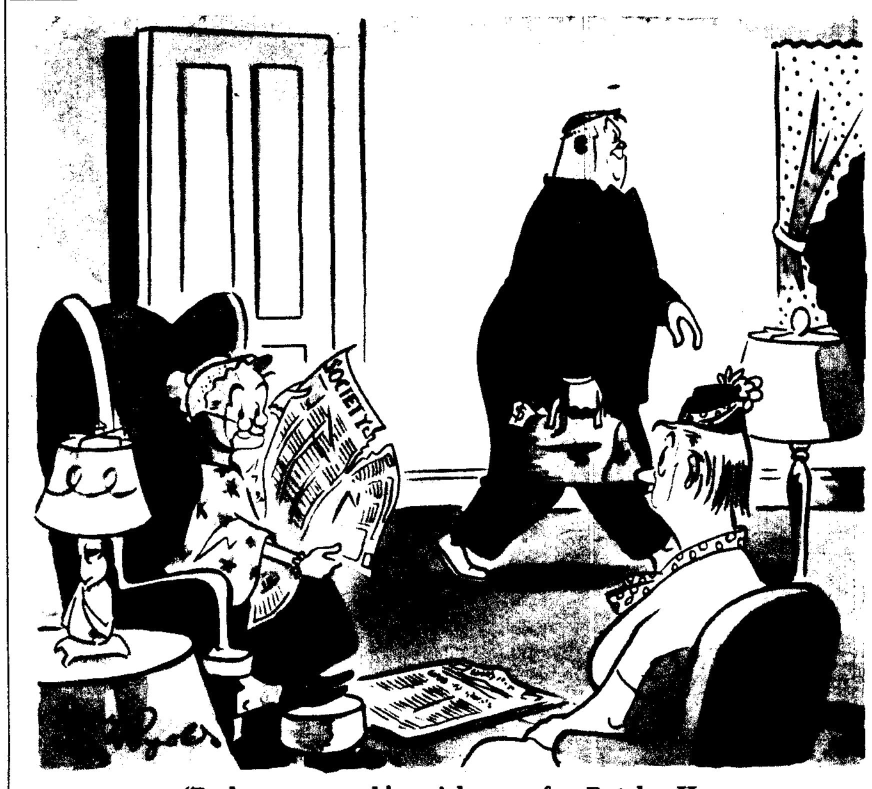
"No," said Poirot, "it is not simple."

"We've got to admit the possibility that the thing was a frame-up—that's to say that it was all set to implicate Gerda Christow. But if that was so, why not leave the right revolver lying by the body for her to pick up?"

"She might not have picked it up."

"That's true, but even if she didn't, so long as nobody else's fingerprints were on the gun—that's to say if it was wiped after use—she would probably have been sus-

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



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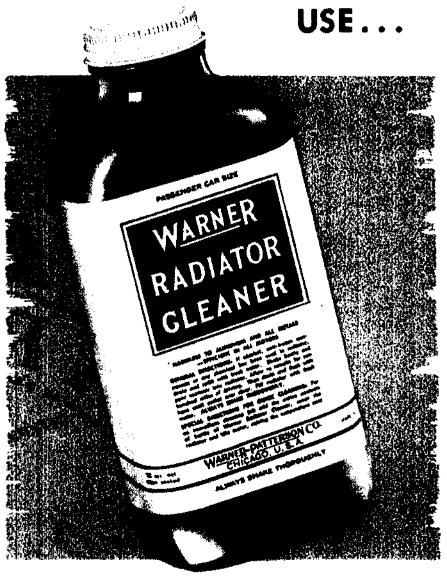

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pected all right. And that's what the murderer wanted, wasn't it?"

"Was it?"

Grange stared. "Well, if you'd done a murder, you'd want to plant it good and quick on someone else, wouldn't you? That would be a murderer's normal reaction."

"Ye-es," said Poirot. "But then perhaps we have here a rather unusual type of murderer. It is possible that *that* is the solution of our problem."

"What is the solution?"

Poirot said thoughtfully, "An unusual type of murderer."

Inspector Grange stared at him curiously. He said, "But then—what *was* the murderer's idea? What was he or she getting at?"

Poirot spread out his hands with a sigh.

"I have no idea—I have no idea at all. But it seems to me—dimly—"

"Yes?"

"That the murderer is someone who wanted to kill John Christow but who did *not* want to implicate Gerda Christow."

"H'm! Actually we suspected her right away."

"Ah, yes, but it was only a matter of time before the facts about the gun came to light, and that was bound to give a new angle. In the interval the murderer has had time—" Poirot came to a full stop.

"Time to do what?"

"Ah, *mon ami*, there you have me. Again I have to say I do not know."

INSPECTOR GRANGE took a turn or two up and down the room. Then he stopped and came to a stand in front of Poirot.

"I've come to you this afternoon, Monsieur Poirot, for two reasons. One is because I know—it's pretty well known in the Force—that you're a man of wide experience who's done some very tricky work on this type of problem. That's reason Number One. But there's another reason. You were there. You were an eyewitness. You *saw* what happened."

Poirot nodded.

"Yes, I *saw* what happened—but the eyes, Inspector Grange, are very unreliable witnesses."

"What do you mean?"

"The eyes see, sometimes, what they are *meant* to see."

"You think that it was planned out beforehand?"

"I suspect it. It was exactly, you understand, like a stage scene. What I *saw* was clear enough: A man who had just been shot and the woman who had shot him holding in her hand the gun she had just used. That is what I *saw*, and already we know that in one particular the picture is wrong. That gun had *not* been used to shoot John Christow."

"H'm." The inspector pulled his drooping mustache firmly downward. "What you are getting at is that some of the other particulars of the picture may be wrong, too?"

Poirot nodded. He said, "There were three other people present—three people who had *apparently* just arrived on the scene. But that may not be true either. The pool is surrounded by a thick grove of young chestnuts. From the pool five paths lead away, one to the house, one up to the woods, one up to the flower walk, one down from the pool to the farm and one to the lane here.

"Of those three people, each one came along a different path—Edward Angkatell from the woods above, Lady Angkatell up from the farm, and Henrietta Savernake from the flower border above the house. Those three arrived upon the scene of the crime almost simultaneously, and a few minutes after Gerda Christow.

"But one of those three, Inspector, could have been at the pool *before* Gerda Christow, could have shot John Christow, and could have retreated up or down one of the paths and then, turning round, could have arrived at the same time as the others."

Inspector Grange said, "Yes, it's possible."

"And another possibility, not envisaged at the time. Someone could have come along the path from the lane, could have shot John Christow, and could have gone back the same way, unseen."

Grange said, "You're dead right. There are two other possible suspects besides Gerda Christow. We've got the same motive—jealousy—it's definitely a *crime passionel*—there were two other women mixed up with John Christow."

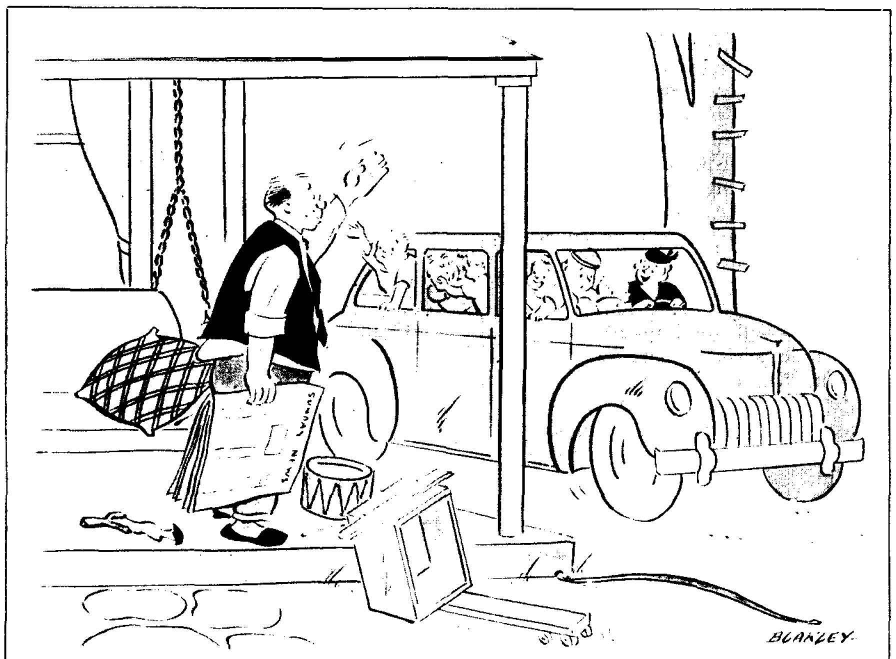
Grange paused and said, "Christow went over to see Veronica Cray that morning. They had a row. She told him that she'd make him sorry for what he'd done and she said she hated him more than she believed she could hate anyone."

"Interesting," murmured Poirot.

"She could have come along to get her furs which she'd left in the pavilion the night before. They could have met—the whole thing could have flared up—she fired at him—and then, hearing someone coming, she could have dodged back the way she came."

He paused a moment and added irritably, "And now we come to the part where it all goes haywire. That damned gun! Unless," his eyes brightened, "she shot him with her own gun and dropped one that she'd pinched from Sir Henry's study so as to throw suspicion on the crowd at The Hollow. She mightn't know about our being able to identify the gun used from the marks on the rifling."

"How many people do know that, I wonder?"



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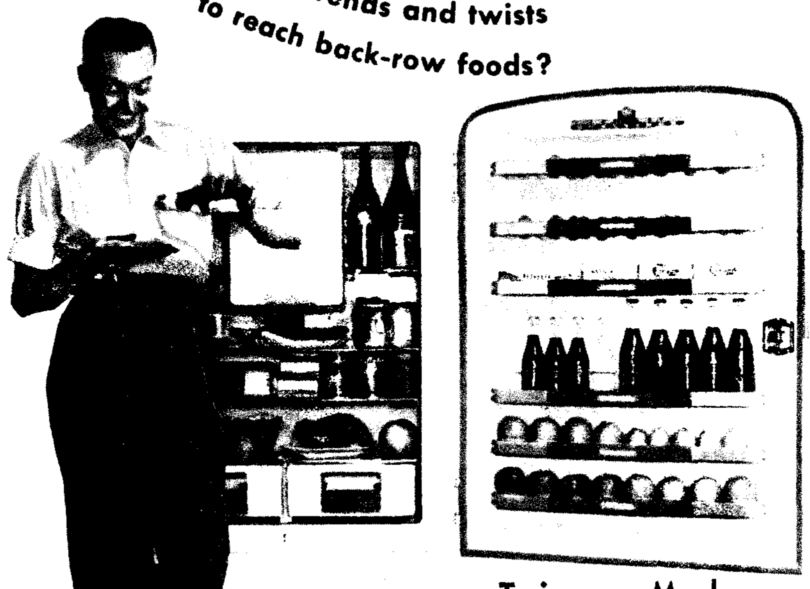

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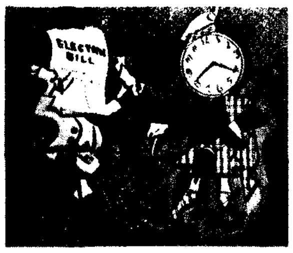

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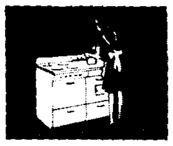

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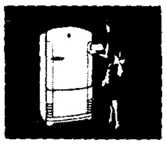

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"I put the point to Sir Henry. He said he thought quite a lot of people would know—on account of all the detective stories that are written."

"But Veronica Cray would have had to have got the gun somehow from Sir Henry's study."

"Yes, it would mean premeditation . . ." The inspector took another tug at his mustache, then he looked at Poirot. "But you've hinted yourself at another possibility, Monsieur Poirot. There's Miss Savernake. And here's where your eyewitness stuff, or rather I should say earwitness stuff, comes in again. Dr. Christow said 'Henrietta' when he was dying. You heard him—they all heard him, though Mr. Angkatell doesn't seem to have caught what he said—"

"Edward Angkatell did not hear? That is interesting."

"But the others did. Miss Savernake herself says he tried to speak to her. Lady Angkatell says he opened his eyes, saw Miss Savernake, and said 'Henrietta.' She doesn't, I think, attach any importance to it."

Poirot smiled. "No—she would not attach importance to it."

"Now, Monsieur Poirot, what about you? You were there—you saw—you heard. Was Dr. Christow trying to tell you all that it was Henrietta who had shot him? In short, was that word an *accusation?*"

Poirot said slowly, "I did not think so at the time."

"But now, sir? What do you think *now?*"

POIROT sighed. Then he said slowly, "It may have been so. I cannot say more than that. It is an impression only for which you are asking me, but I am humiliated to have to say that my impressions are valueless. I was under the misconception, induced by the visual evidence, that Mrs. Christow had just shot her husband; so that when Dr. Christow opened his eyes and said 'Henrietta,' I never thought of it as being an accusation. It is tempting now, looking back, to read into that scene something that was not there."

"I know what you mean," said Grange. "But it seems to me that since 'Henrietta' was the last word Christow spoke, it must have meant one of two things. It was either an accusation of murder or else it was—well, purely emotional. She's the woman he's in love with and he's dying. Now, bearing everything in mind which of the two did it sound like to you?"

Poirot sighed, stirred, closed his eyes, opened them again, stretched out his hands in acute vexation. He said, "His voice was urgent—that is all I can say—*urgent*. It seemed to me neither accusing, nor emotional—but urgent, yes! And of one thing I am sure. He was in full possession of his faculties. He spoke—yes, he spoke like a doctor—a doctor who has, say, a sudden surgical emergency on his hands—a patient who is bleeding to death, perhaps. . . ." Poirot shrugged his shoulders. "That is the best I can do for you."

"Medical, eh?" said the inspector. "Well, yes, that *is* a third way of looking at it. He was shot, he suspected he was dying, he wanted something done for him quickly. And if, as Lady Angkatell says, Miss Savernake was the first person he saw when his eyes opened, then he would appeal to her . . . It's not very satisfactory, though."

"Nothing about this case is satisfactory," said Poirot with some bitterness.

A murder scene, set and staged to deceive Hercule Poirot—and which *had* deceived him! No, it was not satisfactory.

Inspector Grange was looking out of the window.

"Hullo," he said, "here's Clark, my sergeant. Looks as though he's got something. He's been working on the servants—the friendly touch. He's a nice-looking chap, got a way with women."

Sergeant Clark came in a little breathlessly. He was clearly pleased with himself, though subduing the fact under a respectful official manner.

"Thought I'd better come and report, sir, since I knew where you'd gone."

He hesitated, shooting a doubtful glance at Poirot whose exotic foreign appearance did not commend itself to his sense of official reticence.

"Out with it, my lad," said Grange. "Never mind Monsieur Poirot here. He's forgotten more about this game than you'll know for many years to come."

"Yes, sir. It's this way, sir. I got something out of the kitchenmaid—"

Grange interrupted. He turned to Poirot triumphantly.

"What did I tell you? There's always hope where there's a kitchenmaid. They're so kept down and in their place by the cook and the upper servants that it's only human nature to talk about what they know to someone who wants to hear it. Go on, Clark."

"This is what the girl says, sir. That on Sunday afternoon she saw Gudgeon, the butler, walking across the hall with a revolver in his hand."

"Gudgeon?"

"Yes, sir." Clark referred to a notebook. "These are her own words: 'I don't know what to do, but I think I ought to say what I saw that day. I saw Mr. Gudgeon. He was standing in the hall with a revolver in his hand. Mr. Gudgeon looked very peculiar indeed.'

"I don't suppose," said Clark, breaking off, "that the part about looking peculiar means anything. She probably put that in out of her head. But I thought you ought to know about it at once, sir."

Inspector Grange rose, with the satisfaction of a man who sees a task ahead of him which he is well fitted to perform.

"Gudgeon?" he said. "I'll have a word with Mr. Gudgeon right away."

SITTING once more in Sir Henry's study, Inspector Grange stared at the impassive face of the man in front of him.

So far, the honors lay with Gudgeon.

"I am very sorry, sir," he repeated. "I suppose I ought to have mentioned the occurrence, but it had slipped my memory."

He looked apologetically from the inspector to Sir Henry.

"It was about five-thirty if I remember rightly, sir. I was crossing the hall to see if there were any letters for the post when I noticed a revolver lying on the hall table. I presumed it was from the master's collection, so I picked it up and brought it in here. There was a gap on the shelf by the mantelpiece where it had come from, so I replaced it where it belonged."

"Point it out to me," said Grange.

Gudgeon rose and went to the shelf in question, the inspector close beside him.

"It was this one, sir," Gudgeon's finger indicated a small Mauser pistol at the end of the row.

It was a .25—quite a small weapon. It was certainly not the gun that had killed John Christow.

Grange, with his eyes on Gudgeon's face, said, "That's an automatic pistol, not a revolver."

Gudgeon coughed.

"Indeed, sir? I'm afraid that I am not at all well up in firearms. I may have used the term revolver rather loosely, sir."

"But you are quite sure that that is the gun you found in the hall and brought in here?"

"Oh, yes, sir, there can be no possible doubt about that."

Grange stopped him as he was about to stretch out a hand.

"Don't touch it, please. I must examine it for fingerprints and to see if it is loaded."

"I don't think it is loaded, sir. None of Sir Henry's collection is kept loaded. And as for fingerprints, I polished it over with my handkerchief before replacing it, sir, so there will only be my fingerprints on it."

"Why did you do that?" asked Grange sharply.

But Gudgeon's apologetic smile did not waver.

"I fancied it might be dusty, sir."

The door opened and Lady Angkatell came in. She smiled at the inspector.

"How nice to see you, Inspector Grange. What is all this about a revolver and Gudgeon? That child in the kitchen is in floods of tears. Mrs. Medway has been bullying her—but of course the girl was quite right to say what she saw if she thought she ought to do so. I always find right and wrong so bewildering myself—easy, you know if right is unpleasant and wrong is agreeable, because then one knows where one is—but confusing when it is the other way about—and I think, don't you, Inspector, that everyone must do what he thinks right himself. What have you been telling them about that pistol, Gudgeon?"

Gudgeon said with respectful emphasis, "The pistol was in the hall, my lady, on the center table. I have no idea where it came from. I brought it in here and put it away in its proper place. That is what I have just told the inspector and he quite understands."

Lady Angkatell shook her head. She said gently, "You really shouldn't have said that, Gudgeon. I'll talk to the inspector myself."

Gudgeon made a slight movement, and Lady Angkatell said very charmingly, "I do appreciate your motives, Gudgeon. I know how you always try to save us trouble and annoyance." She added in gentle dismissal, "That will be all now."

GUDGEON hesitated, threw a fleeting glance toward Sir Henry and then at the inspector, then bowed and moved toward the door.

Grange made a motion as though to stop him, but for some reason he was not able to define to himself, he let his arm fall. Gudgeon went out and closed the door.

Lady Angkatell dropped into a chair and smiled at the two men. She said conversationally, "You know, I really do think that was very charming of Gudgeon. Quite feudal, if you know what I mean."

Grange said stiffly, "Am I to understand, Lady Angkatell, that you yourself have some further knowledge about the matter?"

"Of course. Gudgeon didn't find it in the hall at all. He found it when he took the eggs out."

"The eggs?" Inspector Grange stared at her.

"Out of the basket," said Lady Angkatell. She seemed to think that everything was now quite clear.

Sir Henry said gently, "You must tell us a little more, my dear. Inspector Grange and I are still at sea."

"Oh." Lady Angkatell set herself to be explicit. "The pistol you see was *in* the basket, *under* the eggs."

"What basket and what eggs, Lady Angkatell?"

"The basket I took down to the farm. The pistol was in it, and then I put the eggs in on top of the pistol and forgot all about it. And when we found poor John Christow dead by the pool, it was such a shock I let go of the basket and Gudgeon just caught it in time—because of the eggs, I mean. If I'd dropped it they would have been broken. And he brought it back to the house. And later I asked him about writing the date on the eggs—a thing I always do—otherwise one eats the fresher eggs sometimes before the older ones—and he said all that had been attended to—and now that I remember, he was rather emphatic about it. And that is what I mean by being feudal. He found the pistol and put it back in here—I suppose really because there were police in the house. Servants are always so worried by police, I find. Very nice and loyal—but also quite stupid, because, of course, Inspector, it's the truth you want to hear, isn't it?"

And Lady Angkatell finished up by giving the inspector a beaming smile.

"The truth is what I mean to get," said Grange rather grimly.

Lady Angkatell sighed.

"It all seems such a fuss, doesn't it?" she said. "I mean all this hounding people down. I don't suppose whoever it was who shot John Christow really meant to shoot him—not seriously, I mean. If it was Gerda, I'm sure she didn't. In fact I'm really surprised that she didn't miss—it's the sort of thing that one would expect of Gerda. And she's really a very nice kind creature. And if you go and put her in prison and hang her, what on earth is going to happen to the children? If she did shoot John, she's probably dreadfully sorry about it now. It's bad enough for children to have a father who's been murdered—but it will make it infinitely worse for them to have their mother hanged for it. Sometimes I don't think you policemen *think* of these things."

"We are not contemplating arresting anyone at present, Lady Angkatell."

"Well, that's sensible at any rate. But I have thought all along, Inspector Grange, that you were a very sensible sort of man."

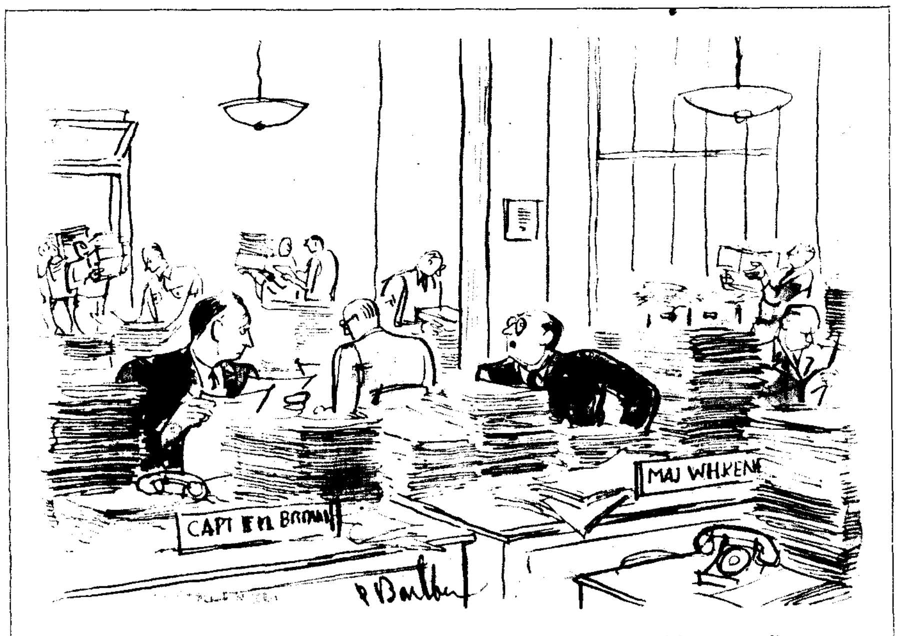
Again that charming, almost dazzling smile.

Inspector Grange blinked a little. He could not help it, but he came firmly to the point at issue.

"As you said just now, Lady Angkatell, it's the truth I want to get at. You took the pistol from here—which gun was it, by the way?"

Lady Angkatell nodded her head toward the shelf by the mantelpiece. "The second from the end. The Mauser .25." Something in the crisp technical way she spoke jarred on Grange. He had not, somehow, expected Lady Angkatell whom up to now he had labeled in his own mind as "vague" and "just a bit batty" to describe a firearm with such technical precision.

"You took the pistol from here and put it in your basket. Why?"



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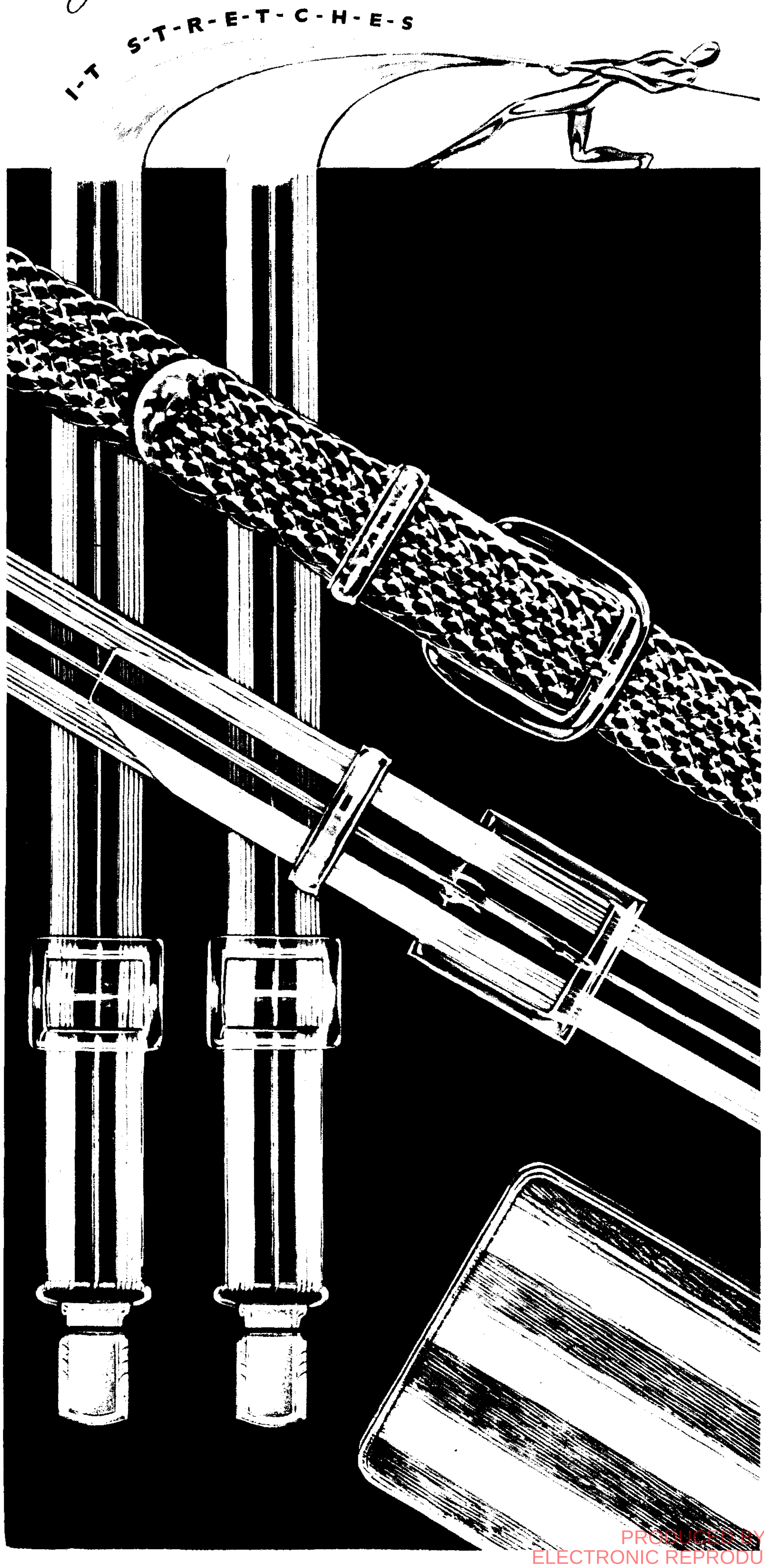


"I knew you'd ask me that," said Lady Angkatell. Her tone, unexpectedly, was almost triumphant. "And of course there must be some reason. Don't you think so, Henry?" She turned to her husband. "Don't you think I must have had a reason for taking a pistol out that morning?"

"I should certainly have thought so, my dear," said Sir Henry stiffly.

"One does things," said Lady Angkatell, gazing thoughtfully in front of her, "and then one doesn't remember why one has done them. But I think, you know, Inspector, that there always is a reason if one can only get at it. I must have had *some* idea in my head when I put the Mauser into my egg basket." She appealed to him. "What do you think it could have been?"

Grange stared at her. She displayed no embarrassment—just a childlike eagerness. It beat him. He had never yet met anyone like Lucy Angkatell and just for the moment he didn't know what to do about it.

"My wife," said Sir Henry, "is extremely absent-minded, Inspector."

"So it seems, sir," said Grange. He did not say it very nicely.

"Why do *you* think I took that pistol?" Lady Angkatell asked him confidentially.

"I have no idea, Lady Angkatell."

"I came in here," mused Lady Angkatell. "I had been talking to Simmons about the pillowcases—and I remember dimly crossing over to the fireplace—and thinking we must get a new poker—the curate, not the rector—"

Inspector Grange stared. He felt his head going round.

"And I remember picking up the Mauser—it was a nice handy little gun, I've always liked it—and dropping it into the basket—I'd just got the basket from the flower room—But there were so many things in my head—Simmons, you know, and the bindweed in the Michaelmas daisies—and hoping Mrs. Medway would be able to make us a *really* good lunch—the sort that a discriminating foreigner would enjoy."

INSPECTOR GRANGE spoke fiercely and brusquely, feeling like a man who brushes away fine spiders' webs which are impairing his vision.

"Did you load the pistol?"

He had hoped to startle her—perhaps even to frighten her a little, but Lady Angkatell only considered the question with a kind of desperate thoughtfulness.

"Now did I? That's so stupid. I can't remember. But I should think I must have, don't you, Inspector? I mean what's the good of a pistol without ammunition? I wish I could remember exactly what was in my head at the time."

"My dear Lucy," said Sir Henry. "What goes on or does not go on in your head has for years been the despair of everyone who knows you well."

She flashed him a very sweet smile.

"I *am* trying to remember, Henry dear. One does such curious things. I picked up the telephone receiver the other morning and found myself looking down at it quite bewildered. I couldn't imagine what I wanted with it."

"Presumably you were going to ring someone up," said the inspector coldly.

"No, funnily enough, I wasn't. I remembered afterwards—I'd been wondering why Mrs. Mears, the gardener's wife, held her baby in such an odd way, and I picked up the telephone receiver to try, you know, just how one would hold a baby and of course I realized that it had looked odd because Mrs. Mears was left-handed and had its head the other way round."

She looked triumphantly from one to the other of the two men.

Well, thought the inspector, I suppose it's possible that there *are* people like this. . . .

But he did not feel very sure about it. The whole thing, he realized, might be a tissue of lies. The kitchenmaid, for instance, had distinctly stated that it was a revolver Gudgeon had been holding. Still, you couldn't set much store by that. The girl knew nothing of firearms. She had heard a revolver talked about in connection with the crime, and revolver or pistol would be all one to her.

Both Gudgeon and Lady Angkatell had specified the Mauser pistol—but there was nothing to prove their statement. It might actually have been the missing revolver that Gudgeon had been handling and he might have returned it, not to the study, but to Lady Angkatell herself. The servants seemed absolutely besotted about the damned woman.

Supposing it was actually she who had shot John Christow? (But why should she? He couldn't see why.) Would they still back her up and tell lies for her? He had an uncomfortable feeling that that was just what they would do.

And now this fantastic story of hers about not being able to remember—surely she could think up something better than that. And looking so natural about it—not in the least embarrassed or apprehensive. Damn it all, she gave you the impression that she was speaking the literal truth.

He got up.

"When you remember a little more, perhaps you'll tell me, Lady Angkatell," he said dryly.

She answered, "Of course I will, Inspector. Things come to one quite suddenly sometimes."

Grange went out of the study. In the hall he put a finger round the inside of his collar and drew a deep breath. He felt all tangled up in thistledown.

WHEN the inspector had closed the door, Lady Angkatell flitted about the study, touching things here and there with a vague forefinger. Sir Henry sat back in his chair watching her. He said at last, "Why did you take the pistol, Lucy?"

Lady Angkatell came back and sank down gracefully into a chair.

"I'm not really quite sure, Henry. I suppose I had some vague ideas of an accident."

"Accident?"

"Yes. All those roots of trees, you know," said Lady Angkatell vaguely, "sticking out—so easy, just to trip over one . . . One might have had a few shots at the target and left one shot in the magazine—careless, of course—but then people *are* careless. I've always thought, you know, that accident would be the simplest way to do a thing of that kind. One would be dreadfully sorry, of course, and blame oneself. . . ."

Her voice died away. Her husband sat very still, not taking his eyes off her face. He spoke again in the same quiet careful voice.

"Who was to have had—the accident?"

Lucy turned her head a little, looking at him in surprise.

"John Christow, of course."

"Good God, Lucy—" He broke off.

She said earnestly, "Oh, Henry, I've been so dreadfully worried. About Ainswick."

"I see. It's Ainswick. You've always cared too much about Ainswick, Lucy. Sometimes I think it's the only thing you do care for. . . ."

"Edward and David are the last—the last of the Angkatells. And David won't do, Henry. He'll never marry—because of his mother's mental illness and all that. He'll get the place when Edward dies, and he won't marry, and you and I will be dead long before he's even middle-aged. He'll be the last of the Angkatells and the whole thing will die out."

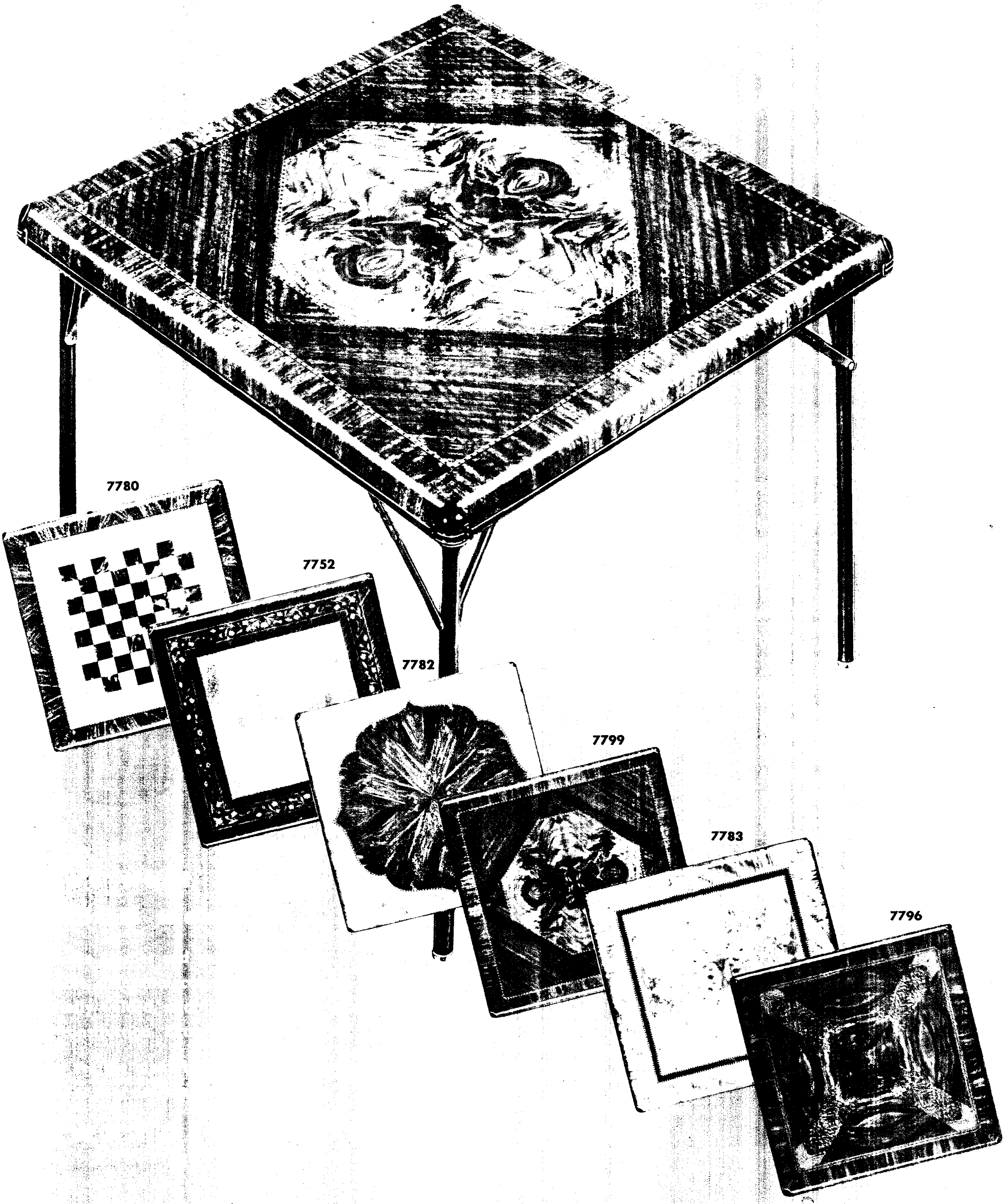
"Does it matter so much, Lucy?"

"Of course it matters! Ainswick!"

"You should have been a boy, Lucy."

But he smiled a little—for he could not imagine Lucy being anything but feminine.

"It all depends on Edward's marrying—and Edward's so obstinate—that long head of his, like my father's. I hoped he'd get over Henrietta and marry some nice girl—but I see now that that's hopeless . . . Then I thought that Henrietta's affair with John would run the usual course. John's affairs were never, I imagined, very permanent. But I saw him looking at her the other evening. He really *cared* about her. I felt that if only John were out of the way, Henrietta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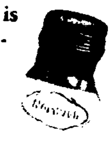

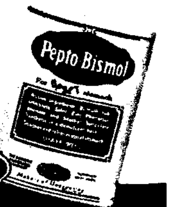

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would marry Edward. She's not the kind of person to cherish a memory and live in the past. So, you see, it all came to that—get rid of John Christow."

"Lucy, you didn't— What did you do, Lucy?"

Lady Angkatell got up again. She took two dead flowers out of a vase.

"Darling," she said. "You don't imagine for a moment, do you, that *I* shot John Christow? I did have that silly idea about an accident. But then, you know, I remembered that we'd asked John Christow here—it's not as though he proposed himself. One can't ask someone to be your guest and then arrange accidents. Even Arabs are most particular about hospitality. So don't worry, will you, Henry?"

She stood looking at him with a brilliant affectionate smile. He said heavily, "I always worry about you, Lucy. . . ."

"There's no need, darling. And you see, everything has actually turned out all right. John has been got rid of without our doing anything about it. It reminds me," said Lady Angkatell reminiscently, "of that man in Bombay who was so frightfully rude to me. He was run over by a tram three days later."

She unbolted the French window and went out into the garden.

Sir Henry sat still watching her tall slender figure wander down the path. He looked old and tired and his face was the face of a man who lives at close quarters with fear.

IN THE kitchen a tearful Doris Emmott was wilting under the stern reproof of Mr. Gudgeon. Mrs. Medway and Miss Simmons acted as a kind of Greek chorus.

"Putting yourself forward and jumping to conclusions in a way only an inexperienced girl would do," said Gudgeon sternly.

"That's right," said Mrs. Medway.

"If you see me with a pistol in my hand, the proper thing to do is to come to me and say, 'Mr. Gudgeon, will you be so kind as to give me an explanation?' "

"Or you could have come to *me,*" put in Mrs. Medway. *"I'm* always willing to tell a young girl what doesn't know the world what she ought to think."

"What you should *not* have done," said Gudgeon severely, "is to go babbling off to a policeman—and only a sergeant at that! Never get mixed up with the police more than you can help. It's painful enough having them in the house at all."

"Inexpressibly painful," murmured Miss Simmons. "Such a thing never happened to *me* before."

"We all know," went on Gudgeon, "what her ladyship is like. Nothing her ladyship does would ever surprise me—but the police don't know her ladyship the way we do, and it's not to be thought of that her ladyship should be worried with silly questions and suspicions just because she wanders about with firearms. It's the sort of thing she would do, but the police have the kind of mind that just sees murder and nasty things like that. Her ladyship is the kind of absent-minded lady who wouldn't hurt a fly but there's no denying that she puts things in funny places. I shall never forget," added Gudgeon with feeling, "when she brought back a live lobster and put it in the card tray in the hall. Thought I was seeing things!"

Mrs. Medway checked these revelations with a glance at the erring Doris.

"Some other time," she said . . . "Now then, Doris, we've only been speaking to you for your own good. It's *common* to be mixed up with the police, and don't you forget it. You can get on with the vegetables now and be more careful with the runner beans than you were last night."

Doris sniffed. "Yes, Mrs. Medway," she said and shuffled over to the sink.

Mrs. Medway said forebodingly, "I don't feel myself at all. That nasty inquest tomorrow. Gives me a turn every time I think of it. A thing like that—happening to *us.*"

The latch of the gate clicked and Poirot looked out of the window in time to see the visitor who was coming up the path to the front door. He knew at once who she was. He wondered very much what brought Veronica Cray to see him.

She brought a delicious faint scent into the room with her, a scent that Poirot recognized. She wore tweeds and brogues as Henrietta had done—but she was, he decided, very different from Henrietta.

"Monsieur Poirot." Her tone was delighted, a little thrilled. "I've only just discovered who my neighbor is. And I've always wanted to know you so much."

He took her outstretched hands, bowed over them. "Enchanted, Madame."

She accepted the homage smilingly, refused his offer of tea, coffee or cocktail.

"No, I've just come to talk to you. To talk seriously. I'm worried."

"You are worried? I am sorry to hear that."

Veronica sat down and sighed.

"It's about John Christow's death. The inquest's tomorrow. You know that?"

"Yes, yes, I know."

"And the whole thing has really been so extraordinary—"

She broke off.

"Most people really wouldn't believe it. But you would, I think, because you know something about human nature."

"I know a little about human nature," admitted Poirot.

"Inspector Grange came to see me. He'd got it into his head that I'd quarreled with John—which is true in a way, though not in the way he meant—I told him that I hadn't seen John for fifteen years—and he simply didn't believe me. But it's true, Monsieur Poirot."

Poirot said, "Since it is true, it can easily be proved, so why worry?"

She returned his smile in the friendliest fashion.

"The real truth is that I simply haven't dared to tell the inspector what actually happened on Saturday evening. It's so absolutely fantastic that he certainly wouldn't believe it. But I felt I must tell someone. That's why I have come to you."

Poirot said quietly, "I am flattered."

That fact, he noted, she took for granted. She was a woman, he thought, who was very sure of the effect she was producing. So sure that she might, occasionally, make a mistake.

"John and I were engaged to be married fifteen years ago. He was very much in love with me—so much so that it rather—alarmed me sometimes. He wanted me to give up acting—to give up having any mind or life of my own. He was so possessive and masterful that I felt I couldn't go through with it, and I broke off the engagement. I'm afraid he took that very hard."

POIROT clicked a discreet and sympathetic tongue.

"I didn't see him again until last Saturday night. He walked home with me. I told the inspector that we talked about old times—that's true in a way. But there was far more than that."

"Yes?"

"John went mad—quite mad. He wanted to leave his wife and children, he wanted me to get a divorce from my husband and marry him. He said he'd never forgotten me—that the moment he saw me time stood still . . ."

She closed her eyes, she swallowed. Under her make-up her face was very pale.

She opened her eyes again and smiled almost timidly at Poirot.

"Can you believe that a—a feeling like that is possible?" she asked.

"I think it is possible, yes," said Poirot.

"Never to forget—to go on waiting—planning—hoping—to determine with all one's heart and mind to get what one wants in the end . . . There are men like that, Monsieur Poirot."

"Yes—and women."

She gave him a hard stare.

"I'm talking about men—about John Christow. Well, that's how it was. I pro-

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tested at first, laughed, refused to take him seriously. Then I told him he was mad . . . It was quite late when he went back to the house. We'd argued and argued . . . He was still—just as determined."

She swallowed again.

"That's why I sent him a note the next morning. I couldn't leave things like that. I had to make him realize that what he wanted was—impossible."

"It *was* impossible?"

"Of course it was impossible! . . . He came over. He wouldn't listen to what I had to say. He was just as insistent. I told him that it was no good, that I didn't love him, that I hated him—" She paused, breathing hard. "I had to be brutal about it. So we parted in anger . . . And now—he's dead."

He saw her hands creep together, saw the twisted fingers and the knuckles stand out. They were large, rather cruel hands.

The strong emotion that she was feeling communicated itself to him. It was not sorrow, not grief—no, it was anger. The anger, he thought, of a baffled egoist.

"Well, Monsieur Poirot?" Her voice was controlled and smooth again. "What am I to do? Tell the story, or keep it to myself? It's what happened—but it takes a bit of believing."

Poirot looked at her, a long considering gaze.

He did not think that Veronica Cray was telling the truth, and yet there was an undeniable undercurrent of sincerity. It happened, he thought, but it did not happen like that. . . .

And suddenly he got it. It was a true story, inverted. It was she who had been unable to forget John Christow. It was she who had been baffled and repulsed. And now, unable to bear in silence the furious anger of a tigress deprived of what she considered her legitimate prey, she had invented a version of the truth that should satisfy her wounded pride and feed a little the aching hunger for a man who had gone beyond the reach of her clutching hands. Impossible to admit that she, Veronica Cray, could not have what she wanted! So she had changed it all around.

Poirot drew a deep breath and spoke.

"If all this had any bearing on John Christow's death, you would have to speak out, but if it has not—and I cannot see why it should have—then I think you are quite justified in keeping it to yourself."

He wondered if she was disappointed. He had a fancy that in her present mood, she would like to hurl her story into the printed page of a newspaper. She had come to him—why? To try out her story? To test his reaction? Or to use him—to induce him to pass the story on?

If his mild response disappointed her, she did not show it. She got up and gave him one of those long well-manicured hands.

"Thank you, Monsieur Poirot. What you say seems eminently sensible. I'm so glad I came to you. I—I felt I wanted somebody to know."

"I shall respect your confidence, Madame." . . .

When she had gone, he opened the windows a little. Scents affected him. He did not like Veronica's scent. It was expensive but cloying, overpowering like her personality.

He wondered, as he flapped the curtains, whether Veronica Cray had killed John Christow.

She would have been willing to kill him—he believed that. She would have enjoyed pressing the trigger—would have enjoyed seeing him stagger and fall.

But behind that vindictive anger was something cold and shrewd, something that appraised chances, a cool calculating intelligence. However much Veronica Cray wished to kill John Christow, he doubted whether she would have taken the risk.

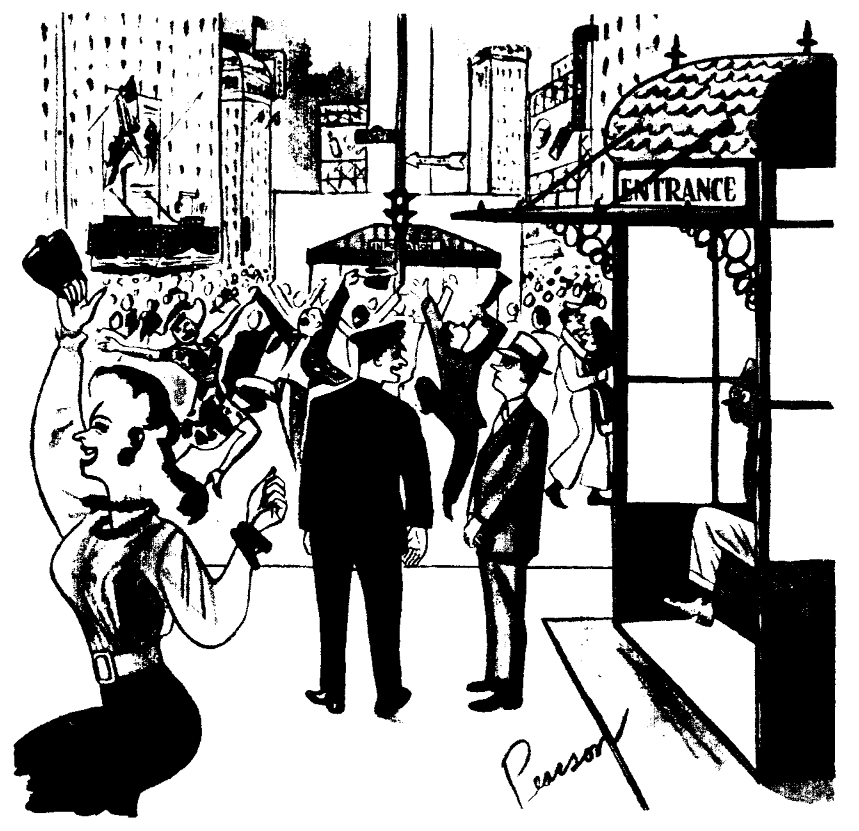
THE inquest was over—adjourned for a fortnight at the request of the police. It had been the merest formality of an affair, and though they had been warned of this beforehand, nearly everyone had a resentful sense of anticlimax.

Gerda had driven down with Mrs. Patterson from London in a hired Daimler. She had on a black dress and an unbecoming hat and looked nervous and bewildered.

Preparatory to stepping back into the Daimler, she paused as Lady Angkatell came up to her.

"How are you, Gerda dear? Not sleeping too badly, I hope. I think it went off as well as we could hope for, don't you? So sorry we haven't got you with us at The Hollow, but I quite understand how distressing that would be."

Mrs. Patterson said in her bright voice, glancing reproachfully at her sister for not introducing her properly, "This was Miss Collier's idea—to drive straight down and



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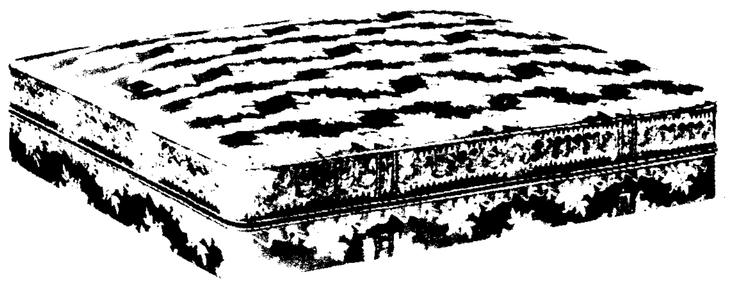

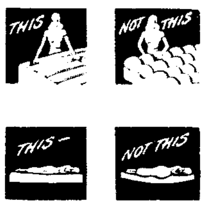

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back. Expensive, of course, but we thought it was worth it."

"Oh, I do so agree with you."

Mrs. Patterson lowered her voice.

"I am taking Gerda and the children straight down to Bexhill to stay with me. What she needs is rest and quiet. The reporters! You've no idea!"

A young man snapped a camera, and Elsie Patterson pushed her sister into the car and they drove off.

The others had a momentary view of Gerda's face beneath the unbecoming hat brim. It was vacant, lost—she looked for the moment like a half-witted child.

Midge Hardcastle muttered under her breath, "Poor devil."

Edward said irritably, "What did everybody see in Christow? That wretched woman looks completely heartbroken."

"She was absolutely wrapped up in him," said Midge.

"But why? He was a selfish sort of fellow, good company in a way—but—" He broke off. Then he asked, "What did you think of him, Midge?"

"I?" Midge reflected. She said at last, rather surprised at her own words, "I think I respected him."

"Respected him? For what?"

"Well, he knew his job."

"You're thinking of him as a doctor?"

"Yes."

There was no time for more.

Henrietta was driving Midge back to London in her car. Edward was returning to lunch at The Hollow and going up to town by the afternoon train with David. He said vaguely to Midge, "You must come and lunch with me one day before I go back to Ainswick," and Midge said that that would be very nice but that she couldn't take more than an hour off. Edward gave her his charming smile and said, "Oh, it's a special occasion. I'm sure they'll understand."

Then he moved toward Henrietta. "I'll ring you up, Henrietta."

"Yes, do, Edward. But I may be out a good deal."

"Out?"

She gave him a quick, mocking smile.

"Drowning my sorrow. You don't expect me to sit at home and mope, do you?"

He said slowly, "I don't understand you nowadays, Henrietta. You are quite different."

Her face softened. She said unexpectedly, "Darling Edward," and gave his arm a quick squeeze.

Then she turned to Lucy Angkatell. "I can come back if I want to, can't I, Lucy?"

Lady Angkatell said, "Of course, darling. And anyway there will be the inquest again in a fortnight.". . .

HENRIETTA went to where she had parked the car in the market square. Her suitcases and Midge's were already inside.

They got in and drove off.

The car climbed the long hill and came out on the road over the ridge. Below them the brown and golden leaves shivered a little in the chill of a gray autumn day.

Midge said suddenly, "I'm glad to get away—even from Lucy. Darling as she is, she gives me the creeps sometimes."

Henrietta was looking intently into the small driving mirror.

She said rather inattentively, "Lucy has to give the coloratura touch—even to murder."

"You know, I'd never thought about murder before."

"Why should you? It isn't a thing one thinks about. It's a six-letter word in a crossword, or a pleasant entertainment in a book. But the real thing—"

She paused. Midge finished, "*Is* real! That is what startles one."

Henrietta said, "It needn't be startling to you. *You* are outside it. Perhaps the only one of us who is."

Midge said, "We're all outside it now. We've got away."

Henrietta murmured, "Have we?"

She was looking in the driving mirror again. Suddenly she put her foot down on the accelerator. The car responded. She glanced at the speedometer. They were doing over fifty. Presently the needle reached sixty . . .

Midge looked sideways at Henrietta's profile. It was not like Henrietta to drive recklessly. She liked speed, but the winding road hardly justified the pace they were going. There was a grim smile hovering round Henrietta's mouth.

She said, "Look over your shoulder, Midge. See that car way back there."

"Yes?"

"It's a Ventnor 10."

"Is it?" Midge was not particularly interested.

"They're useful little cars, low petrol consumption, keep the road well, but they're not fast."

"No?"

Curious, thought Midge, how fascinated Henrietta always was by cars and their performance.

"As I say, they're not fast—but that car, Midge, has managed to keep its distance although we've been going over sixty."

Midge turned a startled face to her.

"Do you mean that—"

HENRIETTA nodded. "The police, I believe, have special engines in very ordinary-looking cars."

Midge said, "You mean they're still keeping an eye on us all?"

"It seems rather obvious."

Midge shivered.

"Henrietta, can you understand the meaning of this second gun business?"

"No. It lets Gerda out; but beyond that it just doesn't seem to add up to anything."

"But, if it was one of Henry's guns—"

"We don't know that it was. It hasn't been found yet, remember."

"No, that's true. It could be someone outside altogether. Do you know who I'd like to think killed John, Henrietta? That woman."

"Veronica Cray?"

"Yes."

Henrietta said nothing. She drove on with her eyes fixed sternly on the road ahead of her.

"Don't you think it's possible?" persisted Midge.

"*Possible,* yes," said Henrietta slowly.

"Then you don't think—"

"It's no good thinking a thing because you *want* to think it. It's the perfect solution—letting all of us out!"

"Us? But—"

"We're in it—all of us. Even you, Midge darling—though they'd be hard put to it to find a motive for your shooting John! Of course I'd *like* it to be Veronica. Nothing would please me better than to see her giving a lovely performance, as Lucy would put it, in the dock!"

Midge shot a quick look at her.

"Tell me, Henrietta, does it all make you feel vindictive?"

"You mean"— Henrietta paused a moment—"because I loved John?"

"Yes."

As she spoke, Midge realized with a slight sense of shock that this was the first time the bald fact had been put into words. It had been accepted by them all, by Lucy and Henry, by Midge, by Edward even, that Henrietta loved John Christow, but nobody had ever so much as hinted at the fact in words before.

There was a pause while Henrietta seemed to be thinking. Then she said in a thoughtful voice, "I can't explain to you what I feel. Perhaps I don't know myself."

They were getting into town now, driving over Albert Bridge.

Henrietta said, "You'd better come to the studio, Midge. We'll have tea and I'll drive you to your rooms afterward.". . .

Here in London the short afternoon light was already fading. They drew up at the studio door, and Henrietta put her key into the door. She went in and switched on the light.

"It's chilly," she said. "We'd better light the gas fire. Oh, bother—I meant to get some matches on the way."

"Won't a lighter do?"

"Mine's no good and anyway it's difficult to light a gas fire with one. Make yourself at home. There's an old blind man stands on the corner. I usually get my matches from him. I shan't be more than a minute or two."...

Left alone in the studio, Midge wandered around looking at Henrietta's work. It gave her an eerie feeling to be sharing the empty studio with these creations of wood and bronze.

There was a bronze head with high cheekbones and a tin hat, possibly a Red Army soldier, and there was an airy structure of twisted ribbonlike aluminum which intrigued her a good deal. There was a vast static frog in pinkish granite, and at the end of the studio she came to an almost life-sized wooden figure.

She was staring at it when Henrietta's key turned in the door and Henrietta herself came in slightly breathless.

Midge turned.

"What's this, Henrietta? It's rather frightening."

"That? That's The Worshiper. It's going to the International Group."

Midge repeated, staring at it, "It's frightening . . ."

Kneeling to light the gas fire, Henrietta said over her shoulder, "It's interesting your saying that. Why do you find it frightening?"

"I think—because it hasn't any face. . . ."

"How right you are, Midge. . . ."

"It's very good, Henrietta."

Henrietta said lightly, "It's a nice bit of pear wood . . ."

She rose from her knees. She tossed her big satchel bag and her furs onto the divan, and threw down a couple of boxes of matches on the table.

Midge was struck by the expression on her face—it had a sudden quite inexplicable exultation.

"Now for tea," said Henrietta, and in her voice was the same warm jubilation that Midge had already glimpsed in her face.

It struck an almost jarring note—but Midge forgot it in a train of thought aroused by the sight of the two boxes of matches.

"You remember those matches Veronica Cray took away with her?"

"When Lucy insisted on foisting a whole half dozen on her? Yes."

"Did anyone ever find out whether she had matches in her cottage all the time?"

"I expect the police did. They're very thorough."

A faintly triumphant smile was curving Henrietta's lips. Midge felt puzzled and almost repelled.

She thought: Can Henrietta really have cared for John? Can she? Surely not.

And a faint desolate chill struck through her as she reflected: Edward will not have to wait very long . . .

Ungenerous of her not to let that thought bring warmth. She wanted Edward to be happy, didn't she? It wasn't as though she could have Edward herself. To Edward she would be always "little Midge." Never more than that. Never a woman to be loved.

Edward, unfortunately, was the faithful kind. Well, the faithful kind usually got what they wanted in the end.

Edward and Henrietta at Ainswick—that was the proper ending to the story. Edward and Henrietta living happy ever afterward . . .

She could see it all very clearly. . . .

"Cheer up, Midge," said Henrietta. "You mustn't let murder get you down. Shall we go out later and have a spot of dinner together?"

But Midge said quickly that she must get home. She had things to do—letters to write. In fact she'd better go as soon as she'd finished her cup of tea.

"All right. I'll drive you there."

"I could get a taxi."

"Nonsense. Let's use the car as it's there."

THEY went out into damp evening air. As they drove past the end of the Mews, Henrietta pointed out a car drawn in to the side.

"A Ventnor 10. Our shadow. You'll see. He'll follow us."

"How beastly it all is!"

"Do you think so? I don't really mind."

Henrietta dropped Midge at her rooms and came back to the Mews and put her car away in the garage.

Then she let herself into the studio once more.

For some minutes she stood abstractedly drumming with her fingers on the mantelpiece. Then she sighed and murmured to herself, "Well—to work . . . better not waste time."

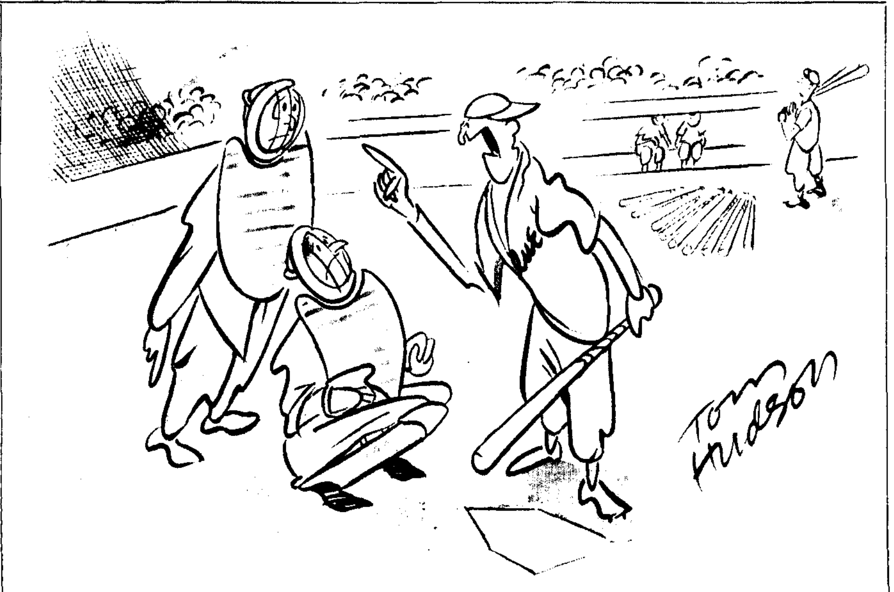
She threw off her tweeds and got into her overall. . . .

An hour and a half later she drew back and studied what she had done. There were dabs of clay on her cheek and her hair was disheveled, but she nodded approval at the model on the stand.

It was the rough similitude of a horse. The clay had been slapped on in great irregular lumps. It was the kind of horse that would have given the colonel of a cavalry regiment apoplexy, so unlike was it to any flesh-and-blood horse that had ever been foaled. It would also have distressed Henrietta's Irish hunting forebears. Nevertheless it was a horse—a horse conceived in the abstract.

Henrietta wondered what Inspector Grange would think of it if he ever saw it, and her mouth widened a little in amusement as she pictured his face. . . .

On the day after the inquest Edward Angkatell stood hesitantly in the swirl of foot traffic in Shaftesbury Avenue. He was



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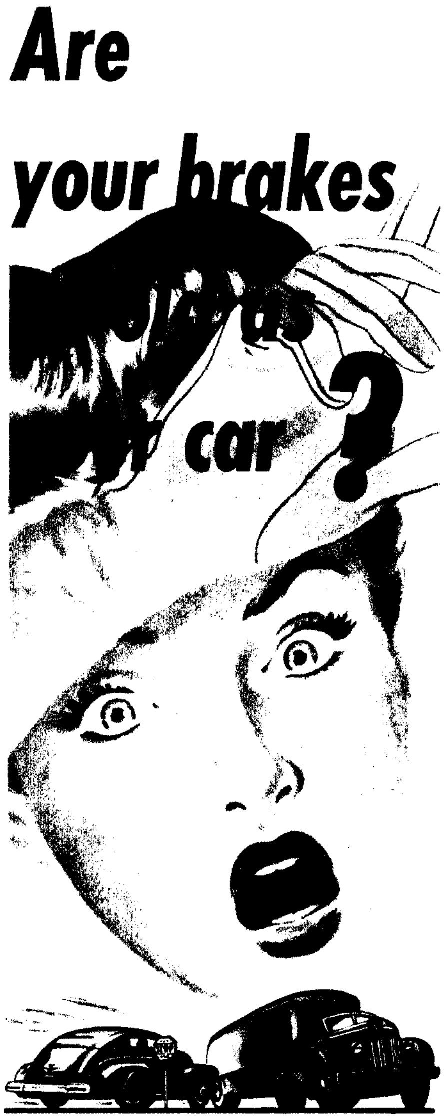

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nerving himself to enter the establishment which bore the gold-lettered sign "Madame Alfrege."

Some obscure instinct had prevented him from merely ringing up and asking Midge to come out and lunch. That fragment of telephone conversation when Midge had called her employer from The Hollow had disturbed him—more, had shocked him. There had been in Midge's voice a submission, a subservience that had outraged all his feelings.

For Midge, the free, the cheerful, the outspoken, to have to adopt that attitude. To have to submit, as she clearly was submitting, to rudeness and insolence on the other end of the wire. It was all wrong—the whole thing was wrong! And then, when he had shown his concern, she had met him point-blank with the unpalatable truth that one had to keep one's job, that jobs weren't easy to get, and that the holding down of jobs entailed more unpleasantnesses than the mere performing of a stipulated task.

Up till then Edward had vaguely accepted the fact that a great many young women had jobs nowadays. If he had thought about it at all, he had thought that on the whole they had jobs because they liked jobs—that during the war they had found that it flattered their sense of independence and gave them an interest of their own in life.

The fact that a working day of nine to six, with an hour off for lunch, cut a girl off from most of the pleasures and relaxations of a leisured class had simply not occurred to Edward. That Midge, unless she sacrificed her lunch hour, could not drop into a picture gallery, that she could not go to an afternoon concert, drive out of town on a fine summer's day, lunch in a leisurely way at a distant restaurant, but had instead to relegate her excursions into the country to Saturday afternoons and Sundays and to snatch her lunch in a crowded snack bar was a new and unwelcome discovery. He was very fond of Midge. Little Midge—that was how he thought of her. Arriving shy and wide-eyed at Ainswick for the holidays, tongue-tied at first, then opening up into enthusiasm and affection.

Edward's tendency to live exclusively in the past, and to accept the present dubiously as something as yet untested, had delayed his recognition of Midge as a wage-earning adult.

It was on that evening at The Hollow when he had come in cold and shivering from that strange upsetting clash with Henrietta and when Midge had knelt to build up the fire, that he had been first aware of a Midge who was not an affectionate child but a woman. It had been an upsetting vision—he had felt for a moment that he had lost something—something that was a precious part of Ainswick. And he had said impulsively, speaking out of that suddenly aroused feeling, "I wish I saw more of you, little Midge. . . ."

STANDING outside in the moonlight, speaking to a Henrietta who was no longer, suddenly, the familiar Henrietta he had loved for so long—he had known sudden panic. And he had come in to a further disturbance of the set pattern which was his life. Little Midge was also a part of Ainswick—and this was no longer little Midge—but a courageous and sad-eyed adult whom he did not know.

Ever since then he had been increasingly troubled in his mind, and had indulged in a good deal of self-reproach for the unthinking way in which he had never bothered about Midge's happiness or comfort. The idea of her uncongenial job at Madame Alfrege's had worried him more and more, and last night he had determined to lose no time in seeing for himself just what this dress shop of hers was like.

Now, overcoming his shyness with an effort, Edward straightened his slightly stooping shoulders and walked in.

He was instantly paralyzed with embarrassment. Two platinum blond little minxes with shrill voices were complaining at the small choice of dresses in a showcase, with a dark saleswoman in attendance. At the back of the shop a small woman with henna-red hair and a disagreeable voice was arguing with a stout and bewildered customer over some alterations to an evening gown. From an adjacent cubicle a woman's fretful voice was raised: "Frightful—perfectly frightful—can't you bring me anything *decent* to try? After all, the war *is* over."

In response he heard the soft murmur of Midge's voice—a deferential persuasive voice: "This wine model is really very smart. And I think it would suit you. If you'd just slip it on—"

"I'm not going to waste my time trying on things that I can see are no good. Anyway, I've told you I don't want red. If you'd just listen to what you are told—"

THE color surged up into Edward's neck. He hoped Midge would throw the dress in the odious woman's face. Instead she murmured: "I'll have another look. But you must understand that our stock is still very limited."

"Ridiculous—perfectly ridiculous! No, I won't see anything more. Sheer waste of time—"

But now Madame Alfrege, detaching herself from the stout customer, had come down to Edward, and was looking at him inquiringly.

He pulled himself together.

"Is—could I speak—is Miss Hardcastle here?"

Madame Alfrege's eyebrows went up—but she took in the excellent cut of Edward's clothes, and she produced a smile whose graciousness was rather more unpleasant than her bad temper would have been.

From inside the cubicle the fretful voice rose sharply: "Do be careful! How clumsy you are. You've mussed my hair."

And Midge, her voice unsteady, "I'm very sorry, madam."

"Stupid clumsiness." (The voice disappeared, muffled.) "No, I'll do it myself. My belt, please."

"Miss Hardcastle will be free in a minute," said Madame Alfrege. Her smile was now a leer.

A sandy-haired, bad-tempered-looking woman emerged from the cubicle carrying several parcels and went out into the street. Midge, in a severe black dress, opened the door for her. She looked pale and unhappy.

"I've come to take you out to lunch," said Edward without preamble.

Midge gave a harried glance up at the clock.

"I don't get off until quarter past one," she began.

It was ten past one.

Madame Alfrege said graciously, "You can go off now if you like, Miss Hardcastle, as your *friend* has called for you."

Midge murmured, "Oh, thank you, Madame Alfrege," and to Edward, "I'll be ready in a minute," and disappeared into the back of the shop.

Edward, who had winced under the impact of Madame Alfrege's heavy emphasis on "friend," stood helplessly waiting.

Madame Alfrege was just about to enter into arch conversation with him when the door opened and an opulent-looking woman with a Pekingese came in and Madame Alfrege's business instincts took her forward to the newcomer.

Midge reappeared with her coat on and taking her by the elbow, Edward steered her out of the shop into the street.

"My God," he said, "is that the sort of thing you have to put up with? I heard that damned woman talking to you behind the curtain. How can you stick it, Midge? Why didn't you throw the damned dress at her head?"

"I'd soon lose my job if I did things like that."

"But don't you want to fling things at a woman of that kind?"

Midge drew a deep breath.

"Of course I do. And there are times when I am afraid that I shall let go and

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"Midge, dear little Midge, you can't put up with all this!"

Midge laughed a little shakily.

"Don't be so upset, Edward. Why on earth did you have to come here? Why not ring up?"

"I wanted to see for myself. I've been worried . . ." He paused and then broke out: "Why, Lucy wouldn't talk to a scullery maid the way that woman talked to you. It's all wrong that you should have to put up with insolence and rudeness. Good God, Midge, I'd like to take you right out of it all down to Ainswick. I'd like to hail a taxi, bundle you into it, and take you down to Ainswick now by the 2:15."

Midge stopped. Her assumed nonchalance fell from her. She had had a long tiring morning with trying customers and Madame at her most bullying. She turned on Edward with a sudden flare of resentment, "Well, then, why *don't* you?"

He stared at her, taken aback by her sudden fury. She went on, her anger flaming up, "Why do you have to come along and *say* these things? You don't mean them. Do you think it makes it any easier after I've had the hell of a morning to be reminded that there are places like Ainswick? Do you think I'm grateful to you for standing there and babbling about how much you'd like to take me out of it all? All very sweet and insincere. You don't really mean a word of it. Don't you know that I'd sell my soul to catch the 2:15 to Ainswick and get away from everything? I can't bear even to *think* of Ainswick, do you understand? You mean well, Edward, but you're cruel! Saying things—just *saying* things. . . . "

They faced each other, seriously incommoding the lunchtime crowd in Shaftesbury Avenue. Yet they were conscious of nothing but each other. Edward was staring at her like a man suddenly aroused from sleep.

He said, "All right then, damn it. You're coming to Ainswick by the 2:15!"

He raised his stick and hailed a passing taxi. It drew into the curb. Edward opened the door and Midge, slightly dazed, got in. Edward said, "Paddington Station" to the driver and followed her in.

They sat in silence. Midge's lips were set together. Her eyes were defiant and mutinous. Edward stared straight ahead of him.

As they waited for the traffic lights in Oxford Street, Midge said disagreeably, "I seem to have called your bluff."

Edward said shortly, "It wasn't bluff."

The taxi started forward again with a jerk.

It was not until the taxi turned left in Edgware Road into Cambridge Terrace that Edward suddenly regained his normal attitude to life.

He said, "We can't catch the 2:15," and tapping on the glass he said to the driver, "Go to the Berkeley."

Midge said coldly, "Why can't we catch the 2:15? It's only twenty-five past one now."

Edward smiled at her.

"You haven't got any luggage, little Midge. No nightgowns or toothbrushes or country shoes. There's a 4:15, you know. We'll have some lunch now and talk things over."

Midge sighed. "That's so like you, Edward. To remember the practical side. Impulse doesn't carry you very far, does it? Oh, well, it was a nice dream while it lasted."

She slipped her hand into his and gave him her old smile.

"I'm sorry I stood on the pavement and abused you like a fishwife," she said. "But you know, Edward, you *were* irritating."

"Yes," he said. "I must have been."

THEY went into the Berkeley happily side by side. They got a table by the window and Edward ordered the best that could be produced.

As they finished their main course, Midge sighed and said, "I ought to hurry back to the shop. My time's up."

"You're going to take decent time over your lunch today, even if I have to go back and buy half the clothes in the shop!"

"Dear Edward, you are really rather sweet."

They had dessert and then the waiter brought them coffee. As they were drinking it, Edward said gently, "You really do love Ainswick, don't you?"

"Must we talk about Ainswick? I've survived not catching the 2:15—and I quite realize that there isn't any question of the 4:15—but don't rub it in."

Edward smiled.

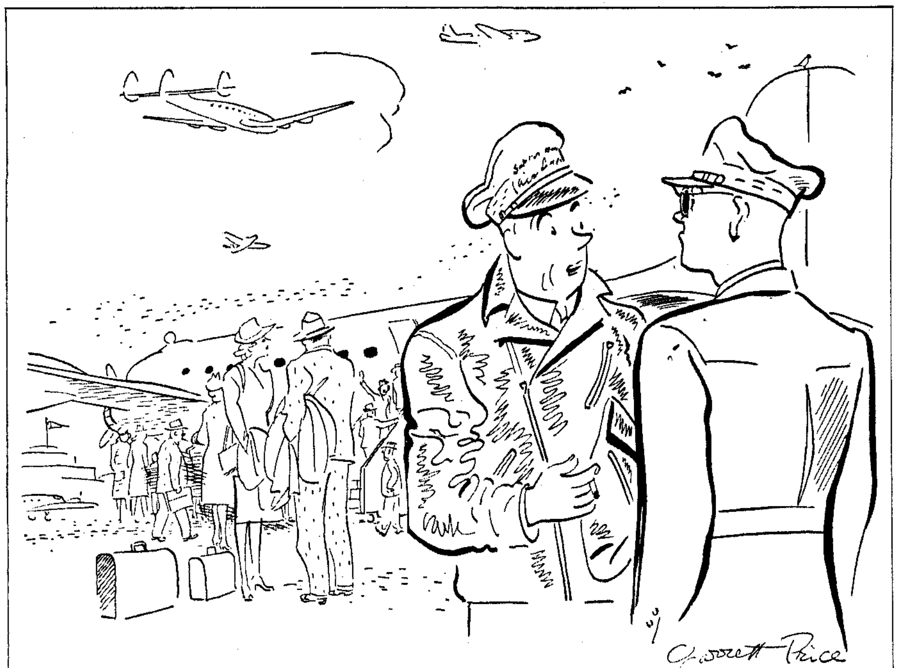
"No, I'm not proposing that we catch the 4:15. But I *am* suggesting that you come to Ainswick, Midge. I'm suggesting that you come there for good—that is, if you can put up with me."

She stared at him over the rim of her coffee cup—put it down with a hand that she managed to keep steady.

"What do you really mean, Edward?"

"I'm suggesting that you should marry me, Midge. I don't suppose that I'm a very romantic proposition. I'm a dull dog, I know that, and not much good at anything—I just read books and potter around. But although I'm not a very exciting person, we've known each other a long time and I think that Ainswick itself would—well, would compensate. I think you'd be happy at Ainswick, Midge. Will you come?"

(To be concluded next week)



COLLIER'S "I get sick of just going around the world; I wish I could get away someplace for a few days" GARRETT PRICE

Chicken Noodl
SOU

This much soup pays the freight on a whole can!

YOU'LL find mighty few bargains these days, but here's one that's right in your kitchen cupboard! Next time you open a can of soup, measure a spoonful. One spoonful represents the average cost of shipping the *whole can of soup* by railroad from the cannery to you.

Freight charges on most other products are equally small. Today, railroads receive an average of less than *one cent for moving 2000 pounds of freight one mile.*

But, as materials, fuel and wages continue to increase in cost, it is inevitable that freight rates must be adjusted upwards, so the railroads can continue to provide the service all America expects and needs for prosperity.

Erie Railroad

Serving the Heart of Industrial America

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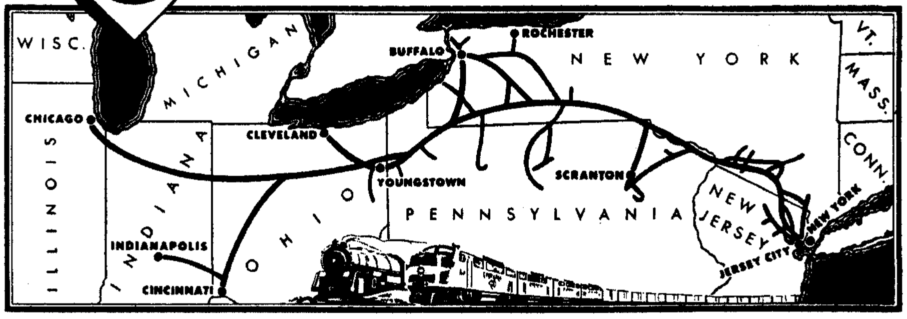

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WHIZ MOTOR RYTHM is the modern, chemical, safe way to give your car the zip of youth. WHIZ MOTOR RYTHM cleans out carbon and other harmful, power-wasting motor deposits *while you drive!* This means better performance . . . more miles per gallon of gas . . . a motor that sings a youthful song of power and pep. And it's the right way to get that *new* car off to a good start in life! *Keep your motor young*—get the WHIZ MOTOR RYTHM habit. You can buy it wherever automotive products are sold. *R. M. Hollingshead Corporation, Camden, New Jersey, Toronto, Canada.*

MOTOR RYTHM

I Am a Spastic

Continued from page 21

I was rarely asked to recite in the classroom because it was such a painful experience for everybody. As a result I got less speech training than the normal child, while needing more.

They always said, "Charlie is a nice fellow—but he's so handicapped."

One of my happiest memories is joining the Boy Scouts. The doctor laughed at me when I wanted to go to Scout camp and said, "It isn't for cripples, Charlie."

The scoutmaster laughed, too, but said, "Why, of course you can go." They always treated me like an equal in the Boy Scouts, and I made my 14-mile hikes with the rest of them. I earned 16 merit badges and became senior patrol leader and troop treasurer.

Church was good, too. I started when I was ten and joined when I was eighteen. I later became church treasurer and one year was delegate to the Methodist Church conference at Long Beach. Faith helped me more than I can describe.

Keeping Busy Brought Happiness

But as a boy, my troubles were only beginning. My mother taught me that work was my salvation, and I was happy as long as I was busy. I helped in the store, raised chickens and tended a flower garden. I was graduated from high school in 1935 when I was nineteen. I worked a year in my uncle's gasoline station in Los Angeles; he wanted to put me on his farm but my aunt said I wasn't strong enough.

In Bisbee again, I decided to go to business college in Tucson. I had done well in high-school arithmetic and accounting. Thanks to a teacher who took an interest in me, I had learned to type 30 words a minute with my left hand. The high-school principal, however, doubted I could qualify for business college. When I surprised him by passing the entrance examination, he told my mother, "What Charlie learns, he keeps."

My mother had to give up the store during the "recession," but she sent me off to Tucson with $200, the interest from my share of my father's compensation. With the help of the State Rehabilitation office and a $70 loan from the Rotary Club of Bisbee, I lasted 14 months before my money ran out. I learned cost accounting but needed six more months to become a certified public accountant. The college president said:

"You ought to be able to get a bookkeeping job; you are as good as the average."

But I didn't have average luck in job-hunting. I heard of several vacancies for bookkeepers but they had always vanished when I showed up.

Bisbee's city attorney and his wife befriended me, and I pulled weeds and took care of their yard for them. She tried to fatten me up with three gallons of milk a week, but I didn't gain. I suppose my thinness was due to strain. When things went wrong, I would get nervous and shake. Sometimes I was speechless with strangers.

The city attorney tried everywhere to get me a good job, but no one would hire me. I sat in my brother's car across the street from the United States Employment Service office and heard a radio broadcast advertising several kinds of government jobs. I turned off the radio and hurried across the street. The man said no, the jobs had been filled. I protested that I'd just heard them offered on the radio three minutes ago. He said I must have misunderstood.

When I registered for Selective Service in 1940, they clapped me in 4-F without even looking at me. My brother enlisted in the Navy and is still in service. I went to my draft board and the recruiting station, trying to get in. I knew I could do Army paper work. Privately, I figured military training would be good for me and, most of all, I might find an Army doctor who could cure me. But it was no use.

A woman advised me to get a job in the sheltered workshops operated for the handicapped by the Methodist Church's Goodwill Industries. Even if I earned only $1 a day, she said, I would be where people wouldn't see me. That made me mad. I knew that I could do my job as well as normal people and that's all I wanted.

For a year and a half, I worked seven days a week for $75 a month in a flower nursery. Then I dabbled in real estate. Arthur and I had inherited six old and run-down houses from my grandfather. He had tried to buy up a whole street and have it named after him. None of the houses rented for over $10 a month. I found a carpenter and a plumber who were willing to wait for their pay and obtained credit from the lumber company. We patched up the houses, remodeling two so they brought as much as $40 a month.

In 1943, I struck it rich. I got a job as janitor in the high school and by 1945 had worked up to $100 a month. This took six hours a day, so I did janitor work for the Social Security Board for four hours a day. I managed to squeeze out six hours a week as tool clerk and timekeeper in the State Vocational Training School and three hours a week as janitor for the American Legion. All told, I was making $237 a month!

I felt wealthy enough to get married which I wanted to do. I had gone with two different girls on a steady basis. One turned me down and married another. The other told me, before we separated, "Charles, I'd give anything in the world to be your wife, but my folks won't stand for it." Their argument was that I couldn't support her.

In 1944, a girl I had known in high school, who married a college professor, wrote me from Washington about a Richard Hutcheson, a former University of Maryland professor, who directed a speech clinic for people like myself.

The next year I read about a Dr. Herman Kabat of the U.S. Public Health Service. He had gotten striking results in relaxing spasticity and restoring normal motion in cerebral palsy cases with a drug called neostigmine, or prostigmine.

It was the first time I had heard of any doctor holding out any hope that I might walk or talk well. I have since learned about others.

A Disappointment and a Trip

I was fired with hope when I wrote Mr. Hutcheson and Dr. Kabat in the spring of 1945. What finally made up my mind to go to Washington was the situation at the high school. The head janitor, who made $190 a month, was leaving and I expected to get his job. Then I heard that a boy who had been discharged from service for a non-combat disability was going to be head janitor. I decided to make the 2,500-mile trip to Washington. I raised $500 in cash by selling one of the houses, leaving my mother an income from the others of $98 a month, plus my brother's allotment.

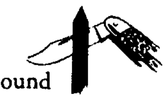
The trip to Washington took five days by bus, without a bath or a bed. Several passengers asked me if I had polio. This irritated me. People are so conscious of polio because of all the publicity that you'd think it was the only crippling condition there is. There is as much cerebral palsy as polio or more. There are nearly 10,000 new cases every year, and it doesn't take an epidemic to produce them. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis raises millions of dollars a year and does excellent work in getting medical care for polio patients. I've often wondered why we can't do as much for people with cerebral palsy.

Mr. Hutcheson got me in at the Y.M.C.A.

"I wouldn't have believed the difference it makes..

...until I tried PAL HOLLOW GROUND myself"

Lots of men have said "Razor blades? They're all alike!" Now, they say "They're all the same—*except Pal!*"

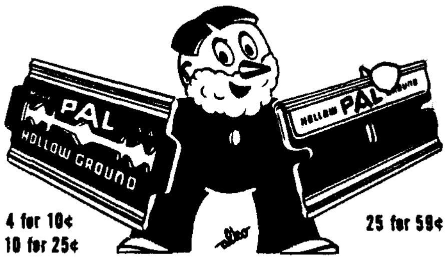


Ordinary safety razor blades are ground like a pocket knife.

Pal Blades are different—they're *Leather Stropped* and *Hollow Ground* like a barber's razor.

Result: Pal Blades are flexible in your razor—follow facial contours effortlessly. Your shave is cool, quick, no "bearing down". And delicate edges last longer, too. That's why millions call it the Pal

"Feather Touch" shave



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10 for 25¢

25 for 59¢

SINGLE AND DOUBLE EDGE

MONEY SAVING ECONOMY SIZE 50 BLADES $1

PAL

New—RUST-RESISTANT

HOLLOW GROUND RAZOR BLADES

in Washington, while I looked for a room. I went to 52 rooming houses which advertised vacancies, but, like jobs, they always seemed to fill up just ahead of me. One landlady said, "You'll have to get a certificate from a doctor showing you haven't a contagious disease." Another said, "I don't want any cripples in my house." So I was allowed to become a permanent "Y" guest.

Even the speech teachers at the District Speech Clinic couldn't understand me at first. They told me it would be hard and constant work. I was there seven hours a day, five days a week. They gave me tongue exercises, throat exercises, breathing exercises. I said letters and words hundreds and thousands of times. Words like "liberty" came out "wibetty." But for the first time someone corrected me. They made recordings of my voice and in three months I showed great improvement.

A Past Master of Dishwashing

Meanwhile I got a job washing dishes six hours a day in a hospital, for $70 a month and my meals. My day began at 6 A.M. and I didn't finish my speech class until 9 P.M., but I was happy. There was one thing about my job: I was a superior dishwasher. In less than a year, I saw 30 normal people come and go in this job.

Eventually, I went to a clinic held by the District of Columbia chapter of the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults. There the great Dr. Phelps examined me. I learned I had the hemiathetoid type of cerebral palsy, meaning aimless and uncontrolled motions of the muscles in half of my body.

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

Tomorrow is coming
With new-fangled plumbing
And new-fangled life as a whole.
Tomorrow will brighten
My corner, and lighten
My mind and my heart and my
soul.

According to science
Some nifty appliance
Will serve every step of the way.
Too bad I can't borrow
An hour from tomorrow
To mix with the hours of today.

—WILLIAM W. PRATT

The next month I saw Dr. Kabat, who had just got out of the service. He gave me prostigmine, along with atropine, in daily doses. Prostigmine has been known to doctors for many years, but it was only three years ago that Dr. Kabat introduced it in the treatment of polio and cerebral palsy.

I showed improvement in six days. The drug loosened my tongue, and for the first time in my life I could talk without distorting my face! In the next few weeks, I made many discoveries. The fingers of my right hand relaxed. It was a triumph when I found I could crumple paper in that hand! And hang up clothes with it. And scrub pots.

The doctor corrected my shambling and slouching by adding a half inch to my right heel and giving me exercises to improve my posture. Pretty soon I was working with his physical therapist two hours a week, supplemented by a half hour of calisthenics a day. After two weeks of these exercises, I discovered a muscle in my right thigh I never could feel before. I never had been able to twist either foot without twisting my whole body. Now I could.

In three months I was a different person. I slept much better. My weight climbed from 125 to 140. But best of all, I had torn off the mask! I found new friends among strangers and they liked me!

I know that I shall have to keep pegging away at my voice and muscle training, for all prostigmine can do is open the door; you have to walk across the threshold to a new life yourself. If one has the energy and the courage, however, it seems to me that the only things standing in the way are the cost and the availability of treatment. Here is the way my costs run each month:

Speech therapy	$30
Physical therapy	40
Prostigmine	22
Visit to doctor	10
Room	40
Laundry and misc.	10
Y.M.C.A. dues	2
Total	$154

After hearing how well I was doing, a cousin, R. E. Cooper of Hopkinsville, Ky., sent me $100 a month and I paid the rest by washing dishes. It probably would cost others more, because I got a bargain rate on the medicine, and I worked for my meals.

Dr. Phelps and Dr. Carlson figure around $2,000 a year for each patient at their cerebral palsy schools. These are the severely handicapped, and it takes one trained employee per patient.

I believe that moderate cases, like my own, could be put on the road to recovery for $1,000 with expert help. That's the trouble now; there are but a few experts and they are swamped. Cerebral palsy is so complicated that not all doctors or physical therapists can treat it. The need is to train more of them for this work and put them where spastics can get to them. And someone needs to lift the financial burden from the parents of spastics. The handicapped should have their chance, but normal people should not have to make unfair sacrifices to give it to them.

More Aid for Crippled Children

There has been talk of a National Foundation for Cerebral Palsy to achieve all this. Some say there should be one, to dramatize the problem to the public as the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis has done with polio. Others are opposed to another private agency, arguing that there are so many now that duplication, conflict and confusion exist. And this does not take into account the existing federal and state crippled children's services. These could be expanded greatly under Senator Pepper's maternal and child welfare bill, providing $25,000,000 for crippled children. This has been pending in Congress nearly a year.

It seems to me a national program could be organized among the various people already trying to do something for the spastic. The national leadership of the program could be furnished by the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor in co-operation with the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults. This organization, responsible for the Easter seal sale, has been recently revitalized under a new director, Lawrence J. Linck, who had built up Illinois interest in cerebral palsy as head of the state's crippled children's service.

In both its federal sponsorship and its broad co-operative basis, the cerebral palsy project might well follow the pattern of the U.S. Public Health Service's National Venereal Disease Control Program. Without a national leader and a united front joining public and private efforts, 99 per cent of us will continue to drift along the shores of society.

I have been lucky. After finishing work for my C.P.A. and getting established, I hope to help the handicapped along the road to recovery that I have discovered. They need more people who understand them and who can speak for them.

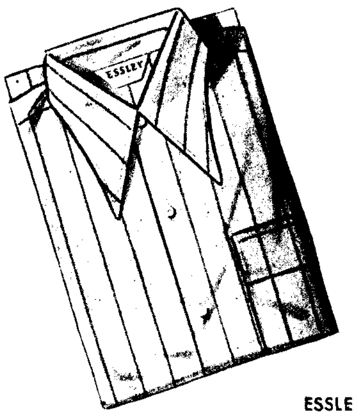
Someday I shall tell their story before the Rotary Club of Bisbee. I'm going back to prove that I belong.

THE END

I'm riding along—

WITH AN ESSLEY WOMAN-WISE SPORTSHIRT!

Essley Sportshirts are known as *Woman-Wise* because they are tailored and styled to make a man look his best in a woman's eyes.



for sportsmen
ESSLEY
Woman-Wise
SPORTSWEAR

ESSLEY SHIRT COMPANY, EMPIRE STATE BLDG., N. Y.

Sent to the Pacific to teach American soldiers how to catch fish, Dr. William H. Chapman discovered the world's greatest fishing grounds—12,000,000 square miles of ocean water from the coast of California to Japan

IF YOU hanker for a good fishin' yarn listen to Dr. William H. Chapman's. He's fresh back from the greatest fishing trip of these times. Fishing was so good that he doesn't even have an alibi about the big fellows that got away. They just don't matter, the haul was so good. What's more, there are a million times as many fish out there as he landed.

In September, 1943, in the middle of the drive to push the Japs back to their home islands, the Navy asked the Foreign Economic Administration at Washington to find some expert who could come out and show the G.I.s a trick or two about South Sea fishing. It seems we had sailors and soldiers stacked up on dozens of islands, surrounded by waters abounding in edible fish. But instead of fresh fish, all the lads were getting at Navy and Army messes was dried haddock. Nobody ever starved on dried haddock, but after eating it a couple of times a day for months on end, you just don't want any more.

Doctor Chapman, a strapping, boyish-looking six-footer, was curator of fish for the California Academy of Sciences. He had fished the South Seas year after year, collecting specimens, both live and pickled, for the Steinhart Aquarium in Golden Gate Park, one of the world's best. The FEA and the Navy figured that if he could catch fish for his tanks and cases, he could catch them for hungry fighting men. So they borrowed him for five or six weeks from the Academy for the memorable fishing jaunt, which lasted fourteen months.

He started at Midway Island. It took some time to get things organized, because whoever ordered the fishing gear had sent out a fine assortment of tackle and lures for Atlantic fishing and only a little of it was any good for the Pacific. Eventually, Chapman evolved, with the help of Dr. Harold Thompson, director of the Australian Fishery Research Laboratory, a 1,000-pound fishing kit, complete with seines, gill and trammel nets, handlines, traps, hooks, sinkers, leaders, knives, gaff hooks and mending gear that would keep any garrison on any Pacific island in fresh fish.

But the stuff wasn't there when he began and once, in the midst of one of the best fish runs, he got down to his last six hooks before the Navy rushed out a thousand new ones by air mail. Being a pretty wise civilian, trying to get along in a world of military personnel, and knowing how the grapevine works from island to island out there, Chapman figured he'd better make his Midway angling pay off before he went farther a-sea. So he used up about four of his allotted six weeks indoctrinating G.I.s on Midway in the art of yanking out of the sea all the mullet, wahoo, skipjack, trevally, groupers and snappers that the garrison there could eat.

That done, he reported back to Pearl Harbor. Chapman's procedure was to report to the top man on each island he fished. In this case it was Admiral Nimitz, who soon had him telling his fishing story to a roomful of brass from the other bases.

Every admiral present wanted him to come right out and promote the fishing in his waters. Admiral John Gaffney, Chief of Naval Supplies, won the toss for

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HENRY FLANNERY

CRAFTSMANSHIP

One of the prime elements of good craftsmanship is pleasure in the doing. Certainly this is true of Old Grand-Dad. For when you take your first sip of this fine bonded bourbon you just naturally feel that he who made it took great delight in his craft. And that out of this delight he imparted to Old Grand-Dad a flavor, aroma and mellowness such as you've not experienced in many a long day. Why not make that long day a short one hereafter by taking Old Grand-Dad permanently into your family circle?

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DISTILLED BY THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

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HAVE YOU TIME TO SAVE YOUR LIFE?

Your tires may look fine outside . . . but nine out of ten blowouts come from breaks *inside* the casing. Take time NOW to check your tires. Not only is it still hard to get new tires, but your *life* may be at stake.

Look for the Bowes "Seal Fast" Tire Repair sign. Drive in and let the trained Bowes repairman examine your tires with the Bowes *Check-N-Spect,* a tire spreader which reveals *all* cuts and breaks. It doesn't take long to inspect your tires or to make necessary repairs. With Bowes materials, equipment and training, your Bowes repairman can give those old tires many additional miles.

Tires three to five years old are a hazard. The *least* you can do . . . for the safety of your family . . . is to take a few minutes and let a thoroughly trained Bowes repairman give you honest advice and expert tire repair service. DO IT NOW! Be sure to look for the Bowes "Seal Fast" sign for SAFE REPAIRS.

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Here's another outstanding Bowes automotive product. It's outstanding because it's easier to use . . . gives wonderful results with less "elbow grease." You will preserve the finish of your car with this better polish, renowned for its lasting lustre. Buy Bowes Auto Polish today.

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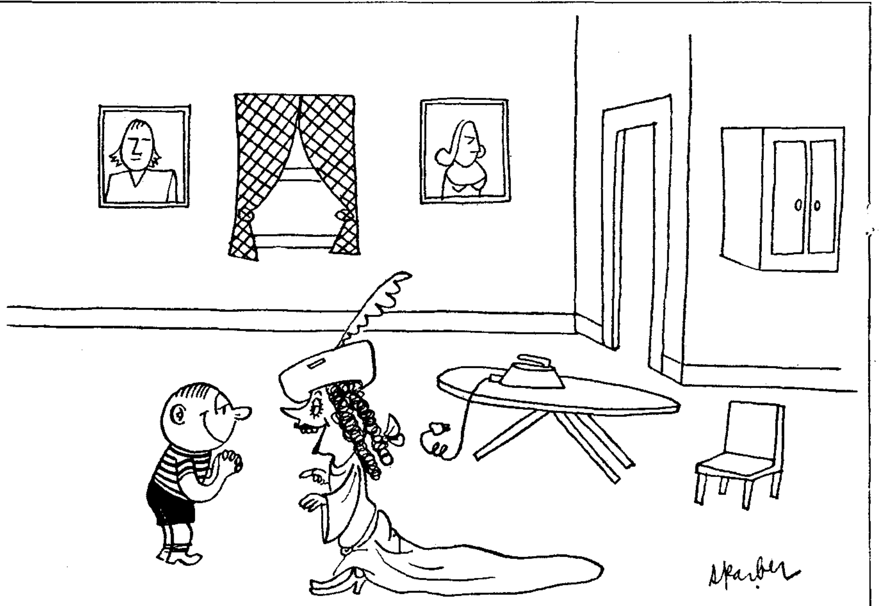


"You're the father and I must be the other woman"

COLLIER'S HOWARD SPARBER

his services and said, "How about going to Johnston Island?"

Chapman hadn't included Johnston in his itinerary, it being so tiny that the Seabees had to make coral fills at both ends to extend the airstrip far enough for bombers and transports to land safely.

"Come on down, even if it's only for a day," insisted the admiral.

So Chapman did. On Johnston he found the boys already angling on the coral reefs, and catching fish, but not enough for the mess. The island commander had offered a rod and reel each month for the angler who hauled in the biggest fish.

"Let's get out where it's big enough for tuna to navigate," suggested Chapman.

"There aren't any tuna in these waters," said the commander. "We've fished them for weeks now, and haven't caught a tuna."

"There might be some today," replied Chapman, who knew that tuna are great migrators. In schools they flash through the ocean at eight to ten miles an hour. In fact, tuna can't stop swimming because their gills have atrophied and they have to keep moving or they'll suffocate. Chapman had tried for years without success to keep small live tuna in aquarium tanks.

He and two officers put out at daybreak in a small boat. They fished several hours without luck. Then, about ten in the morning, when they were about to give it up as a bad job, one of the officers hauled in a nice yellowfin tuna. In a couple of minutes, the other officer landed a skipjack. At noon they came in with a nice catch.

"By sheer good luck we ran into a school of tuna," explained Chapman.

The officers put in for the rod and reel posted by the commander, and decided to knock off for the afternoon. Chapman took out two enlisted men. In the boatload of tuna they brought back was a 51-pounder hooked by one of the G.I.s, who won the rod and reel.

It was the same on island after island—Palmyra, Canton, Suva, Wake, New Caledonia, Efate, Espiritu Santo, Guadalcanal, Tulagi, New Georgia, the Solomons, and plenty of others. Wherever he hit an island, Chapman saw the "top dog"—the island's commander—won his blessing, rounded up a detail of G.I.s who liked to fish, and brought in the catch. On some of the islands the natives, particularly the Ellice and Gilbert islanders, were good fishermen, but Chapman had to train them to fish in quantity. In the hot, humid South Sea islands they brought in only as many fish as they could use for the next meal.

Chapman rounded up more than fifty boats of various sizes—whale boats, old Diesel-powered trawlers, smacks—anything that would float and wasn't already fighting. There were times when he and his anglers fished waters not entirely ours. The Japs were too busy dodging bombs and bullets to bother by day, although their bombers kept the anglers awake at night. On each island, the Army or the Navy, or both, set up reefers to freeze the fish until chow time.

One old trawler landed 34,680 pounds of fish in a month's fishing off New Caledonia. Off another island a school of spawning barracuda, striking like moths around a light, provided the most exciting catch. Once Chapman and a couple of G.I.s landed 1,200 pounds of mullet in one haul. As the Yanks shoved across the Pacific, Chapman and two other FEA men assigned to the project, Richard T. Smith and Harlan G. Cheyne, moved with them, organizing island fishing parties to provide 25,000,000 pounds of fresh fish a year.

In his spare time, which wasn't much, Chapman did a lot of firsthand investigating and researching to fill big gaps in our knowledge of the South Seas fish, existing mainly because the Japs shoved scientists out of the mandated islands over which they were given control by the Treaty of Versailles. Among other gleanings, he filled forty-five large containers with new specimens for study and classification at the Academy of Sciences, fish that nobody knew anything about.

The Vastness of the Tuna Belt

To his delight and amazement, Chapman discovered that the tuna belt extended straight across the Pacific from the California coast to Japan—6,000 miles of unbroken fishing waters and 2,000 miles north and south from the Tropic of Cancer to Capricorn—a 12,000,000-square-mile fishing pond. In this vast watery area feed unlimited numbers of bluefin, albacore, Oceania skipjack, black skipjack and yellowfin—all members of the tuna family.

"The vast area we have wrested from the Japs may seem worthless to the average G.I. who has sweated it out in the tropical jungles, and the average taxpayer who has paid the bill, but, with the possible exception of the Mississippi Valley, it is the greatest food source on earth," declared Chapman. "A large part has never been fished commercially."

Though Chapman counted over a hundred varieties of edible fish, plus many more as colorful as rainbows but unsuited for the frying pan, the great bonanza of the Central Pacific is in tuna, the mystery fish of the sea. Every year vast schools of tuna swirl along the American coast from Panama to southern California, occasionally flashing as far north as Oregon. When they disappear, nobody knows where they go. Fish experts have tried for years to find the tunas' spawning grounds, without success.

Before the war, California and Hawaiian fisheries caught up to 200,000,000 pounds of tuna a year, mostly from clippers that worked as far as 2,000 miles out of southern and Lower California ports. Though this was one of the major U.S. fisheries, it was but a third of the tuna catch taken annually by Japanese working down through the mandated islands.

To catch tuna the Americans use live bait—sardines, anchovies and herring—which is carried in huge tanks on the tuna boats. A tuna clipper, incidentally, costs around $525,000 to build. When he encounters a school of tuna the captain of the clipper tosses huge scoops of live bait overboard. While the tuna swarm after the bait, everybody on board fishes like mad, from platforms around the boat, using live bait on hooks. Often, after an hour of angling, a clipper's deck will be piled several feet deep with tuna. Then the crew cleans and refrigerates the catch for the long haul back to base, where the canneries are located.

Generally the tuna boat's crew devotes more time to seining for bait than for tuna. Bait is found only near large land masses, and it survives only for a 2,000-mile trip. The bait problem kept the U.S. fishermen on the western fringe of the vast Pacific tuna fields, and it is going to keep them there in the future, unless something is done now to secure fishing bases and bait sources in the mid-Pacific.

The atolls and other small islands we have taken for naval bases are not enough, Chapman's studies reveal. The Navy's fishing project in the Marianas soon hit a limit, even though Guam, Tinian and Saipan are sizable islands. The tuna are there, but the sardines are not in sufficient quantities to support a fishing industry.

Since he returned to the Academy of Sciences, Chapman has been campaigning vigorously to persuade the U.S. officials that we should negotiate for fishing rights from France and Great Britain, which own most of the South Pacific islands. Neither the French nor the British fish the Pacific waters extensively, but they keep others off. Chapman put the proposition squarely up to President Truman, who assigned the Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior to make a survey to determine how the U.S. could best conserve the vast sea-food resources won by the Yanks.

Other letters to members of Congress resulted in a bill in the House, sponsored by Representative Joseph R. Farrington, delegate from Hawaii, authorizing an appropriation of $1,025,000 to equip an expedition to explore the tuna area of the Pacific. These surveys are all fine, Chapman says, but they may take too long.

"We should tie up treaty rights to fishing bases and bait taking now, while we've got lots of bargaining power," he urges. "One of our great difficulties in bargaining with other nations is that they haven't got much that we want. Well, this is one thing we want. When we bought Alaska from the Russians, a lot of Americans felt about it as a lot of them now feel about South Sea islands. But the fisheries of Alaska have repaid every year what we paid for the Territory.

"There are only two practical ways by which our tuna fishery in the South Seas can be expanded. One is by using large ocean-going tuna clippers, with enough tank capacity to carry a supply of live bait and with sufficient cruising radius to operate out of southern California or Hawaii. The other is by means of mother ships, stationed in convenient harbors in the South Seas, to service smaller fishing craft operating out from her as a base. Either method requires harbor facilities within reasonable distance of the fishing grounds, so that fishermen can obtain fresh water, repair gear and ships, find shelter from storms and, most important of all, catch live bait in quantity.

Must Have Plenty of Live Bait

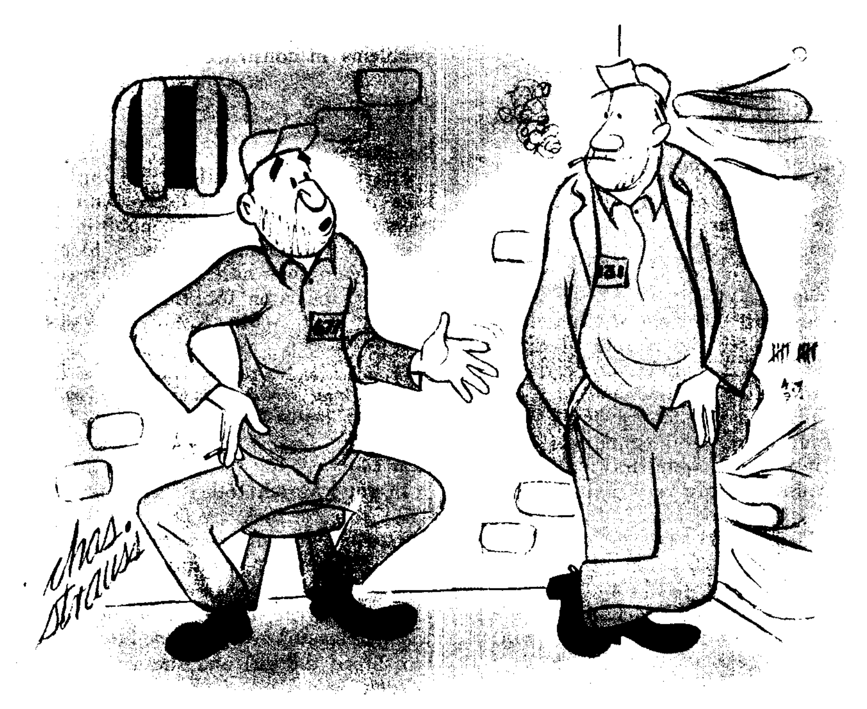
"Without live bait the great tuna clippers are helpless and useless. It makes no difference how teeming the sea may be with tuna, if live bait is not in the tanks the vessel might as well be tied up to the dock in San Diego. At small or more or less isolated islands, such as Midway, Palmyra, Canton, suitable bait fish are usually present, but not in numbers sufficient for the support of a fishery of any considerable size.

"On the other hand, around the larger land masses, sardines were found in an abundance which would permit the establishment of large tuna fisheries based upon them, when they are considered in toto. In this class are New Guinea, New Caledonia, the New Hebrides and the Solomons, with the Fijis in about the same situation as Hawaii. The sardines are available in tremendous quantities in the Philippines.

"It is my suggestion that negotiations be initiated with France, England, Australia, and the Philippines Commonwealth, to secure for our nationals the privilege of anchoring (both mother ships as bases, and individual tuna clippers), replenishment of water and supplies, and permission to obtain bait at the Marquesas, the Tuamotus, the Society Islands, the Tubuais, the Tongas, the Fijis, New Caledonia and dependencies, the New Hebrides, the Solomons, New Guinea, the Gilberts, the Ellice Islands, and the Philippines.

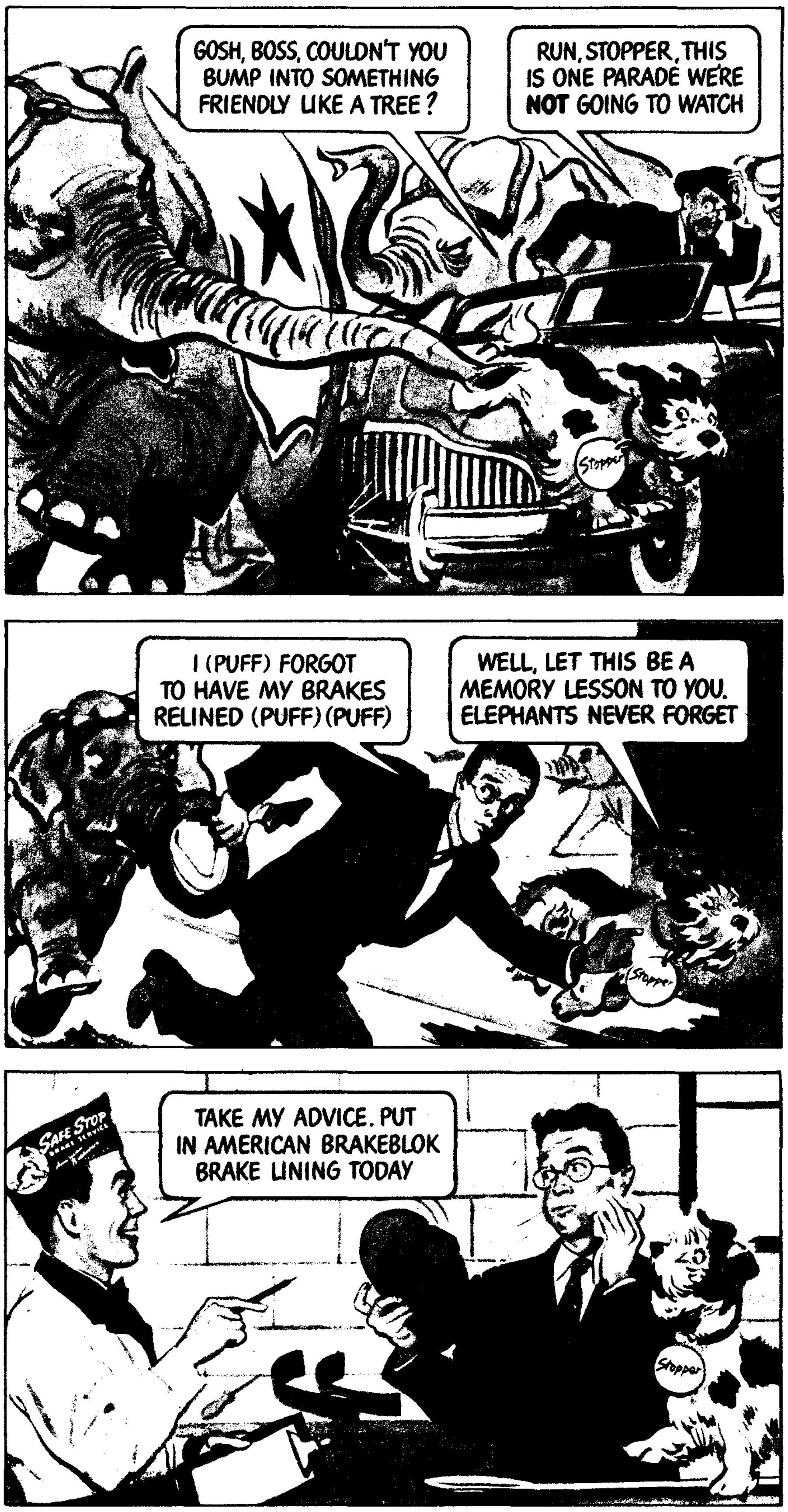
"It is not likely that our fisheries will expand enough to fully utilize all of these privileges for a matter of twenty-five years. They should, nevertheless, be secured at the present time."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Next time we stick up a television studio, make sure we don't get in front of the cameras!" CHARLES STRAUSS

If you can't stop – don't start


GOSH, BOSS, COULDN'T YOU BUMP INTO SOMETHING FRIENDLY LIKE A TREE?
RUN, STOPPER, THIS IS ONE PARADE WE'RE NOT GOING TO WATCH
Stopper
I (PUFF) FORGOT TO HAVE MY BRAKES RELINED (PUFF) (PUFF)
WELL, LET THIS BE A MEMORY LESSON TO YOU. ELEPHANTS NEVER FORGET
Stopper
SAFE STOP BRAKE SERVICE
TAKE MY ADVICE. PUT IN AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK BRAKE LINING TODAY
Stopper

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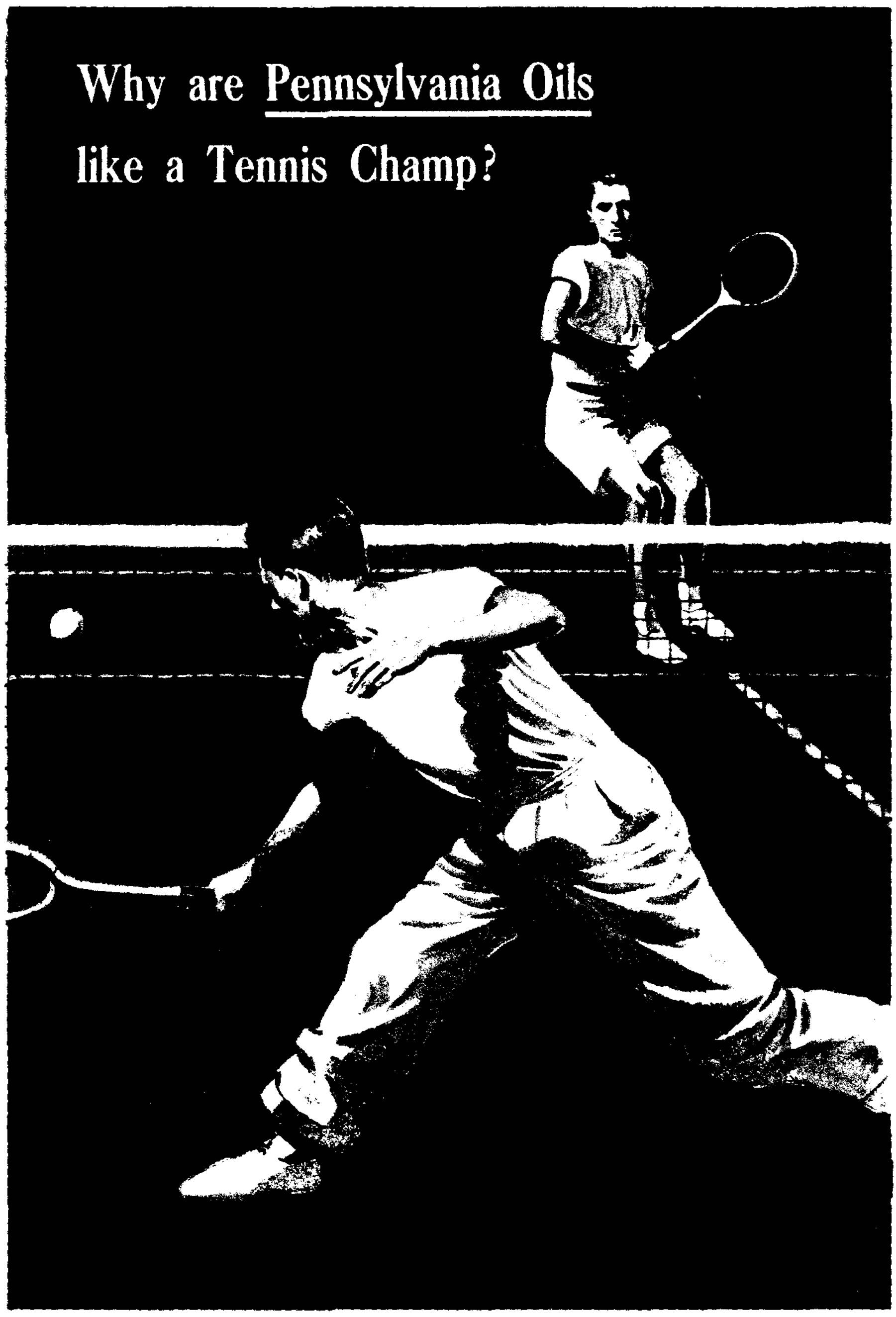
American Brakeblok
BRAKE LINING

Brake Shoe



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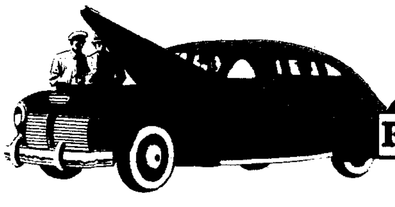

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The Week's Mail

Dear Editor:

I am wondering why you printed your recent editorial on the Revised Standard version of the New Testament. When you speak of this new version as a "watering down of the King James version" and state that its object is a popularizing of the Bible, it is obvious that you have read but little of either the new version or the King James version and that you know practically nothing about Biblical scholarship.

ROBERT A. POLLARD
Pastor, Roxbury Methodist Church,
Roxbury, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I want to commend you for your editorial of March 30th, on Winner and Still Champ—King James. What you *said* is what I *think*.

The King James version of the Bible (1611) is sublime and dignified, the Standard version descended to the foolish, and the Revised Standard has reached the ridiculous.

MRS. NINA M. BIGGS
South Shore, Ky.

Dear Editor:

Millions of American children, through many past generations, have been taught to say a prayer at bedtime which suggests that they may die before morning!

"Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

No small child knows what is meant by his soul, or even has any clear idea of what is meant by dying. If he is taught to pray he might understand a prayer of thanks for a happy day, or a prayer for help to be a good child; and when he is taught to pray, his prayer should be a direct appeal, and not something in the third person.

But since little is to be gained by harsh or destructive criticism, let me suggest a revision which might even do for older folks:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray Thee, Lord, for slumber deep.
And may the darkness drive away
All fears and worries of the day.
Grant me, I pray, my daily needs,
And teach me kindly words and deeds.
Be near me when I wake again,
And guard all those I love. Amen."

BURGES JOHNSON
College of Mines,
El Paso, Texas.

Dear Editor:

In the April 6th issue of Collier's I was interested to see the picture of the chess game on page 22. I am eleven years old and am learning to play chess and have noticed some mistakes in the drawing. Why are there four bishops of the same color? I wondered if the men were drawn from a real set because they are very pretty.

TED HOLE
Upper Darby, Pa.

Artist Homer Hill used as his models chessmen from a rare ivory set made in China. The "bishops" Ted mentions are really ornately carved pawns.

Dear Editor:

In the February 23d Collier's, you had the concluding portion of a story about Colonel Lindbergh. Colonel Lindbergh is a fine pilot and a likable person, but I would like to make a correction. If the records were checked, I think you would find that the Japanese plane that was shot down was a two-seated float plane and not a fighter. Also, the event could hardly be called a "fight"—eight P-38s against a lone Jap. *And* there were two others that had very good shots at the Nip—a Danny Miller and a Joseph Miller.

A FORMER MEMBER OF "SATAN'S ANGELS"

Dear Editor:

Your editorial, "Lost Weekend" And Prohibition, is a sensible approach to the liquor problem. A total abstainer, I hate liquor, but I hate prohibition more.

J. L. BOWLER
Lexington, Ky.

P.S. Current Collier's is tops.

Dear Miss Porter:

Bravo! I heartily approve of your article Weep No More, Kentucky, in the March 30th issue of Collier's.

My sister and I have worked here in Washington for only ten months, yet we see a lot of things wrong with our native state from a distance that we couldn't see living in the midst of it. The second time I read your article, I had to swallow my first reaction of indignation and admit you are right.

MISS CHARLIE FAY IRWIN
Washington, D. C.

Dear Editor:

This is a severe indictment of Kentucky. Parts of it may be true, although the article generalizes in such terms that conditions in the whole state are made to appear much worse than they really are. The fact is that Miss Porter's article appeared during the week that the 1946 session of the Kentucky General Assembly came to a close, and that the article ignored the very pertinent steps taken during that session to meet many of the very problems on which she laid so much stress in Weep No More, Kentucky. The legislature demonstrated that it is awake to the needs of Kentucky. The General Assembly at its recent session tackled these problems in constructive fashion.

HENRY WARD
Paducah, Ky.

Dear Editor:

I have noticed right along that you've been able to find plenty of decent stories and plenty of decent articles to publish. I trust that you won't find it necessary to publish trash again such as Earth and Heaven or whatever the damn' fool thing was.

(MISS) MARY E. WAGNER

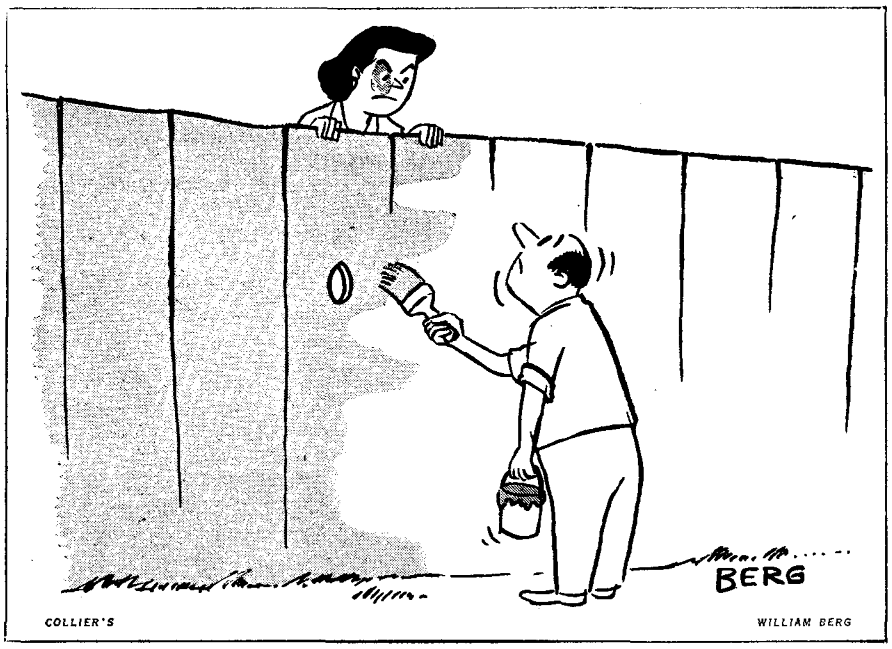
In book form, Earth and High Heaven has sold more than a million copies and the movie version will be made by Samuel Goldwyn.

Dear Editor:

In your March 16th issue, a story called The Crooked Stick, by Dorothy Staley, attracted my attention. I would like to know if I might contact this author. I would like to know if it is based on an incident and if she could write another story telling how the marriage turned out. The boy loved and worshiped the girl and she knew she was needed—can a marriage be based on that?

BARBARA ANN SOULÉ
Newark, Del.

Miss Soulé's letter has been forwarded to Author Staley.



COLLIER'S WILLIAM BERG

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

duplicating the air at high altitudes and making breathing difficult and life precious.

Actually, in a series of experiments of this nature, the researchers learned that the dangers of decompression under limited pressure differentials—pounds per square inch—have no serious ill effects on the animals.

Thus, they knew approximately how much a man could be expected to stand, so that today a passenger who sits in the pressurized cabin of an airliner at high altitudes need have no fear of death if something should puncture the sealed cabin.

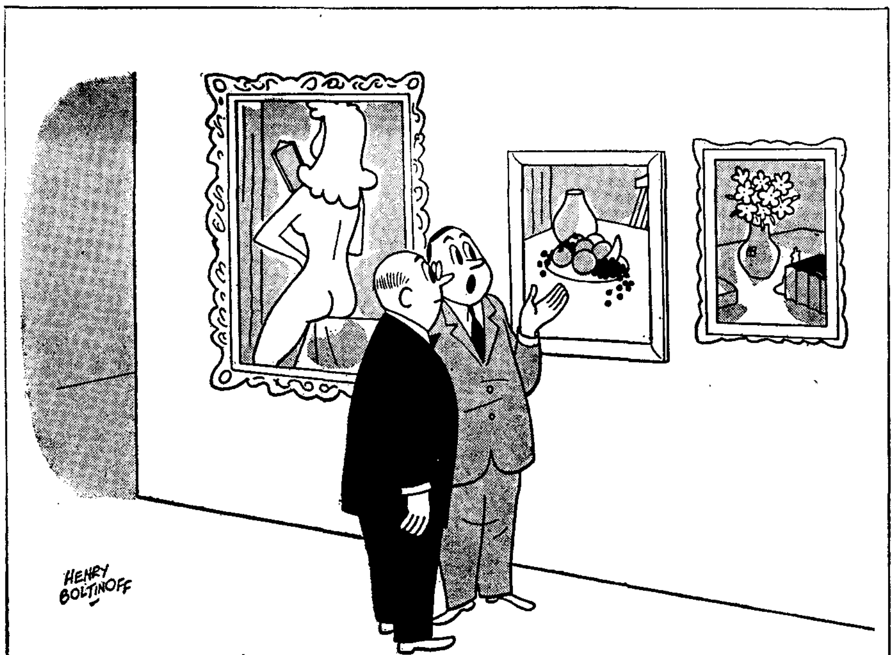
Then, too, there was Oxygen Billy, one of a whole family of goats that underwent early high-altitude tests in one of the first low-pressure chambers ever constructed. He amazed the medical observers by attempting to eat anything from an aluminum cowling to a pair of goggles when they took him up to the high altitudes. In fact, this goat could go so high without the need of oxygen that men who were in the chambers with him, even though they had on oxygen masks, were close to passing out while studying his peculiar physical reactions.

This story of the flying circus wouldn't be complete without mention of the monkeys who get in their two peanuts worth for science. They are of the Rhesus species from India, and have helped in experiments to prevent frostbite. Bandaged to protect them from the cold, these little animals have been subjected to the varying degrees of frostbite in small cold chambers with the temperatures down to 40 degrees below. Without causing pain, the researchers have uncovered new knowledge of frostbite which aviators sometimes encounter at high altitudes when they bail out of planes in emergencies.

The monkeys also have been strapped in a whirling centrifuge for numerous tests to ascertain the effects of the high "G" forces. Used first in experiments with a small centrifuge, the monkeys permitted studies that led to construction of a larger human centrifuge in use today for testing pilots' physical and mental reactions to sharp turns, violent spins, dive pull-outs and other maneuvers common to present-day high-performance aircraft.

These things go on every day in this strange kind of animal research. Few people have heard of it because the experiments are less than a decade old. Probably the initial tests were conducted in 1939 when rabbits were the only animals used. But today's rabbits, monkeys, dogs, guinea pigs, rats, sheep and goats are real test pilots. It may be that zoo keepers will soon be forced to substitute control sticks and parachutes for trapezes and hanging tires. And it looks as though the barnyard aces are going to tell us a lot more about flying than we could ever learn without them.

DOUGLAS J. INGELLS



COLLIER'S "This is his work . . . after his marriage!" HENRY BOLTINOFF

The Case of the Cocktail Lover!

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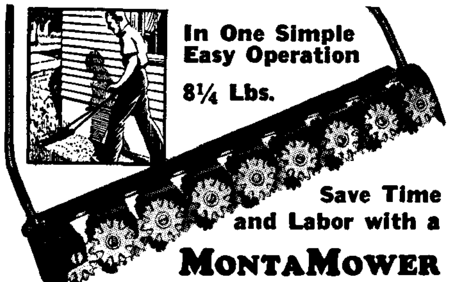

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Nothing to It

Continued from page 65

what he saw appalled him. Three or four writers would go into the silences and produce a story; somebody would read the story to a producer, who would languidly say it didn't smell very good. So this story would be put on the shelf and five new writers hired to produce another—with approximately the same results. After six or eight months and as many as twenty writers, there might be a usable script. But it would have cost a great deal more than the budget allowed, and it would be late, piling up the overhead so that, in some studios, it ran to half the cost of the finished picture.

Bogeaus cut through all this nonsense—as he regarded it. He read his own books, chose one, hired a top-notch writer, read what the writer produced—"Fancy," said Hollywood, "a producer actually reading!"—and got the cameras grinding. The result was he cut his overhead way down, to less than one fifth of the picture's cost.

Bogeaus chose the story for his first Hollywood film in just this unconventional way.

"I just sat down and thought what sort of a picture I'd like to look at," says Ben. He got to thinking about South America, which seemed romantic. The only book he could remember about South America, at the moment, was The Bridge of San Luis Rey. So he bought the rights to that.

Everybody at once said he was crazy. The Bridge had been made about 15 years ago, by Metro, and wasn't much of a success. Thornton Wilder's story itself was complicated and not easy to adapt to the screen. But Bogeaus went ahead anyway, got a new script and started shooting.

"It worked out all right," he says. "I noticed other producers hiring three writers at $1,500 a week each, mainly to argue. So I got myself one writer at $5,000—to write. I figured if he was worth $5,000 he probably knew more about movie writing than I did. I took what he produced and went ahead, and the picture made money."

There is a common belief—even around Hollywood—that all pictures made during the war were money-makers. The favorite line was: "You could run film backward through a projector and people would pay to look at it." Only they wouldn't. Such fine films as Wilson and Lifeboat, to mention only two, were not financial successes. Every major company had from two to six flops on its hands each year, with losses ranging up to $2,000,000 on a single picture.

But it is true that the war—and taxes—changed Hollywood's picture-making methods. The tax nick on a star's salary may range up to 60 or 70 per cent. But if a star is a partner or sharer in the profits of an independent producing concern, the Treasury take on his profit runs to only 25 per cent, on a capital-gains basis. Thus almost every big star has demanded—and got—some measure of independence. Those who remain attached completely to a studio pay roll are rather looked down on as serfs. There are now around thirty independent producing concerns—and in most of them, stars have a financial interest.

Free-Lancing Pays Dividends

All this has meant that top stars, formerly bound by golden chains to the chariot wheels of major studios, have become available to anyone with enough money to hire them. And, very often, because they have a financial interest in the pictures they make away from their home lots, they work harder, loaf less and turn in top-notch performances. It has been pie for the independent producers, but a headache for the big studios.

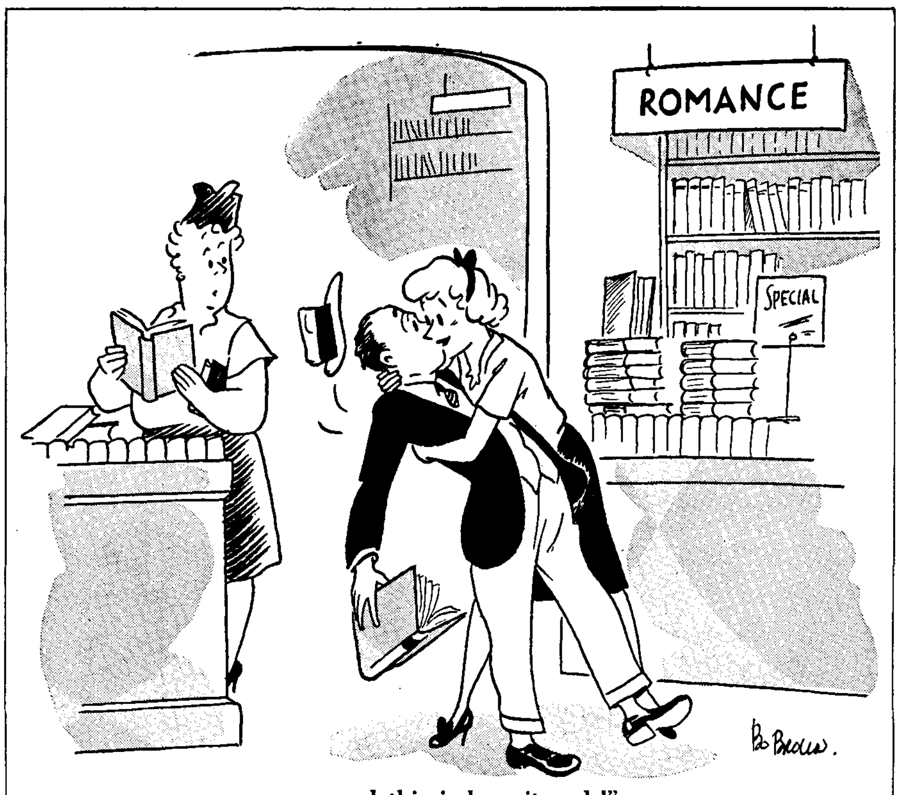
The fact that Bogeaus hit Hollywood at the correct psychological moment may have something to do with his success. But part of it must be credited to his formula for making pictures he wants to look at.

After The Bridge of San Luis Rey was on the screen, Bogeaus sat down and asked himself what sort of movie he'd like to see next.

It occurred to him that Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone and Thomas Mitchell, all acting together, might be interesting. So he made a film with them called Dark Waters, and that made money, too. Following that, Bogeaus' pirate blood got the better of him and he got hold of Charles Laughton, Randy Scott and Barbara Britton and made Captain Kidd. This satisfied his sea fever and, feeling in need of a laugh, he hired Paulette Goddard and made The Diary of a Chambermaid.

Bogeaus' luck, it is true, may not hold forever. Someday he may decide to make a picture he wants to look at but which will get the ho-hum from countless millions. But if he goes broke again, it won't worry him much; he's been there before.

THE END



COLLIER'S . . . and this is how it ends!" BO BROWN

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The Week's Work

Harry Beckhoff

LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

AUTHOR of Trieste: Battleground for Peace, p. 12, Arthur Gaeth, is one of the best-informed of European correspondents. As a writer and lecturer, Gaeth spent Europe's ten crucial, "up and down" years, from 1926 to 1936, in Germany, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Russia, Scandinavia, Yugoslavia, Italy, France, Belgium, Poland, Turkey, Bulgaria, and Rumania. In 1936 he returned to the United States to be professor of political science and history at Brigham Young University in Utah. But in 1938 he went back to Europe for a lecture tour through eleven countries, including Germany and Italy, on the eve of World War II.

Gaeth is an accomplished linguist, and has been a popular European broadcaster. His first radio appearance was made over Radio East Prussia in Königsberg, where he produced "The American Travelogue" in German. In 1933 he began radio newscasts in Czech over Radio Prague and Radio Brno.

Gaeth now is chief commentator for Mutual Broadcasting System on the European continent, currently assigned to cover the Nuremberg trials.

ALMOST a thousand readers have professed bewilderment concerning the Charles E. Martin cartoon reproduced below, from a recent issue. So we shall attempt to explain the point.

Humor Editor Gurney Williams is opposed to point-explaining on principle, holding that "a cartoon is like a watch . . . the instant you take it apart to see what makes it tick it stops running," but he admits that one must do something to relieve anxiety such as that expressed by the fifteen signers of a communication beginning, "I and my sorority sisters think we have average intelligence, but we do not see the point of this cartoon. Does it have a point? Are we dumb?"

Cartoonist Martin declines to pass on the dumbness of sorority girls but claims there is a point as follows: "Apparently the man said something nasty enough to cause all the women to faint, and he is being chastened in a gentlemanly way (see caption) by the big man. I have no idea what the first man said."

Williams washes his hands of the whole affair with, "As for me, I am too busy trying to understand the gags I buy to explain them. As for this one, it was at least clean—or was it?"

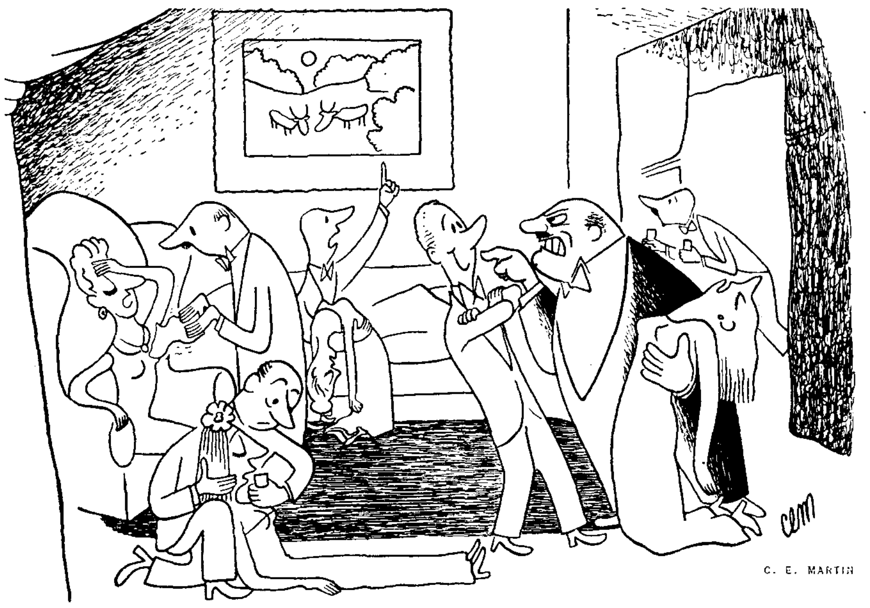
ARTIST HARRY BECKHOFF put in some ten days of research to gather sufficient knowledge of southern Spain to do the illustration for The Black Devil, p. 14. It would seem, he says, that we are not on very intimate terms with that country, to judge by the dearth of Spanish material in bookshops, libraries and museums.

Beckhoff, whose work has decorated Collier's pages for many years, is conscientious about the details of his pictures. When he had to draw a plumber, he hired a genuine union plumber to direct his model on how to dress, how to carry a bag of tools, etc.—hired him at usual plumber rates. At present, he is at work on an illustration in which the background is the Stork Club. This, of course, makes it necessary that he and his wife spend several evenings imbibing atmosphere in that luxury night spot.

This week's cover: Artist Hugh Laidman never saw a ten-cent atom smasher, but he would like to see one. So there's his good idea, and proprietors of amusement parks are welcome to it.

You'll be seeing more of Laidman's work now that he is out of uniform. He served in the Marines for three years, rising from private to second lieutenant. He was in the bitter fighting on Guadalcanal.

He was one of the Marines' six official combat artists, but he is strong in his praises of the one hundred or so unofficial Marine artists, who "fought first and drew later," and brought back to this country some of its finest war art. . . . A. P.



C. E. MARTIN

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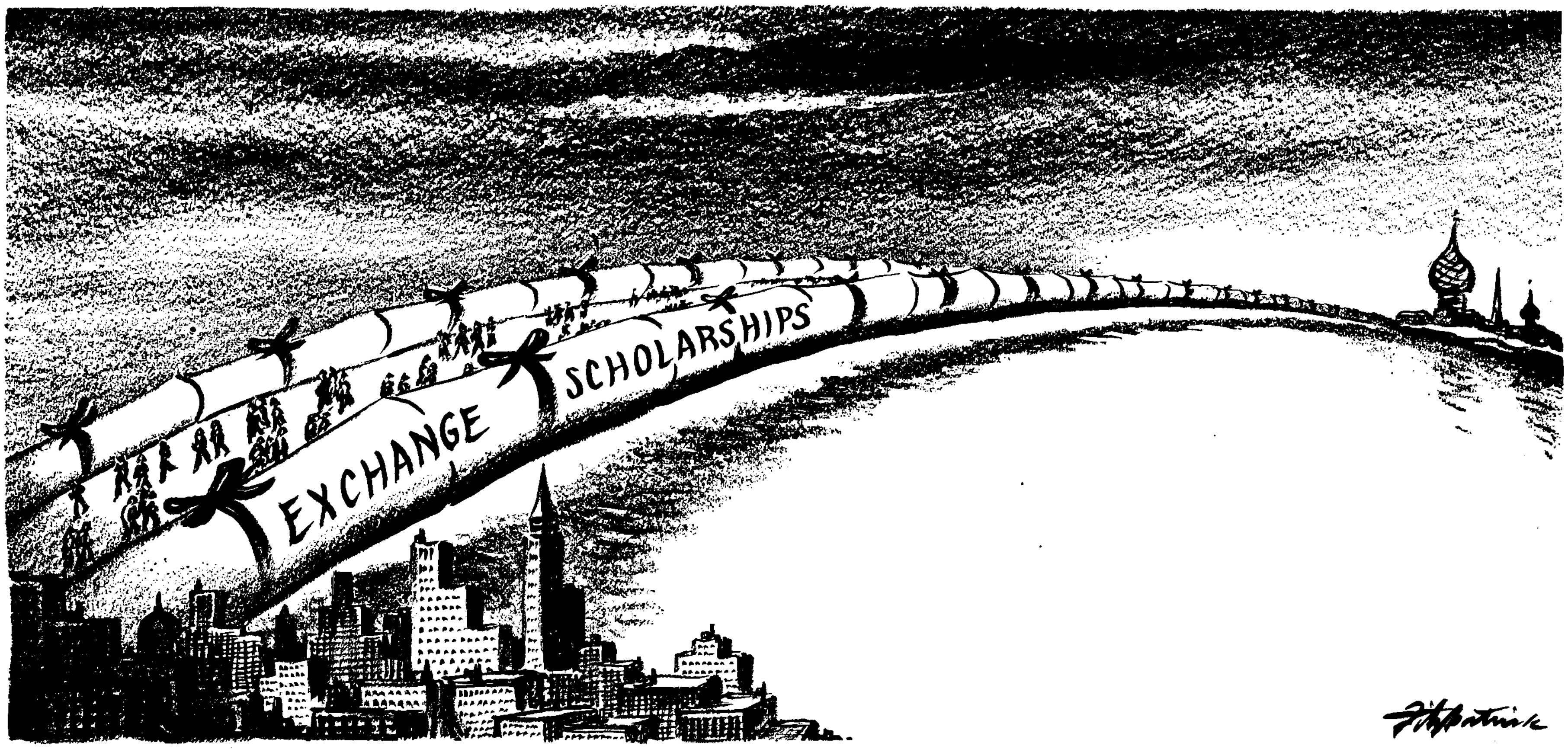

BRIDGE OF UNDERSTANDING

ONE job of the first importance facing us Americans in this brave, we hope, new world is the two-ply job of getting to understand other peoples and of getting ourselves understood by other peoples.

Possibly the most important aspect of this job is that of promoting understanding between the people of the United States and the people of Russia.

These two nations are now the most powerful two nations in the world. They have widely differing economic, political and social ideas and ideals. Hence, the more each of the two peoples can come to know about the other, the better it should be for both.

All these considerations move us to suggest that the United States take the initiative in trying to set up some system of exchange of university students between Russia and the United States on a fairly good-sized scale.

The Rhodes scholarship system has been operating for some 45 years, under the will of Cecil Rhodes (1853-1902), and it has made large contributions to U.S.-British understanding and friendship. These American university students who go from all our states to Oxford University in England return here, as a rule, with a broad grasp of British viewpoints and problems added to their knowledge of American customs and aspirations.

We've had similar fortunate experiences with Chinese students attending American universities; and it has done us no harm to have considerable numbers of Central and South American boys come to some of our schools.

If Russia would consent, a student-exchange system could be set up without any great difficulties that we can see.

A certain number of scholarships could be awarded each year, the bills to be paid by the two governments concerned, and the students to be free to choose what they would study.

The Rhodes plan could be improved on, we should think, by a requirement that U.S. students going to Russia be distributed among a number of universities in different Russian cities, rather than concentrated at a single institution.

Similarly, Russian students coming to this country could be assigned to various universities all around the United States.

Within a few years after the system went into operation, we'd have a steadily growing knot of young Americans who had actually seen Russia and lived there long enough to learn a great deal about it. This would be, among other beneficial things, a valuable counterirritant to American Communists and fellow travelers who never have seen Russia and persist in peddling a highly colored and inaccurate propaganda picture of it.

Whether the Russian government would agree to a system of student exchange with the United States, we don't know. But it certainly looks worth our while to sound out the Kremlin seriously on this subject.

CRIME GOES BOOMING ALONG

WE'VE had so much to be excited about since the war ended—the atom bomb and what to do with it, the beginnings of the United Nations organization, the strike wave, the housing shortage, etc., etc.—that our boom in crime has pretty much escaped public attention.

We are having a crime boom nevertheless, and a first-class one, if that is the term for it.

Here are the major crime figures for 1945, as compiled by the F.B.I.:

In 1945, crime in the United States increased by 12.4 per cent over 1944. A total of 1,565,541 major crimes were reported by police. This total included 865,521 larcenies, 321,672 burglaries, 241,491 automobile snatches, 54,279 robberies, 59,807 aggravated assaults, 11,537 rapes, 6,847 murders and 4,387 negligent manslaughters.

Those are rather impressive figures for a nation of about 140,000,000 people. Mathematically, they work out to one crime of some kind committed somewhere in the United States every 20.1 seconds in the year 1945; or, as the F.B.I. graphically summarizes the statistics:

> Every 6.4 minutes someone was raped, feloniously assaulted or slain. With the passing of each day 149 persons were robbed, 662 cars were stolen and 881 places burglarized, in addition to a daily average of 2,371 other thefts.

Of 543,852 persons arrested in 1945, 21 per cent—more than 113,000—were under 21. The biggest single age group among those arrested were 17-year-olds; next biggest, 18-year-olds.

A considerable part of this crime boom can be charged up to the war, of course, and to the postwar continuance of many wartime conditions. War periods are always yeasty and disturbed, with emotions running high and a wild yearning for adventure accounting for many crimes committed by youngsters.

But there would be no sense in laughing the matter off, or calmly philosophizing that yeggs will be yeggs. It is as necessary as it ever was to combat crime in this country—which, perhaps because of its youthfulness and its still powerful frontier traditions, annually rolls up one of the biggest crime records in the civilized world.

The best way to fight crime, as enlightened criminologists and sociologists have known for decades, is to attack the causes of it, and to try to make over convicted criminals into useful citizens.

So let's just maintain and improve our social service organizations and Police Athletic Leagues; our clubs and unobtrusively supervised juke joints for teen-agers; our Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., K. C., etc., meeting places for young people; our playground and park systems in large cities; and so on. These are the implements with which we can effectively steer youth's adventurous instincts into constructive channels.

In which connection, we would like to urge again that determined citizens in every community have a long, detailed look-see into the local jail from time to time. Most local jails are, as revealed in this and other publications of late, pestholes and standing disgraces to their communities, and tend far more to confirm than to reform criminals. Until we clean up all of our numerous jails still in this pesthole category—something which only unremitting pressure by local public opinion can do—we cannot hope for maximum results in rebuilding persons convicted of crime.

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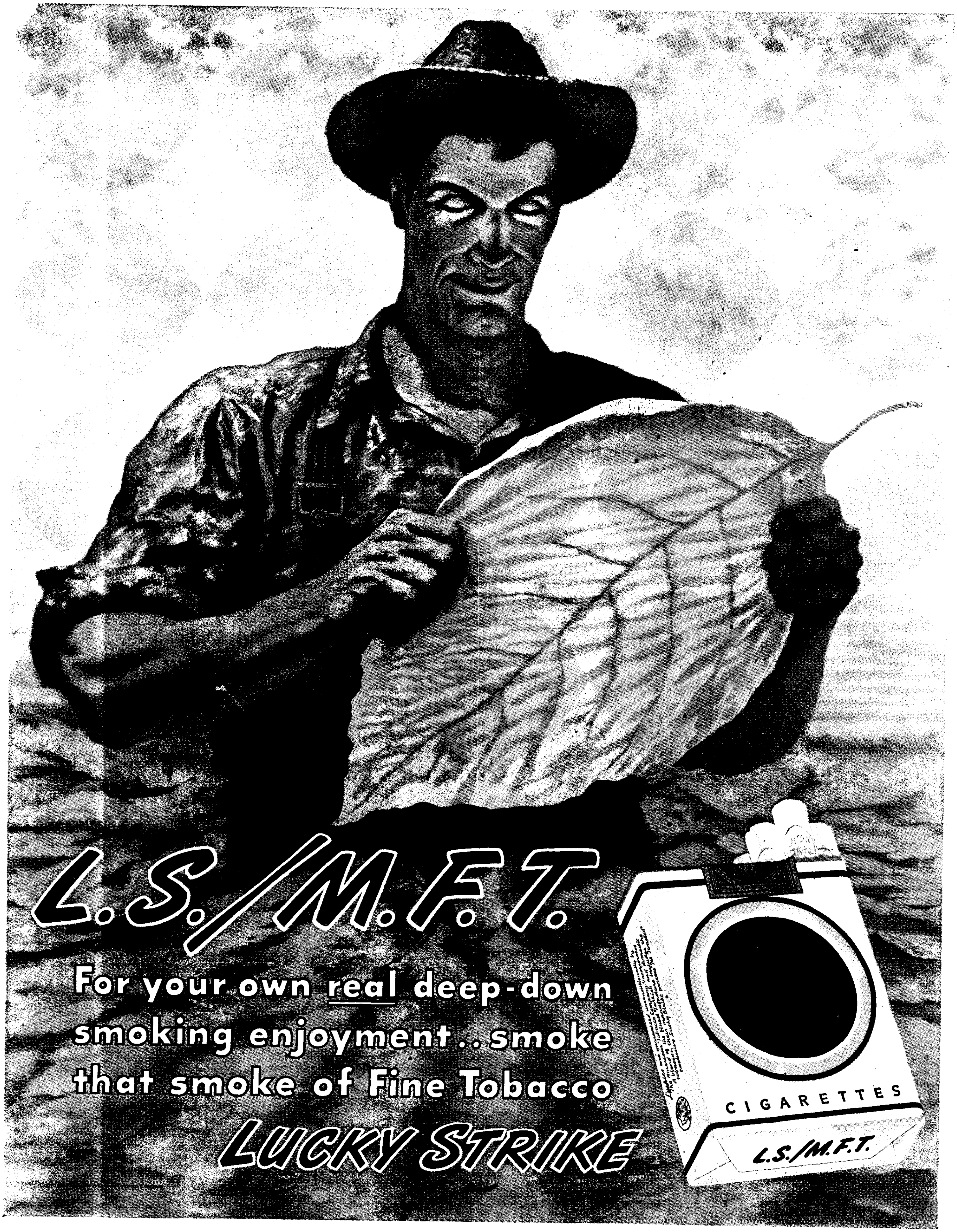

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